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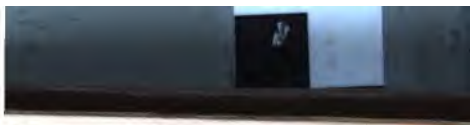


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Romeo et Juliet.

Act I. Scene III.

THE
P L A Y S
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,
ACCURATELY PRINTED FROM
THE TEXT OF MR. STEEVENS'S
LAST EDITION,
WITH
A S E L E C T I O N
OF
THE MOST IMPORTANT NOTES.

VOLUME XVIII.

CONTAINING
PERICLES.
ROMEO AND JULIET.

LEIPSICK:
PRINTED FOR GERHARD FLEISCHER THE YOUNGER.

1 8 1 2.



P E R I C L E S.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Antiochus, King of Antioch.

Antiochus, Prince of Tyre.

Antiochus, } two lords of Tyre.

Antiochus, King of Pentapolis.

Antiochus, Governor of Tharsus.

Antiochus, Governor of Mitylene.

Antiochus, a lord of Ephesus.

Antiochus, a lord of Antioch.

Antiochus, servant to Demetrius.

Antiochus, servant to Demetrius.

Antiochus, and his wife. Boulton, their servant, as chorus.

Antiochus, daughter of Antiochus. Demetrius, as Cleon.

Antiochus, daughter to Simonides.

Antiochus, daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.

Antiochus, nurse to Marina. Diana.

Lords, Ladies, Knights, Gentlemen, Pirates, Fishermen, and Messengers.

SCENE, dispersedly in various countries.

P E R I C L E S,
PRINCE OF TYRE.

A C T - I.

Enter GOWER.

Before the Palace of ANTIOCH.

To sing a song of old was sung,
From ashes ancient Gower is come;
Assuming man's infirmities,
To glad your ear, and please your eyes.
It hath been sung at festivals,
On ember-eves, and holy-ales;
And lords and ladies of their lives
Have read it for restoratives:
'Purpose to make men glorious;
Et quo antiquius, eo melius.
If you, born in these latter times,
When wit's more ripe, accept my rhymes,
And that to hear an old man sing,
May to your wishes pleasure bring,
I life would wish, and that I might
Waste it for you, like taper-light. —
This city then, Antioch the great

Built up for his chiefest seat;
 The fairest in all Syria;
 (I tell you what mine authors say;)
 This King unto him took a pheere,
 Who died and left a female heir,
 So buxom, blithe, and full of face,
 As heaven had lent her all his grace;
 With whom the father liking took,
 And her to incest did provoke:
 Bad father! to entice his own
 To evil, should be done by none.
 By custom, what they did begin,
 Was, with long use, account no sin.
 The beauty of this sinful dame,
 Made many Princes thither frame,
 To seek her as a bed-fellow,
 In marriage-pleasures play-fellow:
 Which to prevent, he made a law,
 (To keep her still, and men in awe,)
 That whoso ask'd her for his wife,
 His riddle told not, lost his life:
 So for her many a wight did die,
 As yon grim looks do testify.
 What now ensues, to the judgment of your eye
 I give, my cause who best can justify. [*Exit*

S C E N E I.

Antioch. A Room in the Palace.

Enter ANTIOCHUS, PERICLES, and Attendants.

Ant. Young Prince of Tyre, you have at large
 receiv'd

The danger of the task you undertake.

Per. I have, Antiochus, and with a soul
Embolden'd with the glory of her praise,
Think death no hazard, in this enterprize. [*Music.*]

Ant. Bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride,
For the embracements even of Jove himself;
At whose conception, (till Lucina reign'd,)
Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence,
The senate house of planets all did sit,
To knit in her their best perfections.

Enter the daughter of ANTIOCHUS.

Per. See, where she comes, apparell'd like the
spring,
Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the King
Of every virtue gives renown to men!
Her face, the book of praises, where is read
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence
Sorrow were ever ras'd, and testy wrath
Could never be her mild companion.
Ye gods that made me man, and sway in love,
That have inflam'd desire in my breast,
To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree,
Or die in the adventure, be my helps,
As I am son and servant to your will,
To compass such a boundless happiness!

Ant. Prince Pericles, —

Per. That would be son to great Antiochus.

Ant. Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd;
For death-like dragons here affright thee hard;
Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view
A countless glory, which desert must gain:
And which, without desert, because thine eye
Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die.

ICLES, I

Princes, like thyself,
introus by desire,
as tongues, and semblance
pale,

gave yon field of stars,
ra, slain in Cupid's wars:
advise thee to desist,
et, whom none resist.

hank thee, who hath taught
know itself,

jects to prepare
m, to what I must:

, should be like a mirror,
t breath; to trust it, error.
n; and as sick men do,
see heaven, but feeling woe,
ys, as erst they did;

peace to you,
every Prince should do;
from whence they came;
of love to you.

he daughter of ANTIOCHUS.

y of life or death,

w, Antiochus,

PRINCE OF TYRE.

[He reads the Riddle.]

*I am no viper, yet I feed
On mother's flesh, which did me breed;
I sought a husband, in which labour,
I found that kindness in a father.
He's father, son, and husband mild,
I mother, wife, and yet his child.
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will live, resolve it you.*

Sharp physic is the last; but O you powers!
That give heaven countless eyes to view men's acts;
Why cloud they not their sights perpetually,
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?
Fair glass of light, I lov'd you, and could still,
[Takes hold of the hand of the Princess]
Were not this glorious casket stor'd with ill;
But I must tell you, — now, my thoughts revolt;
For he's no man on whom perfections wait,
That knowing sin within, will touch the gate.
You're a fair viol, and your sense the strings;
Who, fugg'd to make man his lawful musick,
Would draw heaven down, and all the gods to
hearken;

But, being play'd upon before your time,
Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime:
Good sooth, I care not for you.

Ant. Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life;
For that's an article within our law,
As dangerous as the rest. Your time's expir'd;
Either expound now, or receive your sentence.

Per. Great King,
Few love to hear the sins they love to act;
I would braid yourself too near for me to tell it.
Who has a book of all that monarchs do,

He's more secure to keep it shut, than shown;
 For vice repeated, is like the wand'ring wind,
 Blows dust in other's eyes, to spread itself;
 And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,
 The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear
 To stop the air would hurt them. The blind mole
 casts

Copp'd hills towards heaven, to tell, the earth is
 wrong'd

By man's oppression; and the poor worm doth die
 for't.

Kings are earth's gods: in vice their laws their will;
 And if Jove stray, who dares say, Jove doth ill?
 It is enough you know; and it is fit,
 What being more known grows worse, to smother
 it.

All love the womb that their first being bred,
 Then give my tongue like leave to love my head!

Ant. Heaven, that I had thy head! he has found
 the meaning; —

But I will gloze with him. [*Aside.*] Young Prince
 of Tyre,

Though, by the tenour of our strick edict,
 Your exposition misinterpreting,
 We might proceed to cancel of your days;
 Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree
 As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise:
 Forty days longer we do respite you;
 If by which time our secret be undone,
 This mercy shows, we'll joy in such a son;
 And until then, your entertain shall be,
 As doth besit our honour, and your worth.

[*Exeunt* ANTIOCHUS, his daughter, and Attendants.]

Per. How courtesy would seem to cover sin!
 When what is done is like an hypocrite,

5

[Brit,

B.

we mean

'ho attends on us there?

De

Thal. Doth your Highness call?

mind

Partakes her private actions to your secrecy;
 And for your faithfulness we will advance you.
 Thaliard, behold, here's poison, and here's gold;
 We hate the Prince of Tyre, and thou must kill
 him.

It fits thee not to ask the reason why,
 Because we bid it. Say, is it done?

Thal. My Lord,
 'Tis done.

Enter a Messenger.

Ant. Enough;
 Lest your breath cool yourself, telling your master.
Mess. My Lord, Prince Pericles is fled.

[Exit Messenger]

Ant. As thou
 Wilt live, fly after: and, as an arrow, shot
 From a well-experienc'd archer, hit the mark.
 His eye doth level at, as thou ne'er return,
 Unless thou say, Prince Pericles is dead.

Thal. My lord, if I
 Can get him once within my pistol's length,
 I'll make him sure: so farewell to your Highness.
[Exit.]

Ant. Thaliard, adieu! till Pericles be dead,
 My heart can lend no succour to my head. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II

Tyre. A Room in the Palace.

Enter PERICLES, HELICANUS and other Lords.

Per. Let none disturb us: Why this charge
 thoughts?
 The sad companion, dull-ey'd melancholy,
 By me so us'd a guest is, not an hour.

In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night,
(The tomb where grief should sleep,) can breed me
quiet!

Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun
them,

And danger, which I feared, is at Antioch,
Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here:
Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,
Nor yet the other's distance comfort me.

Then it is thus: the passions of the mind,
That have their first conception by mis-dread,
Have after nourishment and life by care;
And what was first, but fear what might be done,
Grows elder now, and cares it be not done.

And so with me; — the great Antiochus
('Gainst whom I am too fickle to contend,
Since he's so great, can make his will his act,)
Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence;
Nor bids it me to say, I honour him,
If he suspect I may dishonour him:

And what may make him blush in being known,
He'll stop the course by which it might be known;
With hostile forces he'll overspread the land,
And with the ostent of war will look so huge,
Amazement shall drive courage from the state;
Our men be vanquish'd, e'er they do resist,
And subjects punish'd, that ne'er thought offence:
Which care of them, not pity of myself,
(Who am no more but as the tops of trees,
Which fence the roots they grow by, and defend
them,)

Makes both my body pine, and soul to languish,
And punish that before, that he would punish.

1. *Lord.* Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast!

2. *Lord.* And keep your mind, till you return to us,
Peaceful and comfortable!

Hel. Peace, peace, my Lords, and give experience tongue.

They do abuse the King, that flatter him:

For flattery is the bellows blow up sin.

The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark,
To which that breath gives heat and stronger glowing;

Whereas reproof, obedient, and in order,
Fits Kings, as they are men, for they may err.
When signior Sooth here does proclaim a peace,
He flatters you, makes war upon your life:

Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please;
I cannot be much lower than my knees.

Per. All leave us else; but let your cases o'er
look

What shipping, and what lading's in our haven,
And then return to us. [*Exeunt Lords.*] Helicanus, thou

Hast mov'd us: what seest thou in our looks?

Hel. An angry brow, dread Lord.

Per. If there be such a dart in Prince's frowns
How durst thy tongue move anger to our face?

Hel. How dare the plants look up to heaven
from whence

They have their nourishment?

Per. Thou know'st I have power
To take thy life.

Hel. [*Kneeling.*] I have ground the axe myself
Do you but strike the blow.

Per. Rise, prythee rise;
Sit down, sit down; thou art no flatterer:
I thank thee for it; and high heaven forbid,
That Kings should let their ears hear their faults hid.
Fit counsellor, and servant for a Prince,
Who by thy wisdom mak'st a Prince thy servant,
What would'st thou have me do?

Hel. With patience bear
Such griefs as you do lay upon yourself.

Per. Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus;
Who minister'st a potion unto me,
That thou would'st tremble to receive thyself.
Attend me then: I went to Antioch,
Where, as thou know'st, against the face of death,
I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,
From whence an issue I might propagate,
Bring arms to Princes, and to subjects joys.
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder;
The rest (hark in thine ear,) as black as incest;
Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father
Seem'd not to strike, but smooth: but thou know'st
this.

'Tis time to fear, when tyrants seem to kiss.
Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled,
Under the covering of a careful night,
Who seem'd my good protector; and being here,
Bethought me what was past, what might succeed.
I knew him tyrannous; and tyrants' fears
Decrease not, but grow faster than their years:
And should he doubt it, (as no doubt he doth,)
That I should open to the listening air,
How many worthy Princes' bloods were shed,
To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope, —
To lop that doubt, he'll fill this land with arms,
And make pretence of wrong that I have done him;
When all, for mine, if I may call't offence:
Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence:
Which loves to all (of which thyself art one,
Who now reprov'st me for it) —

Hel. Alas, Sir!

Per. Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from
my cheeks.

Musings into my mind, a thousand doubts

PERICLES, 81

I might stop this tempest, ere it came;
Finding little comfort to relieve them,
I sought it princely charity to grieve them.

Hel. Well, my Lord, since you have given
leave to speak,

Justly I'll speak. Antiochus you fear,
And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant,
Who either by publick war, or private treat
Will take away your life.
Therefore, my Lord, go travel for a while,
Till that his rage and anger be forgot,
Or Destinies do cut him abroad of life.
Your rule direct to any; if to me,
Day serves not light more faithful than I'll

Per. I do not doubt thy faith;
But should he wrong my liberties in absent

Hel. We'll mingle bloods together in,
From whence we had our being and our

Per. Tyre, I now look from thee to
Tharsus
attend my travel, where I'll hear from
The letters I'll dispose myself

SCENE III.

Tyre. *An Ante-chamber in the Palace.*

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. So, this is Tyre, and this is the court. Here must I kill King Pericles: and if I do not, I am sure to be hang'd at home: 'tis dangerous. — Well; I perceive he was a wise fellow, and had good discretion, that being bid to ask what he would of the King, desired he might know none of his secrets. Now do I see he had some reason for it: for if a King bid a man be a villain, he is bound by the indenture of his oath to be one. — Hush, here come the lords of Tyre.

Enter HELICANUS, ESCANUS, and other Lords.

Hel. You shall not need, my fellow peers of Tyre,

Further to question of your King's departure.

His seal'd commission, left in trust with me,

Doth speak sufficiently, he's gone to travel.

Thal. How! the King gone! [*Aside.*

Hel. If further yet you will be satisfied,

Why, as it were unlicens'd of your loves,

He would depart, I'll give some light unto you.

Being at Antioch —

Thal. What from Antioch? [*Aside.*

Hel. Royal Antiochus (on what cause I know not,)

Took some displeasure at him; at least he judg'd so;

And doubting lest that he had err'd or sinn'd,

To show his sorrow, would correct himself;

So puts himself unto the shipman's toil,

With whom each minute threatens life or death.

Thal. Well, I perceive. [*Aside*]
 I shall not be hang'd now, although I would;
 But since he's gone, the King it sure must please,
 He 'scap'd the land, to perish on the seas. —
 But I'll present me. Peace to the Lords of Tyre!

Hel. Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome

Thal. From him I come
 With message unto princely Pericles;
 But, since my landing, as I have understood
 Your lord has took himself to unknown travels,
 My message must return from whence it came.

Hel. We have no reason to desire it, since
 Commended to our master, not to us:
 Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire, —
 As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre.

[*Exeunt*]

S C E N E IV.

Tharsus. *A Room in the Governour's House*

Enter CLEON, DIONYZA, and Attendants.

Cle. My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,
 And by relating tales of others' griefs,
 See if 'twill teach us to forget our own?

Dio. That were to blow at fire, in hope
 quench it;
 For who digs hills because they do aspire,
 Throws down one mountain, to cast up a hill
 O my distressed Lord, even such our griefs;
 Here they're but felt, and seen with mistful
 But like to groves, being topp'd, they high

Cle. O Dionyza,
 Who wanteth food, and will not say, he wants
Or can conceal his hunger, till he famish?

Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep our woes
 Into the air; our eyes do weep, till lungs
 Fetch breath that may proclaim them louder; that,
 If Heaven slumber, while their creatures want,
 They may awake their helps to comfort them.
 I'll then discourse our woes, felt several years,
 And wanting breath to speak, help me with tears:
Dio. I'll do my best, Sir.

Cle. This Tharsus, o'er which I have govern-
 ment,
 (A city, on whom plenty held full hand,)
 For riches, strew'd herself even in the streets;
 Whose towers bore heads so high, they kiss'd the
 clouds,

And strangers ne'er beheld, but wonder'd at;
 Whose men and dames so jett'd and adorn'd,
 Take one another's glaas to trim them by:
 Their tables were stor'd full, to glad the sight,
 And not so much to feed on, as delight;
 All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great,
 The name of help grew odious to repeat.

Dio. O, 'tis too true.

Cle. But see what heaven can do! By this our
 change,
 These mouths, whom but of late, earth, sea, and
 air,

Were all too little to content and please,
 Although they gave their creatures in abundance,
 As houses are defil'd for want of use,
 They are now starv'd for want of exercise:
 Those palates, who not yet two summers younger,
 Must have inventions to delight the taste,
 Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it;
 Those mothers who, to nourse up their babes,
 Thought nought too curious, are ready now,
 To eat these little darlings whom they lov'd.

So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife
 Draw lots, who first shall die to lengthen life:
 Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping;
 Here many sink, yet those which see them fall,
 Have scarce strength left to give them burial.
 Is not this true?

Dio. Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.

Cle. O, let those cities, that of Plenty's cup
 And her prosperities so largely taste,
 With their superfluous riots, hear these tears!
 The misery of Tharsus may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Where's the lord Governor?

Cle. Here.

Speak out thy sorrows which thou bring'st, in haste,
 For comfort is too far for us to expect.

Lord. We have descried, upon our neighbouring
 shore,

A portly sail of ships make hitherward.

Cle. I thought as much.

One sorrow never comes, but brings an heir,
 That may succeed as his inheritor;
 And so in our's: some neighbouring nation,
 Taking advantage of our misery,
 Hath stuff'd these hollow vessels with their power,
 To beat us down, the which are down already;
 And make a conquest of unhappy me,
 Whereas no glory's got to overcome.

Lord. That's the least fear; for, by the semblance

Of their white flags display'd, they bring us peace
 And come to us as favourers, not as foes.

Cle. Thou speak'st like him's untutor'd to
 Who makes the fairest show, means most

But bring they what they will, what need we fear?
The ground's the low'st, and we are half way
there.

Go tell their general, we attend him here,
To know for what he comes, and whence he comes,
And what he craves.

Lord. I go, my Lord. [Exit.]

Cle. Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist;
If wars, we are unable to resist.

Enter PERICLES, with Attendants.

Per. Lord Governor, for so we hear you are,
Let not our ships and number of our men,
Be, like a beacon fir'd, to amaze your eyes.
We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre,
And seen the desolation of your streets:
Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears,
But to relieve them of their heavy load;
And these our ships you happily may think
Are, like the Trojan horse, war-stuff'd within,
With bloody views, expecting overthrow,
Are stor'd with corn, to make your needy bread,
And give them life, who are hunger-starv'd, half
dead.

All. The gods of Greece protect you!
And we'll pray for you.

Per. Rise, I pray you, rise;
We do not look for reverence, but for love,
And harbourage for ourself, our ships, and men.

Cle. The which when any shall not gratify,
Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,
Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,
The curse of heaven and men succeed their evils!
Till when, (the which, I hope, shall ne'er be seen,)
Your Grace is welcome to our town and us.

PRINCE OF TYRE. 21

Gow. Good Helicane hath staid at home,
 Not to eat honey, like a drone,
 From others' labours; forth he strive
 To killen bad, keep good alive;
 And, to fulfil his Prince's desire,
 Sends word of all that haps in Tyre:
 How Thaliard came full bent with sin,
 And hid intent, to murder him;
 And that in Tharsus was not best
 Longer for him to make his rest:
 He knowing so, put forth to seas,
 Where when men been, there's seldom ease;
 For now the wind begins to blow;
 Thunder above, and deeps below,
 Make such unquiet, that the ship
 Should house him safe, is wreck'd and split;
 And he, good Prince, having all lost,
 By waves from coast to coast is tost:
 All perishen of man, of pelf,
 Ne aught escapen but himself;
 Till fortune, tir'd with doing bad,
 Threw him ashore, to give him glad:
 And here he comes: what shall be next,
 Pardon old Gower; this long's the text. [*Exit.*]

SCENE I.

Pentapolis. An open place, by the sea side.

Enter PERICLES, wet.

Per. Yet cease your ire, ye angry stars of heaven!
 Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man
 Is but a substance that must yield to you;
 And I, as fits my nature, do obey you.

PERICLES,

las, the sea hath cast me on the rocks,
Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me breath
Nothing to think on, but expiring death;
Yet it suffice the greatness of your powers,
To have bereft a Prince of all his fortunes;
And having thrown him from your watry grave,
Here to have death in peace, is all he'll crave.

Enter three Fishermen.

1. *Fish.* What, ho, Pilch!

2. *Fish.* Ho! come, and bring away the nets.

1. *Fish.* What, Patch-breech, I say!

3. *Fish.* What say you, Master?

1. *Fish.* Look how thou stirrest now! come
way, or I'll fetch thee with a wauwionp.

3. *Fish.* Faith, Master, I am thinking of the
oor men that were cast away before us, even now.

1. *Fish.* Alas, poor souls, it grieved my heart
to hear what pitiful cries they made to us, to help
them, when, well-a-day, we could scarce help
ourselves.

3. *Fish.* Nay, Master, said not I as much, when
saw the porpus, how he bounced and tumbled?
They say, they are half fish, half flesh: a plague on
them, they ne'er come, but I look to be wash'd
faster, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

1. *Fish.* Why, as men do a-land; the
sea eat up the little ones: I can compare
fishers to nothing so fitly as to a whale;
and tumbles, driving the poor fry before
him, and devours them all at a mouthful. Some-
times have I heard on a the land, who new-
spiring, till they've swallow'd the whole
church, steeple, bells and all.

Per. A pretty moral.

3. *Fish.* But, Master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.

2a. *Fish.* Why, man?

3. *Fish.* Because he should have swallow'd me too: and when I had been in his belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left, till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again. But if the good King Simonides were of my mind —

Per. Simonides?

3. *Fish.* We would purge the land of these drones, that rob the bee of her honey.

Per. How from the finny subject of the sea
These fishers tell the infirmities of men;
And from their watry empire recollect
All that may men approve, or men detect!
Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

2. *Fish.* Honest! good fellow, what's that? if it be a day fits you, scratch it out of the calendar, and no body will look after it.

Per. Nay, see, the sea hath cast upon your coast —

2. *Fish.* What a drunken knave was the sea, to cast thee in our way!

Per. A man whom both the waters and the wind,
In that vast tennis-court, hath made the ball
For them to play upon, entreats you pity him;
He asks of you, that never us'd to beg.

1. *Fish.* No, friend, cannot you beg? here's them in our country of Greece, gets more with begging, than we can do with working.

2. *Fish.* Can'st thou catch any fishes then?

Per. I never practis'd it.

2. *Fish.* Nay, then thou wilt starve sure; for here's nothing to be got now a-days, unless thou can'st fish for't.

Per. What I have been, I have forgot to know;
But what I am, want teaches me to think on;
A man shrunk up with cold: my veins are chill
And have no more of life, than may suffice
To give my tongue that heat, to ask your help;
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,
For I am a man, pray see me buried.

1. *Fish.* Die quoth-a? Now gods forbid!
hate a gown here; come, put it on; keep th
warm. Now, afore me, a handsome fellow! Com
thou shalt go home; and we'll have flesh for hol
days, fish for fasting-days; and moreo'er puddin
and flap-jacks; and thou shalt be welcome.

Per. I thank you, Sir.

2. *Fish.* Hark you, my friend, you said y
could not beg.

Per. I did but crave.

2. *Fish.* But crave? Then I'll turn craver to
and so I shall 'scape whipping.

Per. Why, are all your beggars whipp'd then?

2. *Fish.* O, not all, my friend, not all; for
all your beggars were whipp'd, I would wish
better office, than to be beadle. But, Master, I
go draw up the net.

[*Exeunt two of the Fishermen*]

Per. How well this honest mirth becomes the
labour!

1. *Fish.* Hark you, Sir! do you know who
you are?

Per. Not well.

1. *Fish.* Why I'll tell you: this is called Pa
tapolis; and our King, the good Simonides.

Per. The good King Simonides, do you be
him?

1. *Fish.* Ay, Sir; and he deserves so to be call
for his peaceable reign, and good government.

Per. He is a happy King, since from his subjects
He gains the name of good, by his government.
How far is his court distant from this shore?

1. *Fish.* Marry, Sir, half a day's journey; and
I'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-mor-
row is her birth-day; and there are Princes and
Knights come from all parts of the world, to just
and tourney for her love.

Per. Did but my fortunes equal my desires,
I'd wish to make one there.

1. *Fish.* O Sir, things must be as they may;
and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal
for—his wife's soul.

*Re-enter the two Fishermen, drawing
up a net.*

2. *Fish.* Help, Master, help; here's a fish hangs
in the net, like a poor man's right in the law, 'twill
hardly come out. Ha! bota on't, 'tis come at last,
and 'tis turn'd to a rusty armour.

Per. An armour, friends! I pray you, let me
see it.

Thanks, fortune, yet, that after all my crosses,
Thou giv'st me somewhat to repair myself;
And, though it was mine own, part of mine heri-
tage,

Which my death father did bequeath to me,
With this strict charge, (even as he left his life,)
*Keep it, my Pericles, it hath been a shield
'Twixt me and death; (and pointed to this brace:)
For that it sav'd me, keep it; in like necessity,
Which gods protect thee from! it may defend
thee.*

It kept where I kept, I so dearly lov'd it;
Till the rough seas, that spare not any man,

Took it in rage, though calm'd, they give't again:
I thank thee for't; my shipwreck's now no ill,
Since I have here my father's gift by will.

1. *Fish.* What mean you, Sir?

Per. To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of
worth.

For it was sometime target to a King;
I know it by this mark. He lov'd me dearly,
And for his sake, I wish the having of it;
And that you'd guide me to your Sovereign's court,
Where with't I may appear a gentleman;
And if that ever my low fortunes better,
I'll pay your bounties; till then, rest your debtor.

1. *Fish.* Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady?

Per. I'll show the virtue I have borne in arms.

1. *Fish.* Why, do ye take it, and the gods give
thee good on't!

2. *Fish.* Ay, but hark you, my friend; 'twas we
that made up this garment through the rough seams
of the waters: there are certain condolences, cer-
tain vails. I hope, Sir, if you thrive, you'll re-
member from whence you had it.

Per. Believe't, I will.

Now, by your furtherance, I am cloth'd in steel;
And spite of all the rupture of the sea,
This jewel holds his bidding on my arm;
Unto thy value will I mount myself
Upon a courser, whose delightful steps
Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread. —
Only, my friend, I yet am unprovided
Of a pair of bases.

2. *Fish.* We'll sure provide: thou shalt have
my best gown to make thee a pair; and I'll bring
thee to the court myself.

Per. Then honour be but a goal to my will;
This day I'll rise, or else add ill to ill. [Exit.]

SCENE II.

The same. A publick Way, or Platform, leading to the Lists. A Pavilion by the side of it, for the reception of the King, Princess, Lords, &c.

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, and Attendants.

Sim. Are the knights ready to begin the triumph?

1. Lord. They are, my Liege;
And stay your coming to present themselves.

Sim. Return them, we are ready; and our daughter,
in honour of whose birth these triumphs are,
sits here, like beauty's child, whom nature gat
for men to see, and seeing wonder at.

[Exit a Lord,

Thai. It pleaseth you, my father, to express
my commendations great, whose merit's less.

Sim. 'Tis fit it should be so; for Princes are
a model, which heaven makes like to itself:
as jewels lose their glory, if neglected,
so Princes their renown, if not respected.
Tis now your honour, daughter, to explain
the labour of each knight, in his device.

Thai. Which, to preserve mine honour, I'll
perform.

Enter a Knight; he passes over the stage, and his squire presents his shield to the Princess.

Sim. Who is the first that doth prefer himself?

Thai. A knight of Sparta, my renowned father;
And the device he bears upon his shield
is a black Aethiop, reaching at the sun;
The word, *Lux tua vita mihi?*

Sim. He loves you well, that holds his life of you.

[*The second knight passes.*]

Who is the second, that presents himself?

Thai. A Prince of Macedon, my royal father;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is an arm'd knight, that's conquer'd by a lady:
The motto thus, in Spanish, *Pius per dulcara que*
per fuerça.

[*The third knight passes.*]

Sim. And what's the third?

Thai. The third, of Antioch;
And his device, a wreath of chivalry:
The word; *Me pompae provexit apex.*

[*The fourth knight passes.*]

Sim. What is the fourth?

Thai. A burning torch, that's turned upside
down;
The word, *Quod me alit, me extinguit.*

Sim. Which shows that beauty hath his power
and will,
Which can as well inflame as it can kill.

[*The fifth knight passes.*]

Thai. The fifth, an hand environed with clouds;
Holding out gold, that's by the touchstone tried:
The motto thus, *Sic spectanda fides.*

[*The sixth knight passes.*]

Sim. And what's the sixth and last, which the
knight himself
With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd?

Thai. He seems a stranger: but his present is
A wither'd branch, that's only green at top;
The motto, *In hac spe vivo.*

Sim. A pretty moral;
From the dejected state wherein he is,
His hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.

PRINCE OF TYRE. 29

1. *Lord.* He had need mean better than his outward show
an any way speak in his just command:
or, by his rusty outside, he appears
to have practis'd more the whipstock, than the lance.

2. *Lord.* He well may be a stranger, for he comes
to an honour'd triumph, strangely furnished,

3. *Lord.* And on set purpose let his armour rust
until this day, to scour it in the dust.

Sim. Opinion's but a fool, that makes us seem
the outward, habit by the inward man.
But stay, the knights are coming; we'll withdraw
into the gallery. [Exeunt.]

[Great shouts, and all cry, The mean knight.]

SCENE III.

The same. A Hall of State. — A Banquet prepared.

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, Knights, and Attendants.

Sim. Knights,
To say you are welcome, were superfluous:
To place upon the volume of your deeds,
As in a title-page, your worth in arms,
Were more than you expect, or more than's fit,
Since every worth in show commends itself.
Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast:
You are my guests.

Thai. But you, my knight and guest;
To whom this wreath of victory I give,
And crown you King of this day's happiness.

Per. 'Tis more by fortune, Lady, than my merit.

Sim. Call it by what you will, the day is yours;
And here, I hope, is none that envies it.
In framing artists, art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed;
And you're her labour'd scholar. Come, Queen
o'the feast,

(For, daughter, so you are,) here take your place:
Marshal the rest, as they deserve their grace.

Knights. We are honour'd much by good Si-
monides.

Sim. Your presence glads our days; honour we
love,

For who hates honour, hates the gods above.

Marsh. Sir, yond's your place.

Per. Some other is more fit.

1. *Knight.* Contend not, Sir; for we are gentle-
men,

That neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,
Envy the great, nor do the low despise.

Per. You are right courteous knights.

Sim. Sit, sit, Sir; sit.

Per. By Jove, I wonder, that is King of thoughts,
These cates resist me, she not thought upon.

Thai. By Juvv, that is Queen
Of marriage, all the viands that I eat
Do seem unsavoury, wishing him my meat?
Sure he's a gallant gentleman.

Sim. He's but
A country gentleman;
He has done no more than other knights have done;
Broken a staff, or so; so let it pass.

Thai. To me he seems like diamond to glass.

Per. You King's to me, like to my father's
picture,
Which tells me, in that glory once he was;

1 Princes sit, like stars, about his throne,
 d he the sun, for them to reverence.
 ne that beheld him, but like lesser lights,
 I vail their crowns to his supremacy;
 ere now his son's a glow-worm in the night,
 e which hath fire in darkness, none in light;
 hereby I see that time's the King of men,
 he's their parent; and he is their grave,
 d gives them what he will, not what they crave.
Sim. What, are you merry, Knights?

. Knight. Who can be other, in this royal presence?

Sim. Here, with a cup that's stor'd unto the
 brim,

you do love, fill to your mistress' lips,)
 drink this health to you.

Knights. We thank your Grace.

Sim. Yet pause a while:

n knight, methinks, doth sit too melancholy,
 if the entertainment in our court
 d not a show might countervail his worth.
 te it not you, Thaisa?

Thai. What is it
 me, my father?

Sim. O, attend, my daughter;
 nees, in this, should live like gods above,
 to freely give to every one that comes
 honour them: and Princes, not doing so,
 a-like to gnats, which make a sound, but kill'd
 e wonder'd at.

erefore to make's entrance more sweet, here say,
 e drink this standing-bowl of wine to him.

Thai. Alas, my father, it befits not me
 to a stranger knight to be so bold;
 may my proffer take for an offence,
 see men take women's gifts for impudence.

Sim. How!

Do as I bid you, or you'll move me else.

Thai. Now, by the gods, he could not please me better. [*Asid*

Sim. And further tell him, we desire to know Of whence he is, his name and parentage.

Thai. The King my father, Sir, has drunk to you.

Per. I thank him.

Thai. Wishing it so much blood unto your life

Per. I thank both him and you, and pledge him freely.

Thai. And further he desires to know of you, Of whence you are, your name and parentage.

Per. A gentleman of Tyre — (my name, Pericles;

My education being in arts and arms;) — Who looking for adventures in the world, Was by the rough seas rest of ships and men; And, after shipwreck, driven upon this shore.

Thai. He thanks your Grace; names himself Pericles,

A gentleman of Tyre, who only by Misfortune of the seas has been herest Of ships and men, and cast upon this shore.

Sim. Now by the gods, I pity his misfortune, And will awake him from his melancholy. Come, Gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles, And waste the time, which looks for other revels. Even in your armours, as you are address'd, Will very well become a soldier's dance. I will not have excuse, with saying, this Loud musick is too harsh for ladies' heads; Since they love men in arms, as well as beds.

[*The Knights dance*
So

So, this was well ask'd, 'twas so well perform'd.

Come, Sir;

Here is a lady that wants breathing too:

And I have often heard, you knights of Tyre

Are excellent in making ladies trip;

And that their measures are as excellent.

Per. In those that practise them, they are, my Lord.

Sim. O, that's as much, as you would be deny'd

[*The Knights and Ladies dance.*]

Of your fair courtesy. — Unclasp, unclasp;

Thanks, Gentlemen, to all; all have done well,

But you the best, [*To PERICLES.*] Pages and lights,
conduct

These knights unto their several lodgings: Yours,

Sir,

We have given order to be next our own.

Per. I am at your Grace's pleasure.

Sim. Princes, it is too late to talk of love,

For that's the mark I know you level at:

Therefore each one betake him to his rest;

To-morrow, all for speeding do their best.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Tyre. *A Room in the Governor's House.*

Enter HELICANUS and ESCANES.

Hel. No, no, my Escanes; know this of me, —

Antiochus from incest liv'd not free;

For which, the most high gods not minding longer

To withhold the vengeance that they had in store,

Due to this heinous capital offence;

Even in the height and pride of all his glory,

Vol. xviii,

When he was seated, and his daughter with
 In a chariot of inestimable value,
 A fire from heaven came, and shrivel'd up
 Their bodies, even to loathing; for they so
 That all those eyes ador'd them, ere their
 Scorn now their hand should give them but
Esca. 'Twas very strange.

Hel. And yet but just; for though
 This King were great, his greatness was no
 To bar heaven's shaft, but sin had his reward
Esca. 'Tis very true.

Enter three Lords.

1. *Lord.* See, not a man in private council
 Or council, has respect with him but he.

2. *Lord.* It shall no longer grieve,
 reproof.

3. *Lord.* And curs'd be he that will not see

1. *Lord.* Follow me then: Lord Helicane,

Hel. With me? and welcome; Happy d
 Lords.

1. *Lord.* Know, that our griefs are risen
 top,

And now at length they overflow their bank

Hel. Your griefs, for what? wrong not the
 you love.

1. *Lord.* Wrong not yourself then, nobl
 canè;

But if the Prince do live, let us salute him
 Or know what ground's made happy by his
 If in the world he live, we'll seek him out
 If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there
 And be resolv'd, he lives to govern us,
 Or dead, gives cause to mourn his funeral,
 And leaves us to our free election.

Lord. Whose death's, indeed, the strongest in
our censure :

knowing this kingdom, if without a head,
goodly buildings left without a roof,)
soon to ruin fall, your noble self,
best know'st how to rule, and how to reign,
hus submit unto, — our Sovereign.

L. Live, noble Helicane !

L. Try honour's cause ; forbear your suffrages :
if you love Prince Pericles, forbear.

I your wish, I leap into the seas,
he's hourly trouble, for a minute's ease.
elevenmonth longer, let me then entreat you
orbear choice i'the absence of your King ;
which time expir'd, he not return,
ll with aged patience bear your yoke.
if I cannot win you to this love,
each like noblemen, like noble subjects,
in your search, spend your adventurous worth ;
n if you find, and win unto return,
shall like diamonds sit about his crown.

Lord. To wisdom he's a fool that will not
yield ;

since Lord Helicane enjoineth us,
with our travels will endeavour it.

L. Then you love us, we you, and we'll clasp
hands ;

Peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Pentapolis. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter SIMONIDES, reading a Letter; the Knight meet him.

1. *Knight.* Good morrow to the good Simonides.
Sim. Knights, from my daughter this I let

know,

That for this twelvemonth, she'll not undertake
 A married life.

Her reason to herself is only known,
 Which from herself by no means can I get.

2. *Knight.* May we not get access to her,
 Lord?

Sim. 'Faith, by no means; she hath so straitly
 tied her

To her chamber, that it is impossible.
 One twelve moons more she'll wear Diana's livery.
 This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,
 And on her virgin honour will not break it.

2. *Knight.* Though loath to bid farewell,
 take our leaves.

[*Exit*]

Sim. So

They're well despatch'd; now to my daughter
 letter:

She tells me here, she'll wed the stranger Knight
 Or never more to view nor day nor light,
 Mistress, 'tis well, your choice agrees with me.
 I like that well: — nay, how absolute she's in!
 Not minding whether I dislike or no!

Well, I commend her choice;
 And will no longer have it be delay'd.

Soft, here he comes: — I must dissemble it.

Enter PERICLES.

Per. All fortune to the good Simonides!

Sim. To you as much, Sir! I am beholden to
you,

For your sweet musick this last night: my ears,
I do protest, were never better fed
With such delightful pleasing harmony.

Per. It is your Grace's pleasure to commend;
Not my desert.

Sim. Sir, you are musick's master.

Per. The worst of all her scholars, my good
Lord.

Sim. Let me ask one thing. What do you think,
Sir, of

My daughter?

Per. As of a most virtuous Princess.

Sim. And she is fair too, is she not?

Per. As a fair day in summer; wond'rous fair.

Sim. My daughter, Sir, thinks very well of you;
Ay, so well, Sir, that you must be her master,
And she'll your scholar be; therefore look to it.

Per. Unworthy I to be her schoolmaster.

Sim. She thinks not so: peruse this writing else.

Per. What's here!

A letter, that she loves the Knight of Tyre?

'Tis the King's subtilty, to have my life. [*Aside.*

O, seek not to intrap, my gracious Lord,

A stranger and distressed gentleman,

That never aim'd so high, to love your daughter,

But bent all offices to honour her.

Sim. Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter, and
thou art

A villain.

Per. By the gods, I have not, Sir.

Never did thought of mine levy offence;

Nor never did my actions yet commence
A deed might gain her love, or your displeasure.

Sim. Traitor, thou liest.

Per. Traitor!

Sim. Ay, traitor, Sir.

Per. Even in his throat, (unless it be the King,) That calls me traitor, I return the lie.

Sim. Now, by the gods, I do applaud his courage.

[*Aside.*]

Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That never relish'd of a base descent.
I came unto your court, for honour's cause,
And not to be a rebel to her state;
And he that otherwise accounts of me,
This sword shall prove, he's honour's enemy.

Sim. No! —

Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

Enter THAISA.

Per. Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,
Resolve your angry father, if my tongue
Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe
To any syllable that made love to you?

Thai. Why, Sir, say if you had,
Who takes offence at that would make me glad?

Sim. Yea, Mistress, are you so peremptory? —
I am glad of it with all my heart. [*Aside.*] I'll
tame you;

I'll bring you in subjection. —
Will you, not having my consent, bestow
Your love and your affections on a stranger?
(Who, for ought I know to the contrary,
Or think, may be as great in blood as I.) [*Aside.*]
Hear, therefore, Mistress, frame your will to
mine.

And you, Sir, hear you. — Either be rul'd by me,
Or I will make you — man and wife. —
Nay, come; your hands and lips must seal it too. —
And being join'd, I'll thus your hopes destroy; —
And for a further grief, — God give you joy!
What, are you both pleas'd?

Thai. Yes, if you love me, Sir.

Per. Even as my life, my blood that fosters it.

Sim. What, are you both agreed?

Both. Yes, 'please your Majesty.

Sim. It pleaseth me so well, I'll see you wed;
Then, with what haste you can, get you to bed.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Now sleep yslaked hath the rout;
No din but snores, the house about,
Made louder by the o'er-fed breast
Of this most pompons marriage feast.
The cat, with eyne of burning coal,
Now couches 'fore the mouse's hole;
And crickets sing at th' oven's mouth,
As the blither for their drouth.
Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,
Where, by the loss of maidenhead,
A babe is moulded: — Be attent,
And time that is so briefly spent,
With your fine fancies quaintly echo;
What's dumb in show, I'll plain with speech.

T E N

Enter PERICLES and SIMONIDES at one door, with Attendants; a Messenger meets them, kneels, and gives PERICLES a letter. PERICLES shows it to SIMONIDES; the Lords kneel to the former. Then enter TRAISSA with child, and LYCHORIDA. SIMONIDES shows his daughter the letter; she rejoices: she and PERICLES take leave of her father, and depart. Then SIMONIDES, &c. retire.

Gow. By many a dearth and painful perch,
Of Pericles the careful search,
By the four opposing coignes,
Which the world together joins,
Is made, with all due diligence,
That horse, and sail, and high expence,
Can stead the quest. At last from Tyre
(Fame answering the most strong inquire,)
To the court of King Simonides
Are letters brought; the tenour these:
Antiochus and his daughter's dead;
The men of Tyrus, on the head
Of Helicanus would set on
The crown of Tyre, but he will none:
The mutiny there he hastes t'appease;
Says to them, if King Pericles
Come not, in twice six moons, home,
He obedient to their doom,
Will take the crown. The sum of this
Brought hither to Pentapolis,
Y-ravished the regions round,
And every one with claps 'gan sound
Our heir apparent is a King:
Who dream'd, who thought of
Bliss, he must hence depart to Tyre.

his Queen with child, makes her desire
 Which who shall cross?) along to go;
 Omit we all their dote and wee:)
 Lychorida, her nurse, she takes,
 And so to sea. Their vessel shakes
 On Neptune's billow; half the flood
 Hath their keel cut; but fortune's mood
 Aries again: the grizzled north
 Disgorges such a tempest forth,
 That, as a duck for life that dives,
 So up and down the poor ship drives.
 The lady shrieks, and, well-a-need!
 Both fall in travail with her fear:
 And what ensues in this fell storm,
 Shall, for itself, itself perform.
 I will relate; action may
 Unconveniently the rest convey:
 Which might not what by me is told.
 Your imagination hold
 His stage, the ship, upon whose deck
 The sea-tost Prince appears to speak. [Exit.

SCENE I.

Enter PERICLES, on a ship at sea.

Per. Thou God of this great vast, rebuke these
 surges,
 Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou, that
 hast
 In the winds command, bind them in brass,
 Ring call'd them from the deep! O still thy
 deafning
 dreadful thunders; gently quench thy nimble
 sulphurous flashes! — O how, Lychorida,



42

PERICLES,

How does my Queen? — That storm, thou! ver-
normously
Wilt thou spit all thyself? — The seaman's whistle
Is as a whisper in the ears of death,
Unheard. — Lychorida! — Lucina, O
Divinest patroness, and midwife, gentle
To those that cry by night, convey thy deity
Aboard our dancing boat; make swift the pangs
Of my Queen's travails! — Now, Lychorida —

Enter LYCHORIDA, with an infant.

Lyc. Here is a thing
Too young for such a place, who if it had
Conceit, would die as I am like to do.
Take in your arms this piece of your dead Queen.

Per. How! how, Lychorida!

Lyc. Patience, good Sir; do not assist the storm.
Here's all that is left living of your Queen, —
A little daughter; for the sake of it,
Be manly, and take comfort.

Per. O you gods!
Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,
And snatch them straight away? We, here below,
Recall not what we give, and therein may
Vie honour with yourselves.

Lyc. Patience, good Sir,
Even for this charge.

Per. Now, mild may be thy life!
For a more blust'rous birth had never babe:
Quiet and gentle thy conditions!
For thou'rt the rudest welcome'd to this world,
That e'er was Prince's child. Happy what follows!
Thou hast as chiding a nativity,
As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,
To draw thee from the womb even at the first,

Lying with simple shells. *Lychorida,*
 Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper,
 My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander
 Bring me the satten coffer: lay the babe
 Upon the pillow; hie thee, while I say
 A priestly farewell to her: suddenly, woman.
[Exit LYCHORIN.]

2. Sail. Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatch
 caulk'd and bitum'd ready.

Per. I thank thee. Mariner, say what coast this is

2. Sail. We are near Tharsus.

Per. Thither, gentle mariner,

Alter thy course for Tyre. When can'st thou
 reach it?

2. Sail. By break of day, if the wind cease.

Per. O make for Tharsus.

There will I visit Cleon, for the babe
 Cannot hold out to Tyrus: there I'll leave it
 At careful nursing. Go thy ways, good mariner
 I'll bring the body presently. *[Exeunt]*

S C E N E II.

Ephesus. A Room in Cerimon's House.

*Enter CERIMON, a Servant, and some person
 who have been shipwrecked.*

Cer. Philemon, ho!

Enter PHILEMON.

Phil. Doth my Lord call?

Cer. Get fire and meat for these poor men;
It has been a turbulent and stormy night.

Serv. I have been in many; but such a night
as this,
Till now, I ne'er endur'd.

Cer. Your master will be dead ere you return;
There's nothing can be minister'd to nature,
That can recover him. Give this to the 'pothecary,
And tell me how it works. [To PHILEMON.

[*Exeunt PHILEMON, Servant, and those who
had been shipwrecked.*

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Good morrow, Sir.

2. *Gent.* Good morrow to your Lordship.

Cer. Gentlemen,
Why do you stir so early?

1. *Gent.* Sir,
Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea,
Shook, as the earth did quake;
The very principals did seem to rend,
And all to topple: pure surprize and fear
Made me to quit the house.

2. *Gent.* That is the cause we trouble you so
early;
'Tis not our husbandry.

Cer. O, you say well.

1. *Gent.* But I much marvel that your Lordship,
having
Rich tire about you, should at these early hours
Shake of the golden slumber of repose:
It is most strange,
Nature should be so conversant with pain,
Being thereto not compell'd.

Cer. I held it ever,
Virtue and cooping were endowments greater
Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs

May the two latter darken and expend;
 But immortality attends the former,
 Making a man a god. 'Tis known, I ever
 Have studied physick, through which secret art,
 By turning o'er authorities, I have
 (Together with my practice,) made familiar
 To me and to my aid, the blest infusions
 That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones;
 And I can speak of the disturbances
 That nature works, and of her cures; which give
 me

A more content in course of true delight
 Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,
 Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,
 To please the fool and death.

2. *Gent.* Your Honour has through Ephebus
 pour'd forth

Your charity, and hundreds call themselves
 Your creatures, who by you have been restor'd:
 And not your knowledge, personal pain, but even
 Your purse, still open, hath built lord Certimon
 Such strong renown as time shall never —

Enter two Servants with a chest.

Serv. So; lift there.

Cer. What is that?

Serv. Sir, even now

Did the sea toss upon our shore this chest;
 'Tis of some wreck.

Cer. Set 't down, let's look on it.

2. *Gent.* 'Tis like a coffin, Sir.

Cer. What'er it be,

'Tis wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight;
 If the sea's stomach be o'ercharg'd with gold,
 It is a good constraint of fortune, that
It belches upon us.

2. *Gent.* 'Tis so, my Lord.

Cer. How close 'tis caulk'd and bitum'd! —
Did the sea cast it up?

Serv. I never saw so huge a billow, Sir,
As toss'd it upon shore,

Cer. Come, wrench it open;
Soft, soft! — it smells most sweetly in my sense.

2. *Gent.* A delicate odour.

Cer. As ever hit my nostril; so, — up with it.
O you most potent gods: what's here? a corse!

1. *Gent.* Most strange!

Cer. Shroud'd in cloth of state; balm'd and
entreasur'd
With bags of spices full! A passport too!
Apollo, perfect me i'the characters!

[Unfolds a scroll. [Reads.

*Here I give to understand,
(If e'er this coffin drive a-land,)
I, King Pericles, have lost
This Queen, worth all our mundane cost.
Who finds her, give her burying,
She was the daughter of a King:
Besides this treasure for a fee,
The gods requite his charity!*

If thou liv'st, Pericles, thou hast a heart
That even cracks for woe! — This chanc'd to-night.

2. *Gent.* Most likely, Sir.

Cer. Nay, certainly to-night;
For look, how fresh she looks! — They were
too rough,

That threw her in the sea. Make fire within;
Fetch hither all the boxes in my closet.
Death may usurp on nature many hours,
And yet the fire of life kindle again
The overpressed spirits. I have heard

Of an Egyptian, had nine hours lien dead,
By good appliance was recovered.

Enter a Servant, with boxes, napkins, and fire.

Well said, well said: the fire and the cloths. —
The rough and woful musick that we have,
Cause it to sound, 'beseech you.
The vial once more; — How thou stirr'st, thou
block? —

The musick there. — I pray you, give her air:—
Gentlemen,

This Queen will live: nature awakes; a warmth
Breathes out of her; she hath not been entranc'd
Above five hours. See, how she 'gins to blow
Into life's flower again!

1. *Gent.* The heavens, Sir,
Through you, increase our wonder, and set up
Your fame for ever.

Cer. She is alive; behold,
Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels
Which Pericles hath lost,
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold;
The diamonds of a most praised water
Appear, to make the world twice rich. O live;
And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,
Rare as you seem to be! [*She moves.*]

Thai. O dear Diana,
Where am I? Where's my lord? What world is
this?

2. *Gent.* Is not this strange?

1. *Gent.* Most rare.

Cer. Hush, gentle neighbours;
Lend me your hands: to the next chamber bear her.
Get linen; now this matter must be look'd to,

For

her relapse is mortal. Come, come, come;
 d Aesculapius guide us!
[Exeunt, carrying THAISA away.]

SCENE III.

Tharans. *A Room in Cleon's House.*

ter PERICLES, CLEON, DIONYZA, LYCHORIDA,
 and MARINA.

Per. Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs be gone:
 twelve months are expir'd, and Tyrus stands
 a litigious peace. You, and your lady,
 ke from my heart all thankfulness! The gods
 ke up the rest upon you!

Cle. Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt
 you mortally,
 glance full wand'ringly on us.

Dion. O your sweet Queen!
 at the strict fates had pleas'd you had brought
 her hither,

have blest mine eyes!

Per. We cannot but obey
 e powers above us. Could I rage and roar
 doth the sea she lies in, yet the end
 at be as 'tis. My babe Marina (whom
 e she was born at sea, I have nam'd so) here
 barge your charity withal, and leave her
 e infant of your care; beseeching you
 give her princely training, that she may be
 uner'd as she is born.

Cle. Fear not, my Lord:
 ur Grace, that fed my country with your corn,
 or which the people's prayers still fall upon you.)

Must in your child be thought on. If neglecton
Should therein make me vile, the common hody
By you reliev'd, would force me to my duty:
But if to that my nature need a spur,
The gods revenge it upon me and mine,
To the end of generation!

Per. I believe you;
Your honour and your goodness teach me credit,
Without your vows. Till she be married, Madam,
By bright Diana, whom we honour all,
Unscissar'd shall this hair of mine remain,
Though I show will in't. So I take my leave.
Good Madam, make me blessed in your care
In bringing up my child.

Dion. I have one myself,
Who shall not be more dear to my respect,
Than yours, my Lord.

Per. Madam, my thanks and prayers.

Cle. We'll bring your Grace even to the edge
o'the shore;
Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune, and
The gentlest winds of heaven.

Per. I will embrace
Your offer. Come, dear'st Madam. — O, no tears,
Lychorida, no tears:
Look to your little mistress, on whose grace
You may depend hereafter. — Come, my Lord.
[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Ephesus. *A Room in Cerimon's House.*

Enter CERIMON and THAISA.

Cer. Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,
Lay with you in your coffer: which are now
At your command. Know you the character?

Thai. It is my lord's.
That I was shipp'd at sea, I well remember,
Even on my yearning time; but whether there
Delivered or no, by the holy gods,
I cannot rightly say: But since King Pericles,
My wedded lord, I ne'er shall see again,
A vestal livery will I take me to,
And never more have joy.

Cer. Madam, if this you purpose as you speak,
Diana's temple is not distant far,
Where you may 'bide until your date expires.
Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine
Shall there attend you.

Thai. My recompence is thanks, that's all;
Yet my good will is great, though the gift small.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Imagine Pericles at Tyre;
Welcom'd, to his own desire.
His woful Queen leave at Ephess,
To Dian there a votaress.
Now to Marina bend your mind,
Whom our fast-growing scene must find
At Tharsus, and by Cleon train'd
In musick, letters; who hath gain'd
Of education all the grace,
Which makes her both the heart and place
Of general wonder. But alack!
That monster envy, oft the wrack

Of earned praise, Marina's life
 Seeks to take off by treason's knife.
 And in this kind hath our Cleon
 One daughter, and a wench full grown,
 Even ripe for marriage fight: this maid
 Hight Philoten: and it is said
 For certain in our story, she
 Would ever with Marina be:
 Be't when she weav'd the sleided silk
 With fingers, long, small, white as milk;
 Or when she would with sharp needl wound
 The cambrick, which she made more sound
 By hurting it; or when to the lute
 She sung, and made the night-bird mute,
 That still records with moan; or when
 She would with rich and constant pen
 Vail to her mistrest Dian; still
 This Philoten contends in skill
 With absolute Marina: so
 With the dove of Paphos might the crow
 Vie feathers white. Marina gets
 All praises, which are paid as debts,
 And not as gifts. This so dark
 In Philoten all graceful marks,
 That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,
 A present murderer does prepare
 For good Marina, that her daughter
 Might stand peerless by this slaughter.
 The sooner her vile thoughts to stand,
 Lychorida, our nurse, is dead;
 And cursed Dionyza hath
 The pregnant instrument of wrath
 Prest for this blow. The unborn event
 I do commend to your content.
 Only I carry winged time
 Post on the lame feet of my rhyme;

Which never could I so convey,
Unless your thoughts went on my way. —
Dionyza does appear,
With Leonine, a murderer. [Exit.

SCENE I.

Tharsus. *An open place near the sea-shore.*

Enter DIONYZA and LEONINE.

Dion. Thy oath remember; thou hast sworn
to do it:
'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known.
Thou canst not do a thing i'the world so soon,
To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience,
Which is but cold, inflame love in thy bosom,
Inflame too nicely; nor let pity, which
Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be
A soldier to thy purpose.

Leon. I'll do't; but yet she is a goodly creature.

Dion. The fitter then the gods should have her.
Here

Weeping she comes for her old nurse's death.
Thou art resolv'd?

Leon. I am resolv'd.

Enter MARINA, with a basket of flowers.

Mar. No, no, I will rob Tellus of her weed,
To strew thy green with flowers: the yellows,
blues,
The purple violets, and marigolds,
Shall, as a chaplet, hang upon thy grave,
While summer days do last. Ah me! poor maid,

Born in a tempest, when my mother died;
This world to me is like a lasting storm,
Whirring me from my friends.

Dion. How now, Marina! why do you keep
alone?

How chance my daughter is not with you? Do not
Consume your blood with sorrowing: you have
A nurse of me. Lord! how your favour's chang'd
With this unprofitable woe! Come, come;
Give me your wreath of flowers, ere the sea mar it.
Walk forth with Leonine; the air is quick there,
Piercing, and sharpens well the stomach. Come;—
Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.

Mar. No, I pray you;
I'll not bereave you of your servant.

Dion. Come, come;
I love the King your father, and yourself,
With more than foreign heart. We every day
Expect him here: when he shall come, and find
Our paragon to all reports, thus blasted,
He will repent the breadth of his great voyage;
Blame both my lord and me, that we have ta'en
No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you,
Walk, and be cheerful once again; reserve
That excellent complexion, which did steal
The eyes of young and old. Care not for me;
I can go home alone.

Mar. Well, I will go;
But yet I have no desire to it.

Dion. Come, come, I know 'tis good for you.
Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least;
Remember what I have said.

Leon. I warrant you, Madam.

Dion. I'll leave you, my sweet Lady, for a while;
Pray you walk softly, do not heat your blood:
What! I must have a care of you.

Mar. Thanks, sweet Madam. —

[*Exit DIONYZA.*]

Is this wind westerly that blows?

Leon. South-west.

Mar. When I was born, the wind was north.

Leon. Was't so?

Mar. My father, as nurse said, did never fear,
But cry'd, *good seamen*, to the sailors, galling
His kingly hands with hauling of the ropes;
And, clasping to the mast, endur'd a sea
That almost burst the deck, and from the ladder-
tackle

Wash'd off a canvas climber: *Ha!* says one,
Wilt out? and with a dropping industry,
They skip from stem to stern: the boatswain
whistles,

The master calls, and trebles their confusion.

Leon. And when was this?

Mar. It was when I was born:
Never was waves nor wind more violent.

Leon. Come, say your prayers speedily.

Mar. What mean you?

Leon. If you require a little space for prayer,
I grant it: Pray; but be not tedious,
For the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn
To do my work with haste.

Mar. Why, will you kill me?

Leon. To satisfy my lady.

Mar. Why would she have me kill'd?
Now, as I can remember, by my troth,
I never did her hurt in all my life;
I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn
To any living creature: believe me, la,
I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly:
I trod upon a worm against my will,
But I *wept* for it. How have I offended,

Wherein my death might yield her profit, or
My life imply her danger?

Leon. My commission

Is not to reason of the deed, but do it.

Mar. You will not do't for all the world's
hope.

You are well-favour'd; and your looks doreshow
You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,
When you caught hurt in parting two that fought
Good sooth, it show'd well in you; do so now
Your lady seeks my life; come you between,
And save poor me, the weaker.

Leon. I am sworn,
And will despatch.

Enter Pirates, whilst MARINA is struggling.

1. *Pirate.* Hold, villain! [*LEONINE runs away*]

2. *Pirate.* A prize! a prize!

3. *Pirate.* Half-part, mates, half-part. Come
let's have her aboard suddenly.

[*Exeunt Pirates with MARINA*]

S C E N E II.

The same.

Re-enter LEONINE.

Leon. These roving thieves serve the great pirate
Valdes;

And they have seiz'd Marina. Let her go:
*There's no hope she'll return. I'll swear she's dead
And thrown into the sea. — But I'll see further
Perhaps they will but please themselves upon*

Not carry her aboard. If she remain,
Whom they have ravish'd, must by me be slain.
[Exit.

SCENE III.

Mitylene. *A Room in a Brothel.*

Enter PANDER, Bawd, and BOULT.

Pand. Boul.

Boul. Sir.

Pand. Search the market narrowly; Mitylene is full of gallants. We lost too much money this morn, by being too wenchless.

Bawd. We were never so much out of creatures. We have but poor three, and they can do no more than they can do; and with continual action are even as good as rotten.

Pand. Therefore let's have fresh ones, whate'er we pay for them. If there be not a conscience to be us'd in every trade, we shall never prosper.

Bawd. Thou say'st true; 'tis not the bringing up of poor bastards, as I think, I have brought up some eleven —

Boul. Ay, to eleven, and brought them down again. But shall I search the market?

Bawd. What else, man? The stuff we have, a strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully sodden.

Pand. Thou say'st true; they're too unwholesome o'conscience. The poor Transilvanian is dead, that lay with the little haggage.

Boul. Ay, she quickly poop'd him; she made him roast-meat for worms: — but I'll go search the market.
[Exit BOUL.

PERICLES,

Pand. Three or four thousand chequins were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

Bawd. Why, to give over, I pray you? is it a shame to get when we are old?

Pand. O, our credit comes not in like the commodity; nor the commodity wags not with the danger: therefore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 'twere not amiss to keep our door hatch'd. Besides the sore terms we stand upon with the gods, will be strong with us for giving over.

Bawd. Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

Pand. As well as we! ay, and better too; we offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade; it's no calling: — but here comes Boulton.

Enter the Pirates, and Boulton dragging in
MARINA.

Boulton. Come your ways. [To MARINA.] — Masters, you say she's a virgin?

1. **Pirate.** O Sir, we doubt it not.

Boulton. Master, I have gone thorough for a piece, you see: if you like her, so; if not, I have lost my earnest.

Bawd. Boulton, has she any qualities?

Boulton. She has a good face, speaks well, has excellent good clothes; there's no further necessity of qualities can make her be refused.

Bawd. What's her price, Boulton?

Boulton. I cannot be hated one doit of a the pieces.

Pand. Well, follow me, my Masters; you have your money presently. Wife, take instruct her what she has to do, that she be raw in her entertainment.

[Exeunt Pander &

Bawd. Boul't, take you the marks of her; the colour of her hair, complexion, height, age, with varrant of her virginity; and cry, *He that will give most, shall have her first.* Such a maiden-head were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you.

Boul't. Performance shall follow. [*Exit BOUL'T.*]

Mar. Alack, that Leonine was so slack, so slow! He should have struck, not spoke;) or that these pirates,

Not enough barbarous,) had not overboard thrown me, to seek my mother!

Bawd. Why lament you, pretty one?

Mar. That I am pretty.

Bawd. Come, the gods have done their part in you.

Mar. I accuse them not.

Bawd. You are lit into my hands, where you resemble to live.

Mar. The more my fault,
To 'scape his hands, where I was like to die.

Bawd. Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

Mar. No.

Bawd. Yes, indeed, shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions. You shall fare well; you shall have the difference of all complexions. What! do you stop your ears?

Mar. Are you a woman?

Bawd. What would you have me be, an I be not a woman?

Mar. An honest woman, or not a woman.

Bawd. Marry, whip thee, gosling: I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you are a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I could have you.

Mar. The gods defend me!

Bawd. If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stir you up. — Boul't's return'd.

Enter BOULT.

Now, Sir, hast thou cry'd her through the market?

Boul't. I have cry'd her almost to the number of her hairs; I have drawn her picture with my voice.

Bawd. And I pr'ythee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

Boul't. 'Faith, they listen'd to me, as they would have hearken'd to their father's testament. 'There was a Spaniard's mouth' so water'd, that he went to bed to her very description.

Bawd. We shall have him here to-morrow with his best ruff on.

Boul't. To-night, to-night. But, Mistress, do you know the French knight that cowers i'the harm?

Bawd. Who? Monsieur Veroles?

Boul't. Ay; he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.

Bawd. Well, well; as for him, he brought his disease hither: here he does but repair it. I know, he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.

Boul't. Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with his sign.

Bawd. Pray you, come hither awhile: You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me; you must seem to do that fearfully, which you commit willingly; to despise profit, where you have no gain. To weep that you live as you do, makes

in your lovers: Seldom, but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere profit.

Mar. I understand you not.

Boult. O, take her home, Mistress, take her home: these blushes of her's must be quench'd with some present practice.

Bawd. Thou say'st true, i'faith, so they must: for your bride goes to that with shame, which is her way to go with warrant.

Boult. 'Faith some do, and some do not. But, Mistress, if I have bargain'd for the joint, —

Bawd. Thou may'st cut a morsel off the spit.

Boult. I may so.

Bawd. Who should deny it? Come young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boult. Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

Bawd. Boult, spend thou that in the town: report what a sojourner we have; you'll lose nothing by custom. When Nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn; therefore say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

Boult. I warrant you, Mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels, as my giving out her beauty stir up the lewdly-inclined. I'll bring home some to-night.

Bawd. Come your ways; follow me.

Mar. If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep,

Untied I still my virgin-knot will keep.

Diana, aid my purpose!

Bawd. What have we to do with Diana? Pray you, will you go with us? [Exeunt.]

PERICLES,

SCENE IV;

Tharsus. *A Room in Cleon's House.*

Enter CLEON and DIONYZA.

Dion. Why, are you foolish? Can it be undone?

Cle. O Dionyza, such a piece of slaughter
The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon!

Dion. I think
You'll turn a child again.

Cle. Were I chief lord of all this spacious world,
I'd give it to undo the deed. O Lady,

Much less in blood than virtue, yet a Princess
To equal any single crown o' the earth,

I'the justice of compare! O villain Leonine,
Whom thou hast poison'd too!

If thou hadst drunk to him, it had been a kindness
Becoming well thy feat: what canst thou say,
When noble Pericles shall demand his child?

Dion. That she is dead. Nurses are not th
fates,

To foster it, nor ever to preserve.
She died by night; I'll say so. Who can cross:

Unless you play the impious innocent,
And for an honest attribute, cry out,

She died by foul play.

Cle. O, go to. Well, well,

Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods
Do like this worst.

Dion. Be one of those, that think
The petty wrens of Tharsus will fly hence,
And open this to Pericles. I do shame
To think of what a noble strain you are,
And of how cow'd a spirit.

To such proceeding
Who ever but his approbation added,
Though not his pre-consent, he did not flow
From honourable courses.

Dion. Be it so then:
Yet none does know, but you, how she came dead;
Nor none can know, Leonine being gone.
He did disdain my child, and stood between
Her and her fortunes: None would look on her,
It cast their gazes on Marina's face;
Whilst ours was blurted at, and held a malkin,
Not worth the time of day. It pierc'd me thorough;
I though you call my course unnatural,
I not your child well loving, yet I find,
Form'd to your sole daughter.
Heavens forgive it!

on. And as for Pericles,
Should he say? We wept after her hearse,
Even yet we mourn: her monument
Not finish'd, and her epitaphs
attering golden characters express
ral praise to her, and care in us
se expence 'tis done.

Thou art like the harpy,
to betray; doth wear an angel's face;
th an eagle's talons.
You are like one, that superstitiously
ar to the gods, that winter kills the flies;
know you'll do as I advise. [*Exeunt.*]

*WER, before the Monument of MARINA
at Tharsus.*

Thus time we waste, and longest leagues
make short;
cockles, have, and wish but for't.

Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs;
 He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears
 A tempest, which his mortal vessel tears,
 And yet he rides it out. Now please you wit
 The epitaph is for Marina writ
 By wicked Dionyza.

[*Reads the inscription on Marina's monument.*]

*The fairest, sweet'st, and best, lies here,
 Who wither'd in her spring of year.
 She was of Tyrus, the King's daughter,
 On whom foul death hath made this slaughter;
 Marina was she call'd; and at her birth,
 Thetis, being proud, swallow'd some part
 o'the earth:*

*Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd,
 Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heavens
 bestow'd:*

*Wherefore she does, (and swears she'll never
 stint)*

Make raging battery upon shores of flint.

No visor does become black villainy,

So well as soft and tender flattery.

Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,

And bear his courses to be ordered

By lady fortune; while our scenes display

His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day,

In her unholy service. Patience then,

And think you now are all in Mitylen. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E V.

Mitylene. *A Street before the Brothel.*

Enter, from the Brothel, two Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Did you ever hear the like?

2. *Gent.* No, nor never shall do in such a place as this, she being once gone.

1. *Gent.* But to have divinity preach'd there! did you ever dream of such a thing?

2. *Gent.* No, no. Come, I am for no more bawdy-houses: Shall we go hear the vestals sing?

1. *Gent.* I'll do any thing now that is virtuous; but I am out of the road of rutting, for ever.

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E VI.

The same. A Room in the Brothel.

Enter Pander, Bawd, and Boulz.

Pand. Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her, she had ne'er come here.

Bawd. Fie, fie upon her; she is able to freeze the god Priapus, and undo a whole generation. We must either get her ravish'd, or be rid of her. When she should do her clients her fitment, and do me the kindness of our profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her master-reasons, her prayers, her knees; that she would make a puritan of the devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her.

Boulz. 'Faith, I must ravish her, or she'll dis-furnish us of all our cavaliers, and make all our swearers priests.

Pand. Now, the pox upon her green sickness for me!

Bawd. Faith, there's no way to be rid on't, but by the way to the pox. Here comes the lord Lysimachus, disguis'd.

Boult. We should have both lord and lown, if the preevish baggage would but give way to customers.

Enter LYSIMACHUS.

Lys. How now? How a dozen of virginities?

Bawd. Now, the gods to-bless your Honour!

Boult. I am glad to see your Honour in good health.

Lys. You may so; 'tis the better for you that your resorters stand upon sound legs. How now, wholesome iniquity? Have you that a man may deal withal, and defy the surgeon?

Bawd. We have here one, Sir, if she would—but there never came her like in Mitylene.

Lys. If she'd do the deeds of darkness, then would'st say.

Bawd. Your Honour knows what 'tis to say, well enough.

Lys. Well; call forth, call forth.

Boult. For flesh and blood, Sir, white and red, you shall see a rose; and she were a rose indeed, if she had but —

Lys. What, pr'ythee?

Boult. O, Sir, I can be modest.

Lys. That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives a good report to a number to be chaste.

Enter MARINA.

Bawd. Here comes that which grows to the stalk; — never pluck'd yet, I can assure you. Is she not a fair creature?

Lys. Faith, she would serve after a long voyage at sea. Well, there's for you; — leave us.

Bawd. I beseech your Honour, give me leave: a word, and I'll have done presently.

Lys. I beseech you, do:

Bawd. First, I would have you note, this is an honourable man.

[*To MARINA, whom she takes aside.*]

Mar. I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him.

Bawd. Next, he's the Governor of this country, and a man whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he govern the country, you are bound to him indeed; but how honourable he is in that, I know not.

Bawd. Pray you, without any more virginal fencing, will you use him kindly? He will line your apron with gold.

Mar. What he will do graciously, I will thankfully receive.

Lys. Have you done?

Bawd. My Lord, she's not paced yet; you must take some pains to work her to your manage. Come, we will leave his Honour and her together.

[*Exeunt Bawd, Pander, and BOULT.*]

Lys. Go thy ways. — Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?

Mar. What trade, Sir?

Lys. What I cannot name but I shall offend.

Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade. Please you to name it.

Lys. How long have you been of this profession?

Mar. Ever since I can remember.

Lys. Did you go to it so young? Were you a gamester at five, or at seven?

Mar. Earlier too, Sir, if now I be one.

Lys. Why, the house you dwell in, proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

Mar. Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into it? I hear say, you are of honourable parts, and are the Governor of this place.

Lys. Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am?

Mar. Who is my principal?

Lys. Why, your herb-woman; she that sets seeds and roots of shame and iniquity. O, you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof for more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, else, look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place. Come, come.

Mar. If you were born to honour, show it now; put upon you, make the judgement good that thought you worthy of it.

Lys. How's this? how's this? — Some more; —
be sage.

Mar. For me, that am a maid, though most ungentle fortune hath plac'd me here within this loathsome stie, here, since I came, diseases have been sold dearer than physick. — O that the good gods would set me free from this unhallow'd place, though they did change me to the meanest bird that flies i'the purer air!

Lys. I did not think thou could'st have spoke so well; ne'er dream'd thou could'st.

And I brought hither a corrupted mind, by speech had alter'd it. Hold, here's gold for thee: persevere still in that clear way thou goest, and the gods strengthen thee!

Mar. The gods preserve you!

Lys. For me, be you thoughten
That I came with no ill intent; for to me
The very doors and windows savour vilely.
Farewell. Thou art a piece of virtue, and
I doubt not but thy training hath been noble. —
Hold; here's more gold for thee. —
A curse upon him, die he like a thief,
That robs thee of thy goodness! If thou hear'st
from me,

It shall be for thy good.

[*As* LYSIMACHUS *is putting up his purse,*
BOULT enters.

Boult. I beseech your Honour, one piece for me.

Lys. Avaunt, thou damned door-keeper! Your
house,

But for this virgin that doth prop it up,
Would sink, and overwhelm you all. Away!

[*Exit* LYSIMACHUS.

Boult. How's this? We must take another course
with you. If your peevish chastity, which is not
worth a breakfast in the cheapest country under the
cope, shall undo a whole household, let me be
gelded like a spaniel. Come your ways.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. I must have your maidenhead taken off,
or the common hangman shall execute it. Come
your way. We'll have no more gentlemen driven
away. Come your ways, I say.

Re-enter Bawd.

Bawd. How now! what's the matter?

Boult. Worse and worse, Mistress; she has
here spoken holy words to the Lord Lysimachus.

Bawd. O abominable!

ult. She makes our profession as it were to
before the face of the gods.

swd. Marry, hang her up for ever!

ult. The nobleman would have dealt with her
a nobleman, and she sent him away as cold
snowball; saying his prayers too.

swd. Boul't; take her away; use her at thy
ure: crack the glass of her virginity, and make
rest malleable.

ult. An if she were a thornier piece of ground
she is, she shall be plough'd.

ar. Hark, hark, yon gods!

swd. She conjures: away with her. Would
had never come within my doors! Marry hang

She's born to undo us. Will you not go the
of women-kind? Marry come up, my dish of
ity with rosemary and bays! [*Exit Bawd.*

ult. Come, Mistress; come your way with me.

ar. Whither would you have me?

ult. To take from you the jewel you hold so

ar. Pr'ythee, tell me one think first.

ult. Come now, your one thing;

ar. What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

ult. Why, I could wish him to be my mas-
or rather, my mistress.

ar. Neither of these are yet so bad as thou art,
they do better thee in their command.

I hold'st a place, for which the pained'st fiend
all would not in reputation change:

I'th' the damn'd door-keeper to every coystret

hither comes enquiring for his tib;

he cholerick fisting of each rogue thy ear

ble; thy very food is such

ath been belch'd on by infected lungs.

Boult. What would you have me do? go to the wars, would you? where a man may serve seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

Mar. Do any thing but this thou doest. Empty Old receptacles, common sewers, of filth; Serve by indenture to the common hangman; Any of these ways are better yet than this: For that which thou professest, a baboon, Could he but speak, would own a name too dear. O that the gods would safely from this place Deliver me! Here, here is gold for thee. If that thy master would gain aught by me, Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance, With other virtues, which I'll keep from boast; And I will undertake all these to teach. I doubt not but this populous city will Yield many scholars.

Boult. But can you teach all this you speak of?

Mar. Prove that I cannot, take me home again, And prostitute me to the basest groom That doth frequent your house.

Boult. Well, I will see what I can do for thee: if I can place thee, I will.

Mar. But, amongst honest women?

Boult. Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst them. But since my master and mistress have bought you, there's no going but by their consent: therefore I will make them acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall find them tractable enough. Come, I'll do for thee what I can; come your ways. [Exeunt.

ACT V.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Marina thus the brothel scapes, and
chances

Into an honest house, our story says.

She sings like one immortal, and she dances

As goddess-like to her admir'd lays:

Deep clerks she dumbs; and with her need
composes

Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, brauch, or
berry;

That even her art sisters the natural roses;

Her inkle, silk, twin with the rubied cherry;

That pupils lacks she none of noble race,

Who pour their bounty on her; and her gain

She gives the cursed bawd. Here we her place;

And to her father turn our thoughts again,

Where we left him, on the sea. We there him
lost;

Whence, driven before the winds, he is arriv'd

Here where his daughter dwells; and on this
coast

Suppose him now at anchor. The city striv'd

God Neptune's annual feast to keep: from whence

Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,

His banners sable, trimm'd with rich expece;

And to him in his barge with fervour lies.

In your supposing once more put your sight;

Of heavy Pericles think this the bark:

Where, what is done in action, more, if might,

Shall be discover'd; please you, sit, and hark.

[Exit.]

SCENE I.

On board PERICLES' ship, off Mitylene. A close Pavilion on deck, with a curtain before it; PERICLES within it, reclined on a couch. A barge lying beside the Tyrian vessel.

Enter two Sailors, one belonging to the Tyrian vessel, the other to the barge; to them

HELICANUS.

Tyr. Sail. Where's the lord Helicanus? he can resolve you.

[To the Sailor of Mitylene.

O here he is. —

Sir, there's a barge put off from Mitylene,

And in it is Lysimachus the Governor,

Who craves to come aboard. What is your will?

Hel. That he have his. Call up some gentlemen.

Tyr. Sail. Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Doth your Lordship call?

Hel. Gentlemen,

There is some of worth would come aboard; I pray you,

To greet them fairly.

[The Gentlemen and the two Sailors descend, and go on board the barge.

Enter, from thence, LYSIMACHUS and Lords; the Tyrian Gentlemen, and the two Sailors.

Tyr. Sail. Sir,

This is the man that can, in aught you would, Resolve you.

Lys. Hail, reverend Sir! The gods preserve you!

Hel. And you, Sir, to out-live the age I am,
And die as I would do.

Lys. You wish me well.
Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's triumphs,
Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,
I made to it, to know of whence you are.

Hel. First, Sir, what is your place?

Lys. I am Governour of this place you lie before.

Hel. Sir,
Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the King;
A man, who for this three months hath not spoken
To any one, nor taken sustenance,
But to prorogue his grief.

Lys. Upon what ground is his distemperature?

Hel. Sir, it would be too tedious to repeat;
But the main grief of all springs from the loss
Of a beloved daughter and a wife.

Lys. May we not see him, then?

Hel. You may indeed, Sir,
But bootless is your sight; he will not speak
To any.

Lys. Yet, let me obtain my wish.

Hel. Behold him, Sir: [*PERICLES discovered.*]
this was a goodly person,
Till the disaster, that, one mortal night,
Drove him to this.

Lys. Sir, King, all hail! the gods preserve
you! Hail,
Hail, royal Sir!

Hel. It is in vain; he will not speak to you.

1. *Lord.* Sir, we have a maid in Mitylene, I
durst wager,
Would win some words of him.

Lys. 'Tis well bethought.

She, questionless, with her sweet harmony
And other choice attractions, would allure,
And make a battery through his deafen'd parts,
Which now are midway stopp'd:

She, all as happy as of all the fairest,
Is, with her fellow maidens, now within
The leafy shelter that abuts against
The island's side.

[*He whispers one of the attendant Lords.*—

Exit Lord, in the barge of LYSIMACHUS.

Hel. 'Sure all's effectless; yet nothing we'll omit
That bears recovery's name. But, since your kindness
We have stretch'd thus far, let us beseech you further,
That for our gold we may provision have,
Wherein we are not destitute for want,
But weary for the staleness.

Lys. O, Sir, a courtesy,
Which if we should deny, the most just God
For every graff would send a caterpillar,
And so inflict our province. — Yet once more
Let me intreat to know at large the cause
Of your King's sorrow.

Hel. 'Sit, Sir, I will recount it;—
But see, I am prevented.

*Enter, from the barge, LORD, MARINA, and
a young Lady.*

Lys. O, here is
The lady that I sent for. Welcome, fair one!
Is't not a goodly presence?

Hel. A gallant lady,

Lys. She's such, that were I well assur'd she
came

Of gentle kind, and noble stock, I'd wish

To better choice, - and think me rarely wed.
Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient:
If that thy prosperous-artificial feat
Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,
Thy sacred physick shall receive such pay
As thy desires can wish.

Mar. Sir, I will use
My utmost skill in his recovery,
Provided none but I and my companion
Be suffer'd to come near him.

Lys. Come let us leave her,
And the gods make her prosperous!

[*MARINA sings.*

Lys. Mark'd he your musick?

Mar. No, nor look'd on us.

Lys. See, she will speak to him.

Mar. Hail, Sir! my Lord, lend ear: —

Per. Hum! ha!

Mar. I am a maid,
My Lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,
But have been gaz'd on comet-like: she speaks,
My Lord, that, may be, hath endur'd a grief
Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.
Though wayward fortune did malign my state,
My derivation was from ancestors
Who stood equivalent with mighty Kings:
But time hath rooted out my parentage,
And to the world and awkward casualties
Bound me in servitude. — I will desist;
But there is something glows upon my cheek,
And whispers mine ear, *Go not till he speak,*

[*Aside.*

Per. My fortunes — parentage — good parent-
age —

To equal mine! — was it not thus? what say you?

Mar. I said, my Lord, if you did know *my*
parentage,
You would not do me violence.

Per. I do think so.
I pray you, turn your eyes again upon me. —
You are like something that — What countrywo-
man?

Here of these shores?

Mar. No, nor of any shores:
Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am
No other than I appear.

Per. I am great with woe, and shall deliver
weeping.

My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one
My daughter might have been: my Queen's square
brows;

Her stature to an inch; as wand-like straight;
As silver-voic'd; her eyes as jewel-like,
And cas'd as richly: in pace another Iguo;
Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them
hungry.

The more she gives them speech. — Where do
you live?

Mar. Where I am but a stranger: from the deck
You may discern the place.

Per. Where were you bred?
And how achiev'd you these endowments, which
You make more rich to owe?

Mar. Should I tell my history,
'Twould seem like lies disdain'd in the reporting.

Per. Pr'ythee speak;
Falseness cannot come from thee, for thou look'st
Modest as justice, and thou seem'st a palace
For the crown'd truth to dwell in: I'll believe thee,
And make my senses credit thy relation,
To points that seem impossible; for thou look'st

Like one I lov'd indeed. What were thy friends?
 Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back,
 Which was when I perceiv'd thee,) that thou cam'st
 From good descending?

Mar. So indeed I did.

Per. Report thy parentage. I think thou saidst
 Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury,
 And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal
 mine,

If both were open'd.

Mar. Some such thing indeed
 I said, and said no more but what my thoughts
 Did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy story;
 If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part
 Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I
 Have suffer'd like a girl: yet thou dost look
 Like Patience, gazing on Kings' graves, and smiling
 Extremity out of act. What were thy friends?
 How lost thou them? Thy name, my most kind
 virgin?

Recount, I do beseech thee: come, sit by me.

Mar. My name, Sir, is Marina.

Per. O, I am mock'd,
 And thou by some incensed god sent hither
 To make the world laugh at me.

Mar. Patience, good Sir,
 Or here I'll cease.

Per. Nay, I'll be patient;
 Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me,
 To call thyself Marina.

Mar. The name Marina,
 Was given me by one that had some power;
 My father, and a King.

Per. How! a King's daughter?
 And call'd Marina?

Mar. You said you would believe me;
But, not to be a troubler of your peace,
I will end here.

Per. But are you flesh and blood?
Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy?
No motion? — Well; speak on. Where were
you born?

And wherefore call'd Marina?

Mar. Call'd Marina,
For I was born at sea.

Per. At sea? thy mother?

Mar. My mother was the daughter of a King:
Who died the very minute I was born,
As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft
Deliver'd weeping.

Per. O, stop there a little!
This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep
Did mock sad fools withal: this cannot be.
My daughter's buried. [*Aside.*] Well: — where
were you bred?
I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,
And never interrupt you.

Mar. You'll scarce believe me; 'twere best I
did give o'er.

Per. I will believe you by the syllable
Of what you shall deliver. Yet, give me leave:—
How came you in these parts? where were you bred?

Mar. The King, my father, did in Tharsus
leave me;
Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,
Did seek to murder me: and having woo'd
A villain to attempt it, who having drawn,
A crew of pirates came and rescued me;
Brought me to Mitylene. But, now good Sir,
Whither will you have me? Why do you weep? It
may be,

You

ou think me an impostor; no, good faith;
am the daughter to King Pericles,
good King Pericles be.

Per. Ho, Helicanus!

Hel. Calls my gracious Lord?

Per. Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,
lost wise in general: Tell me, if thou canst,
what this maid is, or what is like to be,
what thus hath made me weep?

Hel. I know not; but
here is the Regent, Sir, of Mitylene,
speaks nobly of her.

Lys. She would never tell
her parentage; being demanded that,
he would sit still and weep.

Per. O Helicanus, strike me, honour'd Sir;
give me a gash, put me to present pain;
cast this great sea of joys rushing upon me,
perhear the shores of my mortality,
and drown me with their sweetness. O, come
hither,

thou that beget'st him that did thee beget;
thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tharsus,
and found at sea again! — O Helicanus,
down on thy knees, thank the holy gods, as loud
as thunder threatens us: This is Marina. —
What was thy mother's name? tell me but that,
for truth can never be confirm'd enough,
though doubts did ever sleep.

Mar. First, Sir, I pray,
What is your title?

Per. I am Pericles of Tyre: but tell me now.
As in the rest thou hast been godlike perfect,
thy drown'd Queen's name, thou art the heir of
kingdoms,
and another life to Pericles thy father.

Mar. Is it no more to be your daughter, th
To say, my mother's name was Thaisa?
Thaisa was my mother, who did end,
The minute I began.

Per. Now, blessing on thee, rise; thou art
child.

Give me fresh garments. Mine own, Helicam
(Not dead at Tharsus, as she should have been,
By savage Cleon,) she shall tell thee all;
When thou shalt kneel, and justify in knowledge
She is thy very Princess. — Who is this?

Hel. Sir, 'tis the Governor of Mitylene,
Who, hearing of your melancholy state,
Did come to see you.

Per. I embrace you, Sir.
Give me my robes; I am wild in my beholding
O heavens bless my girl! But hark, what musick?
Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him
O'er, point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,
How sure you are my daughter. — But what music

Hel. My Lord, I hear none.

Per. None?

The musick of the spheres: list, my Marina.

Lys. Is it not good to cross him; give him w

Per. Rarest sounds!

Do ye not hear?

Lys. Musick? My Lord, I hear —

Per. Most heavenly musick:

It nips me unto list'ning, and thick slumber
Hangs on mine eye-lids: let me rest. [*He sleep*]

Lys. A pillow for his head;

{*The Curtain before the Pavilion of PER
ICLES is closed.*}

So leave him all. — Well, my companion-fri

If this but answer to my just belief,
I'll well remember you.

[*Exeunt* LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA,
and attendant Lady.

SCENE II.

The same.

PERICLES *on the deck asleep*; DIANA *appearing*
to him as in a vision.

Dia. My temple stands in Ephesus; hie thee
thither,

And do upon mine altar sacrifice.

There, when my maiden priests are met together,
Before the people all,

Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife:

To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's, call,
And give them repetition to the life.

Perform my bidding, or thou liv'st in woe;

Do't, and be happy, by my silver bow.

Awake, and tell thy dream. [*DIANA disappears.*

Per. Celestial Dian, goddess argentine,
I will obey thee! — Helicanus!

Enter LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, and MARINA.

Hel. Sir.

Per. My purpose was for Tharsus, there to strike
The inhospitable Clean; but I am

For other service first: toward Ephesus

Turn our blown sails; to-morrow I'll tell thee why.—

[*To HELICANUS.*

hall we refresh us, Sir, upon your shore,

And give you gold for such provision
As our intents will need ?

Lys. With all my heart, Sir; and when you
come ashore,
I have another suit.

Per. You shall prevail,
Were it to woo my daughter; for it seems
You have been noble towards her.

Lys. Sir, lend your arm.

Per. Come, my Marina.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter GOWER, before the Temple of Diana
at Ephesus.*

Gow. Now our sauds are almost run;
More a little, and then done.
This, as my last boon, give me,
(For such kindness must relieve me,)
That you aptly will suppose
What pageantry, what feats, what shows,
What minstrelsy, and pretty din,
The Regent made in Mitylin,
To greet the King. So he has thriv'd,
That he is promis'd to be wiv'd
To fair Marina; but in no wife,
Till he had done his sacrifice,
As Dian bade: whereto being bound,
The interim, pray you, all confound.
In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd,
And wishes fall out as they're will'd.
At Ephesus, the temple see,
Our King; and all his company.
That he can hither come so soon,
Is by your fancy's thankful boon.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

The Temple of Diana at Ephesus; THAISA standing near the altar, as high priestess; a number of virgins on each side; CERIMON and other inhabitants of Ephesus attending.

Enter PERICLES, with his Train; LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA, and a Lady.

Per. Hail Dian! to perform thy just command,
I here confess myself the King of Tyre;
Who, frighted from my country, did wed
The fair Thaisa, at Pentapolis.
At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth
A maid-child called Marina; who, O goddess,
Wears yet thy silver livery. She at Tharsus
Was nurs'd with Cleon; whom at fourteen years
He sought to murder: but her better stars
Brought her to Mitylene; against whose shore
Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,
Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she
Made known herself my daughter.

Thai. Voice and favour! —
You are, you are — O royal Pericles! —

[She faints.]

Per. What means the woman? she dies! help,
gentlemen!

Cer. Noble Sir,
If you have told Diana's altar true,
This is your wife.

Per. Reverend appearer, no;
I threw her o'erboard with these very arms.

Cer. Upon this coast, I warrant you.

Per. 'Tis most certain,

Cer. Look to the lady; — O, she's but o'erjoy'd.

Early, one blust'ring morn, this lady was
Thrown on this shore. I op'd the coffin, and
Found there rich jewels; recover'd her, and plac'd
her

Here in Diana's temple.

Per. May we see them?

Cer. Great Sir, they shall be brought you
Whither I invite you. Look! Thaisa is
Recover'd.

Thai. O, let me look !

If he be none of mine, my sanctity
Will to my sense bend no licentious ear,
But curb it, spite of seeing. O, my Lord,
Are you not Pericles? Like him you speak,
Like him you are: Did you not name a tempe
A birth, and death?

Per. The voice of dead Thaisa!

Thai. That Thaisa am I, supposed dead;
'And drown'd.

Per, Immortal Dian!

Thai. Now I know you better. —
When we with tears parted Pentapolis,
The King, my father, gave you such a ring.
[Shows a ring]

Per. This, this: no more, you gods! your present kindness
Makes my past miseries sport: You shall do well
That on the touching of her lips I may
Melt, and no more be seen.' O come, be buried
A second time within these arms.

Mar. My heart
Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.
[Kneels to THAI]SA
Per. Look, who kneels here! Flesh of thy?
Thaisa;

Thaisa:

[Kneels to THAY

Thy burden at the sea, and call'd Marina,
For she was yielded there.

Thai. Bless'd, and mine own!

Hel. Hail, Madam, and my Queen!

Thai. I know you not.

Per. You have heard me say, when I did fly
from Tyre.

I left behind an ancient substitute.

Can you remember what I call'd the man?

I have nam'd him oft.

Thai. 'Twas Helicanus, then.

Per. Still confirmation:

Embrace him dear Thaisa; this is he.

Now do I long to hear how you were found;

How possibly preserv'd; and whom to thank,

Besides the gods, for this great miracle.

Thai. Lord Cerimon, my Lord; this man,
Through whom the gods have shown their power;
that can

From first to last resolve you.

Per. Reverend Sir,

The gods can have no mortal officer

More like a god than you. Will you deliver

How this dead Queen re-lives?

Cer. I will, my Lord.

Beseech you, first go with me to my house,

Where shall be shown you all was found with her;

How she came placed here within the temple;

No needful thing omitted.

Per. Pure Diana!

I bless thee for thy vision, and will offer

My night oblations to thee. Thaisa,

This Prince, the fair-betrothed of your daughter,

Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now,

This ornament that makes me look so dismal,

Till I, my lov'd Marina, clip to form;

88 PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE

And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd,
To grace thy marriage-day, I'll beautify.

Thai. Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit,
Sir, that my father's dead.

Per. Heavens make a star of him! Yet there,
my Queen,
We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves
Will in that kingdom spend our following days;
Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.
Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay,
To hear the rest untold. — Sir, lead the way.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter GOWER.

Gow. In Antioch, and his daughter, you have
heard

Of monstrous lust the due and just reward:
In Pericles, his Queen and daughter, seen
(Although assail'd with fortune fierce and keen)
Virtue preserv'd from fell destruction's blast,
Led on by heaven, and crown'd with joy at last.
In Helicanus may you well descry
A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty:
In reverend Cerimon there well appears;
The worth that learned charity eye wears:
For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame
Had spread their cursed deed, and honour'd name
Of Pericles, to rage the city turn;
That him and his they in his palace burn;
The gods for murder seemed so content
To punish them; although not done, but meant.
So, on your patience evermore attending,
New joy wait on you! Here our play has ending.

[*Exit Gower.*]

ROMEO AND JULIET.

1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions and activities. It emphasizes that proper record-keeping is essential for transparency and accountability, particularly in financial matters. The text outlines various methods for organizing and storing data, including digital databases and physical filing systems. It also mentions the need for regular audits and reviews to ensure the integrity of the information.

2. The second part of the document focuses on the role of communication in achieving organizational goals. It highlights the importance of clear and concise communication, both internally and externally. The text provides guidelines for effective communication, such as using appropriate language, listening actively, and providing feedback. It also discusses the benefits of open communication and how it can foster a collaborative and innovative work environment.

3. The third part of the document addresses the challenges of managing a large and diverse organization. It identifies key areas of concern, such as resource allocation, personnel management, and strategic planning. The text offers practical advice on how to overcome these challenges, including the use of delegation, prioritization, and continuous improvement. It also emphasizes the importance of maintaining a strong corporate culture and values, which can help guide decision-making and ensure long-term success.

4. The fourth part of the document discusses the importance of innovation and research in driving growth and progress. It encourages organizations to invest in research and development, as well as to foster a culture of innovation. The text provides examples of successful innovation strategies and discusses the role of leadership in promoting innovation. It also mentions the importance of staying up-to-date with the latest trends and technologies in the industry.

5. The fifth part of the document concludes with a summary of the key points discussed and a call to action. It encourages organizations to implement the strategies and practices outlined in the document and to continue to strive for excellence in all aspects of their operations. The text also mentions the importance of ongoing learning and development, as well as the need to adapt to changing circumstances and challenges.

PROLOGUE.

Two households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows
Do, with their death, bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, nought could
remove,
Is now the two hours' traffick of our stage;
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to
mend.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

- Escalus, *Prince of Verona.*
 Paris, *a young nobleman, kinsman to the Prince.*
 Montague, } *Heads of two Houses, at variance*
 Capulet, } *with each other.*
 An old Man, *uncle to Capulet.*
 Romeo, *son to Montague.*
 Mercutio, *kinsman to the Prince, and friend to*
 Romeo.
 Benvolio, *nephew to Montague, and friend to*
 Romeo.
 Tybalt, *nephew to Lady Capulet.*
 Friar Lawrence, *a Franciscan.*
 Friar John, *of the same order.*
 Balthazar, *servant to Romeo.*
 Sampson, } *servants to Capulet.*
 Gregory, }
 Abram, *servant to Montague.*
 An Apothecary.
 Three Musicians.
 Chorus, *Boy; Page to Paris; Peter, an Officer.*
 Lady Montague, *Wife to Montague.*
 Lady Capulet, *Wife to Capulet.*
 Juliet, *Daughter to Capulet.*
 Nurse to Juliet.
 Citizens of Verona; *several Men and Women*
 relations to both houses; Maskers, Guards
 Watchmen, and Attendants.
 SCENE *during the greater part of the play:*
 Verona: once in the fifth Act at Mantua

ROMEO AND JULIET.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A publick Place.

Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY, armed with swords and bucklers.

Sam. Gregory, o' my word, we'll not carry coals.

Gre. No, for then we should be colliers.

Sam. I mean an we be in choler we'll draw.

Gre. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of the collar.

Sam. I strike quickly, being moved.

Gre. But thou art not quickly moved, to strike.

Sam. A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

Gre. To move, is—to stir; and to be valiant, is—to stand to it: therefore if thou art moved, thou run'st away.

Sam. A dog of that house shall move me to stand: I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

Gre. That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall.

Sam. True; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall; therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

Gre. The quarrel is between our masters, and us their men.

Sam. 'Tis all one, I will show myself a tyrant when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids; I will cut off their heads.

Gre. The heads of the maids?

Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids, or the maiden-heads; take it in what sense thou wilt.

Gre. They must take it in sense, that feel it.

Sam. Me they shall feel, while I am able stand; and, 'tis known, I am a pretty piece of flesh.

Gre. 'Tis well, thou art not fish; if thou hadst thou hadst been Poor John. Draw thy tool; he comes two of the house of the Montagues.

Enter ABRAM and BALTHASAR.

Sam. My naked weapon is out; quarrel, I will back thee.

Gre. How? turn thy back, and run?

Sam. Fear me not.

Gre. No, marry: I fear thee!

Sam. Let us take the law of our sides; I'll begin.

Gre. I will frown as I pass by; and let them take it as they list.

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, Sir?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, Sir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, Sir?

Sam. Is the law on our side, if I say—ay?

Gre. No.

Sam. No, Sir, I do not bite my thumb at Sir, but I bite my thumb, Sir.

Gre. Do you quarrel, Sir?

Abr. Quarrel, Sir? no, Sir.

Sam. If you do, Sir, I am for you; I serve
as good a man as you.

Abr. No better,

Sam. Well, Sir.

Enter BENVOLIO, at a distance.

Gre. Say—better; here comes one of my
master's kinsmen.

Sam. Yes, better, Sir.

Abr. You lie.

Sam. Draw, if you be men.—Gregory, remember
thy swashing blow. [*They fight.*]

Ben. Part fools; put up your swords; you
know not what you do.

[*beats down their swords.*]

Enter TYBALT.

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among these heartless
hinds?

Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keep the peace; put up thy sword,
Or manage it to part these men with me.

Tyb. What, drawn, and talk of peace? I hate
the word,

As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee:

Have at thee, coward. [*They fight.*]

*Enter several Partizans of both houses, who
join the fray; then enter Citizens, with Clubs.*

1. *Cit.* Clubs, bills, and partizans! strike! beat
them down!

Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

Enter CAPULET, in his gown; and 1
CAPULET.

Cap. What noise is this? — Give me m
sword, ho!

Lady Cap. A crutch, a crutch! — Wh
you for a sword

Cap. My sword, I say! — Old Mont
come,

And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter MONTAGUE and Lady MONTAGUE

Mon. Thou villain, Capulet. — Hold n
let me go.

Lady Mon. Thou shalt not stir one i
seek a foe.

Enter Prince, with Attendants.

Prin. Rebellious subjects, enemies to pe
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel, —
Will they not hear? — what ho? you met
beasts, —

That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your vein
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mis-temper'd weapons to the g
And hear the sentence of your moved Prince
Three civil brawls bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets
And made Verona's ancient citizens

Cast by their grave beseeching ornaments,
To wield old partizans, in hands as old,
Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd
If ever you disturb our streets again,

Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time all the rest depart away:
You, Capulet, shall go along with me;
And Montague, come you this afternoon,
To know our further pleasure in this case,
To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[*Exeunt Prince, and Attendants*; CAPULET,
Lady CAPULET, TYBALT, Citizens, and
Servants.

Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new
abroach? —

Speak, nephew, were you by, when it began?

Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary,
And yours, close fighting ere I did approach:
I drew to part them; in the instant came
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar'd;
Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
He swung about his head, and cut the winds,
Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn;
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the Prince came, who parted either part.

La. Mon. O where is Romeo! — saw you him
to-day?

I sight glad I am, he was not in this fray.

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
Steer'd forth the golden window of the east,
My troubled mind drove me to walk abroad;
Where, — underneath the grove of sycamore,
That westward rooteth from the city's side, —
Too early walking did I see your son:
Towards him I made; but he was 'ware of me,
And stole into the covert of the wood.

He was measuring his affections by my own, —
As most are busied when they are most alone. —

VOL. XVIII.

Pursu'd my humour, not pursuing his,
And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs:
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should in the furthest east begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself;
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,
And makes himself an artificial night:
Black and portentous must this humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

Mon. I neither know it, nor can learn of him.

Ben. Have you importun'd him by any means?

Mon. Both by myself, and many other friends:
But he, his own affection's counsellor,
Is to himself — I will not say, how true —
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air;
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure, as know.

Enter Romeo, at a distance.

Ben. See, where he comes: So please you, step
aside;

I'll know his grievance, or be much deny'd.

Mon. I would, thou wert so happy by thy stay,
To hear true shrift. — Come, madam, let's away.
[*Exeunt MONTAGUE and Lady.*

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Ben. Good morrow, cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young?

Ben. But new-struck nine.

Rom. Ah me! sad hours seem long.

Was that my father that went hence so fast?

Ben. It was; What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

Rom. Not having that, which, having, makes them short.

Ben. In love?

Rom. Out —

Ben. Of love?

Rom. Out of her favour, where I am in love.

Ben. Alas, that Love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

Rom. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will!
Where shall we dine? — O me! — What fray
was here?

Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.
Here's much to do with hate, but more with love:
Why then, O brawling love! O loving hate!
O any thing, of nothing first create!
O heavy lightness! serious vanity!
Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick
health!

Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
Dost thou not laugh?

Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.

Rom. Good heart, at what?

Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.

Rom. Why, such is love's transgression —
Grief of mine own lie heavy in my breast;
Which thou wilt propagate, to have it prest

With more of thine: this love, that thou hast sho
 Doth add more grief to too much of mine own
 Love is a smoke rais'd with the fume of sighs;
 Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
 Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lover's tears:
 What is it else? a madness most discreet,
 A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.
 Farewell, my coz. [Go]

Ben. Soft, I will go along;
 An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

Rom. Tut, I have lost myself; I am not he
 This it not Romeo, he's some other where.

Ben. Tell me in sadness, who she is you lo

Rom. What, shall I groan, and tell thee?

Ben. Groan? why, no;
 But sadly tell me, who.

Rom. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will
 Ah, word ill urg'd to one that is so ill! —
 In sadness. Cousin, I do love a woman.

Ben. I aim'd so near, when I suppos'd;
lov'd.

Rom. A right good marks-man! — And s
fair I love.

Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest h

Rom. Well, in that hit, you miss: she'll
be hit

With Cupid's arrow, she hath Dian's wit;
 And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
 From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd.
 She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
 Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,
 Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold:
 O, she is rich in beauty; only poor,

That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store

Ben. Then she hath sworn, that she will
live chaste?

Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes
huge waste;

For beauty, starv'd with her severity,
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.
She is too fair, too wise: wisely too fair,
To merit bliss by making me despair:
She hath forsworn to love; and in that vow,
So I live dead, that live to tell it now.

Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.

Rom. O, teach me how I should forget to think.

Ben. By giving liberty to thine eyes;
Examine other beauties.

Rom. 'Tis the way
To call hers, exquisite, in question more:
These happy masks, that kiss fair ladies' brows,
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair;
He, that is stricken blind, cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost:
How come a mistress that is passing fair,
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note
Where I may read, who pass'd that passing fair?
Awe'll; thou canst not teach me to forget.

Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter CAPULET, Paris, and Servant.

Cap. And Montague is bound as well as I,
A penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think,
Or men so old as we to keep the peace.

Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both;
And pity 'tis, you liv'd at odds so long.
Now, my Lord, what say you to my suit?

Cap. But saying o'er what I have said before:
My child is yet a stranger in the world,
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years;
Let two more summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made.

Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early
made.

The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,
She is the hopeful lady of my earth:
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her consent is but a part;
An she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent and fair according voice.
This night I hold an old accustom'd feast;
Whereto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love; and you among the store,
One more, most welcome, makes my number
more.

At my poor house, look to behold this night
Earth-treading stars, that make dark heaven light:
Such comfort, as do lusty young men feel
When well-apparell'd April on the heel
Of limpid winter treads, even such delight
Among fresh female buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house; hear all, all see,
And like her most, whose merit most shall be:
Such, amongst view of many mine, being one,
May stand in number, though in reckoning none.
Come, go with me; — Go, sirrah, trudge about
Through fair Verona; find those persons out,
Whose names are written there, [*gives a paper.*]

and to them say,

My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[*Exeunt CAPULET and PARIS.*]

Serv. Find them out, whose names are written here? It is written — that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard, and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his pencil, and the painter with his nets; but I am sent to find those persons, whose names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned: — In good time.

Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO.

Ben. Tut, man, one fire burns out another's burning,

One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;
Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning;
One desperate grief cures with another's languish:
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.

Rom. Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.

Ben. For what, I pray thee?

Rom. For your broken shin.

Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a mad-man is:

Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipp'd, and tormented, and — Good e'en, good fellow.

Serv. God gi' good e'en. — I pray, Sir, can you read?

Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

Serv. Perhaps you have learnt it without book:

But I pray, can you read any thing you see?

Rom. Ay, if I know the letters, and the language.

Serv. Ye say honestly; Rest you merry!

Rom. Stay, fellow: I can read. [reads.]

*Signior Martino, and his wife and daughters;
County Anselme, and his beauteous sisters; Th*

lady widow of Vitruvio ; Signior Placentio , and his lovely nieces ; Mercutio , and his brother Valentine ; Mine uncle Capulet , his wife , and daughters ; My fair niece Rosaline ; Livia , Signior Valentio , and his cousin Tybalt ; Lucio , and the lively Helena .

A fair assembly ; [gives back the note.] Whither should they come ?

Serv. Up.

Rom. Whither ?

Serv. To supper ; to our house .

Rom. Whose house ?

Serv. My master's .

Rom. Indeed , I should have ask'd you that before .

Serv. Now I'll tell you without asking : My master is the great rich Capulet : and if you be not of the house of Montagues , I pray , come and crush a cup of wine . Rest you merry . [Exit.]

Ben. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's Supps the fair Rosaline , whom thou so lov'st ; With all the admired beauties of Verona : Go thither ; and , with unattainted eye , Compare her face with some that I shall show , And I will make thee think thy swan a crow .

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye Maintains such falsehood , then turn tears to fires ! And these , — who , often drown'd , could never die , —

Transparent hereticks , be burnt for liars ! One fairer than my love ! the all-seeing sun Ne'er saw her match , since first the world begun .

Ben. Tut ! you saw her fair , none else being by , Herself pois'd with herself in either eye : But in those crystal scales , let there be weigh'd Your lady's love against some other maid

That I will show you, shining at this feast,
And she shall scant show well, that now shows best.

Rom. I'll go along, no such sight to be shown.
But to rejoice in splendour of mine own. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A Room in Capulet's House.

Enter Lady CAPULET and Nurse.

La. Cap. Nurse, where's my daughter? call her
forth to me.

Nurse. Now, by my maiden-head, — at twelve
year old, —

Uade her come. — What, lamb! what, lady-bird!
God forbid! — where's this girl? — what, Juliet!

Enter JULIET.

Jul. How now, who calls?

Nurse. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here.
What is your will?

La. Cap. This is the matter: — Nurse, give
leave awhile,

We must talk in secret. — Nurse, come back again;
I have remember'd me, thou shalt hear our counsel.
Thou know'st, my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurse. 'Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

La. Cap. She's not fourteen.

Nurse. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,
And yet to my teen be it spoken, I have but four, —
She is not fourteen: How long is it now
To Lammas-tide?

La. Cap. A fortnight, and odd days.

Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year,
 Come Lammas-eve at night, shall she be fourteen;
 Susan and she — God rest all Christian souls!
 Were of an age. — Well, Susan is with God;
 She was too good for me: But as I said,
 On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen;
 That shall she, marry: I remember it well.
 'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;
 An she was wean'd, — I never shall forget it, —
 Of all the days of the year, upon that day:
 For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,
 Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall,
 My lord and you were then at Mantua: —
 Nay, I do hear a brain: — but, as I said,
 When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple
 Of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool!
 To see it teichy, and fall out with the dug.
 Shake, quoth the dove-house: 'twas no need,
 throw,

To bid me trudge.

And since that time it is eleven years:
 For then she could stand alone; nay, by the roo
 She could have run and waddled all about.
 For even the day before, she broke her brow:
 And then my husband — God be with his soul
 'A was a merry man: took up the child:
 'Yea, quoth he, dost thou fall upon thy face?
 Thou wilt fall backward, when thou hast no
 wit;

Wilt thou not, Jule? and, by my holy-dam,
 The pretty wretch left crying, and said — *Ay:*
 To see now, how a jest shall come about!
 I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,
 I never should forget it; *Wilt thou not, Jul*
 quoth he:

And, pretty fool, it stinted, and said — Ay

La. Cap. Enough of this; I pray thee, hold thy peace.

Nurse. Yes, Madam; yet I cannot choose but laugh,

To think it should leave crying, and say — *Ay*;

And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow

A bump as big as a young cockrel's stone;

A par'lous knock; and it cried bitterly.

Yea, quoth my husband. *fall'st upon thy face?*

Thou wilt fall backward, when thou com'st to age;

Wilt thou not, Jule? it stinted, and said — *Ay*.

Jul. And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.

Nurse. Peace I have done. God mark thee to his grace!

Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd:

An I might live to see thee married once,

I have my wish.

La. Cap. Marry, that marry is the very theme

I came to talk of: — Tell me, daughter Juliet,

How stands your disposition to be married?

Jul. It is an honour that I dream not of.

Nurse. An honour! were not I thine only nurse,

I'd say, thou had'st suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now; younger than you,

Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,

Are made already mothers: by my count,

I was your mother much upon these years

That you are now a maid. Thus then, in brief; —

The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

Nurse. A man, young lady! lady, such a man,

As all the world — Why, he's a man of wax.

La. Cap. Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay, he's a flower; in faith a very flower.

La. Cap. What say you? can you love the gentleman?

This night you shall behold him at our feast:
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;
Examine every married lineament,
And see how one another lends content;
And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies,
Find written in the margin of his eyes,
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him, only lacks a cover:
The fish lives in the sea; and 'tis much pride,
For fair without the fair within to hide:
That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story;
So shall you share all that he doth possess,
By having him, making yourself no less.

Nurse. No less? nay, bigger; women grow by men.

La. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move:
But no more deep will I endart mine eye,
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, the guests are come, supper served up, you call'd, my young lady ask'd for, the nurse curs'd in the pantry, and every thing in extremity. 'I must hence to wait; I beseech you, follow straight.

La. Cap. We follow thee. — Juliet, the county stays.

Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

A Street.

Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, with five or six Maskers, Torch-bearers, and Others.

Rom. What, shall this speech be spoke for our
excuse?

Or shall we on without apology?

Ben. The date is out of such prolixity:

We'll have no Cupid hood-wink'd with a scarf,

Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,

Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper;

Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke

After the prompter, for our entrance;

But, let them measure us by what they will,

We'll measure them a measure, and be gone.

Rom. Give me a torch, — I am not for this
ambling;

Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

Mer. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you
dance.

Rom. Not I, believe me: you have dancing
shoes,

With pimple soles: I have a soul of lead,

So stakes me to the ground, I cannot move.

Mer. You are a lover: borrow Cupid's wings,

And soar with them above a common bound.

Rom. I am too sore empierced with his shaft,

To soar with his light feathers; and so bound,

I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe:

Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

Mer. And, to sink in it, should you burden
love;

Too great oppression for a tender thing.

Rom. Is love a tender thing? it is too rough;
Too rude, too boist'rous; and it pricks like th

Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with
love;

Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down;
Give me a case to put my visage in:

[*Putting on a mask*]

A visor for a visor! — what care I,
What curious eye doth quote deformities?
Here are the beetle-brows, shall blush for me.

Ben. Come, knock, and enter; and no sooner
But every man betake him to his legs.

Rom. A torch for me: let wantons, light
heart,

Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels;
For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase, —
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on, —
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

Mer. Tut! dun's the mouse, the constable
own word:

If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire
Of this (save reverence) love wherein thou stick
Up to the ears. — Come, we burn day-light, ho

Rom. Nay, that's not so.

Mer. I mean; Sir, in delay
We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day
Take our good meaning; for our judgement is
Five times in that, ere once in our five wits.

Rom. And we mean well, in going to this man
But 'tis no wit to go.

Mer. Why, may one ask?

Rom. I dreamt a dream to night.

Mer. And so did I.

Rom. Well, what was yours?

Mer. That dreamers often lie.

ROMEO AND JULIET. 111

Rom. In bed, asleep, while they do dream things true.

Mer. O, then, I see, Queen Mab hath been with you.

She is the fairies' midwife; and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
The collars, of the moonshine's watry beams:
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film:
Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid:
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;
On courtiers' knees, that dream on courtiers
straight:
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees:
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream;
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweet-meats tainted are.
Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit:
And sometimes comes she with a tithie-pig's tail,
Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice:
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,

Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
 Drums in his ear; at which he starts, and wakes;
 And, being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two,
 And sleeps again. This is that very Mab,
 That plats the manes of horses in the night;
 And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
 Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.
 This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
 That presses them, and learns them first to bear,
 Making them women of good carriage.
 This, this is she—

Rom. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace;
 Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams;
 Which are the children of an idle brain,
 Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;
 Which is as thin of substance as the air;
 And more inconstant than the wind, who woos
 Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
 And, being anger'd, pulls away from thence,
 Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

Ben. This wind, you talk of blows us from
 ourselves;
 Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Rom. I fear, too early: for my mind mis-
 gives,
 Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
 Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
 With this night's revels; and expire the term
 Of a despised life, clos'd in my breast,
 By some vile forfeit of untimely death:
 But He, that hath the steerage of my course,
 Direct my sail!—On, lusty gentlemen.

Ben. Strike, drum. [Exeunt.]

SCENE 1

SCENE V.

A Hall in Capulet's House.

Musicians waiting. Enter Servant.

1. *Serv.* Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take away? he shift a trencher! he scrape a trencher!

2. *Serv.* When good manners shall lie all in one or two men's hands, and they unwash'd too, 'tis a foul thing.

1. *Serv.* Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-cupboard, look to the plate: — good thou, save me a piece of marchpane; and, as thou lovest me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone and Nell. — Anthony! and Potpan!

2. *Serv.* Ay, boy; ready.

1. *Serv.* You are look'd for, and call'd for, ask'd for, and sought for, in the great chamber.

2. *Serv.* We cannot be here and there too. — Cheerly, boys; be brisk awhile, and the longer liver take all.
[*They retire behind.*]

Enter CAPULET, &c. with the Guests and the Maskers.

1. *Cap.* Gentlemen, welcome! ladies, that have their toes

Unplagu'd with corns, will have a bout with you: Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all

Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty, she,

I'll swear, hath corns; Am I come near you now?

You are welcome, Gentlemen! I have seen this
day.

That I have worn a visor; and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please;—'tis gone, 'tis gone,
gone:

You are welcome, Gentlemen:—Come, musicians, play.

A hall! a hall! give room, and foot it, girls.

[*Musick plays, and they dance.*
More light, ye knaves; and turn the tables up
And quench the fire, the room is grown too
hot. —

Ah, sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.
Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet;
For you and I are past our dancing days:
How long is't now, since last yourself and I
Were in a mask?

2. *Cap.* By'r lady, thirty years.

1. *Cap.* What, man! 'tis not so much,
not so much;

'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio,
Come pentecost as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty years; and then we mask.

2. *Cap.* 'Tis more, 'tis more: his son is old
Sir;

His son is thirty.

1. *Cap.* Will you tell me that?

His son was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. What lady's that, who doth enrich
hand

Of yonder knight?

Serv. I know not, Sir.

Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to burn
bright!

Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night

Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear:
 Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
 So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
 As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
 The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
 And touching hers, make happy my rude hand.
 Did my heart love till now? forswear it sight!
 For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

Tyb. This, by his voice, should be a Montague: —

Fetch me my rapier, boy:—what! dare'st thou
 slave

Come hither, cover'd with an antick face,
 To flee and scorn at our solemnity?
 Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,
 To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

1. *Cap.* Why, how now, kinsman? wherefore
 storm you so?

Tyb. Uncle, This is a Montague, our foe;
 A villain, that is hither come in spite,
 To scorn at our solemnity this night.

1. *Cap.* Young Romeo is't?

Tyb. 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

1. *Cap.* Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone,
 He bears him like a portly gentleman;
 And, to say truth, Verona brags of him,
 To be a virtuous and well-governed youth:
 I would not for the wealth of all this town,
 Here in my house, do him disparagement:
 Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
 It is my will; the which if thou respect,
 Show a fair presence, and put off these frowns,
 An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

Tyb. It fits, when such a villain is a guest;
 I'll not endure him.

1. *Cap.* He shall be endur'd;

116 **ROMEO AND JULIET.**

What, goodman boy!— I say, he shall;—Go
to;—

Ain I the master here, or you? go to.

You'll not endure him!—God shall mend my
soul—

You'll make a mutiny among my guests!

You will set cock-a-hoop! you'll be the man!

Tyb. Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

1. Cap. Go to, go to;

You are a saucy boy:—Is't so, indeed?—

This trick may chance to scath you;—I know
what.

You must contráry me! marry, 'tis time—

Well said, my hearts:— You are a princex; go:

Be quiet, or— More light, more light, for shame!—

I'll make you quiet; What!— Cheerly, my hearts.

Tyb. Patience perforce with wilful choler
meeting

Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.

I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall.

Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall.

[*Exit.*

Rom. If I profane with my unworthy hand
[*to Juliet.*

This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this;—

My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand

To smooth that rough touch with a tender
kiss.

Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand
too much,

Which mannerly devotion shows in this;

For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do
touch,

And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers
400?

Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

Rom. O then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;

They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

Jul. Saints do not move, though grant for prayer's sake.

Rom. Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take.

Thus from my lips, by yours, my sin is purg'd.

[Kissing her.]

Jul. Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

Rom. Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urg'd:

Give me my sin again.

Jul. You kiss by the book.

Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

Rom. What is her mother?

Nurse. Marry, bachelor,

Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise, and virtuous:
I nurs'd her daughter, that you talk'd withal;
I tell you,—he, that can lay hold of her,
Shall have the chinks.

Rom. Is she a Capulet?

O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.

Ben. Away, begone; the sport is at the best:

Rom. Ay, so I fear: the more is my unrest.

1. *Cap.* Nay, Gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;

We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.—
Is it e'en so? Why, then I thank you all;
I thank you, honest Gentlemen; good night:—

More torches here! — Come on, then let's to bed.
 Ah, sirrah, [to 2. CAP.] by my fay, it waxes late;
 I'll to my rest. [*Exeunt all but JULIET and NURSE.*]

Jul. Come hither, nurse; what is you gentle-
 man?

Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.

Jul. What's he, that now is going out of door?

Nurse. Marry, that, I think, be young Petru-
 chio.

Jul. What's he, that follows there, that would
 not dance?

Nurse. I know not.

Jul. Go, ask his name: — if he be married,
 My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague;
 The only son of your great enemy.

Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate!
 Too early seen unknown, and known too late!
 Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
 That I must love a loathed enemy.

Nurse. What's this? what's this?

Jul. A rhyme I learn'd even now
 Of one I danc'd withal.

[*One calls within, JULIET.*]

Nurse. Anon, Anon: —

Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter CHORUS.

Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie;

And young affection gapes to be his heir;

That fair, which love groan'd for, and would die,

With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.

Now Romeo is belov'd, and loves again,

Alike bewitched by the charm of looks;

[Exit.]

Enter ROMEO.

Enter BENVOLIO, *and* MERCUTIO.

Mer. Nay I'll conjure too. —

Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!
 Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh,
 Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;
 Cry but—Ah me! couple but—love and dove;
 Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,
 One nick-name for her purblind son and heir,
 Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim,
 When King Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid.—
 He heareth not, stirreth not, he moveth not;
 The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.—
 I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,
 By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip,
 By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering
 thigh,

And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,
 That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger
 him

Mer. This cannot anger him: 'twould anger
 him

To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle
 Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
 Till she had laid it, and conjur'd it down;
 That were some spite: my invocation
 Is fair and honest, and, in his mistress' name,
 I conjure only but to raise up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among those
 trees,

To be consorted with the humorous night:
 Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the
 mark.

Now will he sit under a medlar tree,
 And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit,
 As maids call medlars, when they laugh alone.—
Romeo, good night;—I'll to my truckle bed.

This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep:
Come, shall we go?

Ben. Go, then; for 'tis in vain
To seek him here, that means not to be found.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Capulet's Garden.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. He jests at scars, that never felt a
wound. —

[*JULIET appears above, at a window.*
But, soft! what light through yonder window
breaks!

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun! —
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid art far more fair than she;
Be not her maid, since she is envious:
Her vestal liver is but sick and green,
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off. —
It is my lady; O, it is my love:
O, that she knew she were! —
She speaks, yet she says nothing; What of that?
Her eye discourses, I will answer it. —
I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do intreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if their eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those
stars,

As day-light doth a lamp; her eye in heaven
 Would through the airy region stream so bright,
 That birds would sing, and think it were not
 night.

See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
 O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
 That I might touch that cheek!

Jul. Ah me!

Rom. She speaks: —

O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
 As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
 As is a winged messenger of heaven
 Unto the white-upturned wond'ring eyes
 Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
 When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
 And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou
 Romeo?

Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:
 Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
 And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at
 this? [*Aside.*]

Jul. 'Tis but thy name, that is my enemy; —
 Thou art thyself though, not a Montague.
 What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
 Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
 Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
 What's in a name? that which we call a rose,
 By any other name would smell as sweet;
 So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
 Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
 Without that title: — Romeo, doff thy name;
 And for that name, which is no part of thee,
 Take all myself.

Rom. I take thee at thy word:

Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou, that, thus bescreen'd
in night,

So stumblest on my counsel?

Rom. By a name

I know not how to tell thee who I am :
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee;

Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have not yet drunk a hundred
words

Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound;
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

Rom. Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.

Jul. How cam'st thou hither, tell me? and
wherefore?

The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb;
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'erperch
these walls;

For stony limits cannot hold love out :
And what love can do, that dares love attempt;
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder
thee.

Rom. Alack! there lies more peril in thine
eye,

Than twenty of their swords; look thou but
sweet,

And I am proof against their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world, they saw thee
here.

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from
their sight;

And, but thou love me, let them find me here:
 My life were better ended by their hate;
 Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this
 place?

Rom. By love, who first did prompt me to
 enquire;

He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
 I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
 As that vast shore wash'd with the furthest sea,
 I would adventure for such merchandise.

Jul. Thou know'st, the mask of night is on my
 face;

Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
 For that which thou hast heard me speak to-
 night.

Fain would I dwell on form; fain fain deny
 What I have spoke; But farewell compliment!
 Dost thou love me? I know, thou wilt say —
 Ay;

And I will take thy word: yet, if thou swear'st,
 Thou may'st prove false; at lovers' perjuries,
 They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,
 If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
 Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
 I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
 So thou wilt woo; but, else, not for the world.
 In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;
 And therefore thou may'st think my haviour
 light:

But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
 Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
 I should have been more strange, I must con-
 fess,

*But that thou over-heard'st, ere I was ware,
 My true love's passion: therefore pardon me;*

And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,—

Jul. O swear not by the moon, the inconstant
moon.

That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by?

Jul. Do not swear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my heart's dear love—

Jul. Well, do not swear: although I joy in
thee,

I have no joy of this contract to-night;
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden;
Too like the lightening, which doth cease to be
Ere one can sa — It lightens Sweet, good night!
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-
night?

Rom. The exchange of the love's faithful vow
for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst re-
quest it!

And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Would'st thou withdraw it? for what
purpose, love?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have:

My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.

[Nurse calls within.]

I hear some noise within; Dear love, adieu!
Anon, good nurse!—Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again. [Exit.]

Rom. O blessed blessed night! I am afraid,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter JULIET, above.

Jul. Three-words, dear Romeo, and good night,
indeed.

If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
Ay one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where, and what time thou wilt perform the
rite;

And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee my lord throughout the world:

Nurse. [Within.] Madam.

Jul. I come, anon:—But if thou mean'st not
well,

I do beseech thee,—

Nurse. [Within.] Madam.

Jul. By and by, I come:

To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief:
To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul,—

Jul. A thousand times good night! [Exit.]

Rom. A thousand times the worse, to want thy
light.—

*Love goes toward love, as school-boys from their
books;*

ROMEO AND JULIET. 127

but love from love, toward school with heavy
looks.

[retiring slowly.]

Re-enter JULIET, above.

Jul. Hist! Romeo, hist!— O, for a falconer's
voice,
To lure this tassel-gentle back again!
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
Else would I tear the cave where echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine
With repetition of my Romeo's name.

Rom. It is my soul, that calls upon my name:
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest musick to attending ears!

Jul. Romeo!

Rom. My sweet!

Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee?

Rom. At the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail; 'tis twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand
there,

Rememb'ring how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll still stay, to have thee still
forget,

Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almost morning, I would have thee
gone:

*And yet no further than a wanton's bird;
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,*

ROMEO AND JULIA

And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would, I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I:
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night! parting is such sweet
sorrow,

That I shall say—good night, till it be morrow. [Exit.]

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in
thy breast! —
'Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell:
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [Exit.]

SCENE III.

Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter Friar LAURENCE, with a basket.

Fri. The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frown-
ing night,
Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks o
light;

And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's pathway, made by Time's
wheels:

Now ere the sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to d
I must up-fill this osier cage of ours,
With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flow
The earth, that's nature's mother, is her to
What is her burying grave, that's her wo
And from her womb children of divers k

We sucking on her natural bosom find;
 Many for many virtues excellent,
 None but for some, and yet all different.
 O, mickle is the powerful grace, that lies
 In herbs, plants; stones, and their true qualities:
 For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,
 But to the earth some special good doth give;
 Nor aught so good, but, strain'd from that fair use,
 Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:
 Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;
 And vice sometime's by action dignified.
 Within the infant rind of this small flower
 Poison hath residence, and medicine power:
 For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each
 part;
 Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
 Two such opposed foes encamp them still
 In man as well as herbs, grace, and rude will!
 And, where the worser is predominant,
 Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Good morrow, father!

Fri. *Benedicite!*

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me? —
 Young son, it argues a distemper'd head,
 So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed:
 And where care lodges, sleep will never lie;
 Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
 But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain
 Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign:
 Therefore thy earliness doth me assure,
 Thou art up-rous'd by some distemp'rature;
 Or if not so, then here I hit it right —
 For Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

Rom. That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine.

Fri. God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosaline?

Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no;
I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

Fri. That's my good son: But where hast thou
been then?

Rom. I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.

I have been feasting with mine enemy;

Where, on a sudden, one hath wounded me,

That's by me wounded; both our remedies

Within thy help and holy physick lies:

I bear no hatred, blessed man, for lo,

My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Fri. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy
drift;

Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

Rom. Then plainly know, my heart's dear
love is set.

On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:

As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;

And all combin'd, save what thou must combine

By holy marriage: When, and where, and how,

We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,

I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray

That thou consent to marry us this day.

Fri. Holy saint Francis! what a change is here!

Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,

So soon forsaken? young men's love then lies

Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.

Jesu Maria! what a deal of brine

Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!

How much salt water thrown away in waste,

To season love, that of it doth not taste!

The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,

Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears;

Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit

Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet:
If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline;
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence
then —

Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

Rom. Thou chidd'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

Fri. For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

Rom. And bad'st me bury love.

Fri. Not in a grave.

To lay one in, another out to have.

Rom. I pray thee, chide not: she, whom I
love now;

Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow;

The other did not so.

Fri. O, she knew well,

Thy love did read by rote, and could not spell;

But come, young waverer, come go with me

In one respect I'll thy assistant be;

For this alliance may so happy prove,

To turn your households' rancour to pure love.

Rom. O, let us hence; I stand on sudden haste.

Fri. Wisely, and slow; they stumble, that run
fast. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

A Street.

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.

Mer. Where the devil should this Romeo be? —
Came he not home to night?

Ben. Not to his father's; I spoke with his man

Mer. Ah, that same pale hard hearted
that Rosaline,

Torments him so, that he will sure run m

Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capul
Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

• *Mer.* A challenge on my life.

Ben. Romeo will answer it.

Mer. Any man, that can write, may ar
letter.

Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter's ;
how he dares, being dared.

Mer. Alas, poor Romeo, he is already
stabbd with a white wench's black eye
through the ear with a love song; the very
his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's
shaft; And is he a man to encounter Tybal

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt?

Mer. More than Prince of cats, I can te
O, he is the courageous captain of compli
He fights as you sing prick-song, keeps tim
tance, and proportion; rests me his mini
one, two, and the third in your bosom: th
butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duel
gentleman of the very first house, — of th
and second cause; Ah, the immortal passad
punto reverso! the hay! —

Ben. The what?

Mer. The pox of such antick, lispings, at
fantasticoes; these new tuners of accents! —
Jesu, a very good blade! — a very tall m
a very good whore! Why is not this a lame
thing, grandeire, that we should be thus a
with these strange flies, these fashion-me
these pardonnez-moy's, who stand so much
new form, that they cannot sit at ease on
bench? O, their bons, their bons!

Enter Romeo.

- n. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.
 r. Without his roe, like a dried herring;—
 h, flesh, how art thou fishined! — Now is
 the numbers that Petrarch flow'd in: Laura,
 lady, was but a kitchen-wench; — marry,
 ad a better love to be rhyme her: Dido, a
 y; Cleopatra, a gypsy; Helen, and Hero, hil-
 and harlots; Thisbé, a grey eye or so, but
 the purpose. — Signior Romeo, *bon jour!*
 a French salutation to your French slop.
 ave us the counterfeit fairly last night.
 n. Good morrow to you both. What coun-
 did I give you?
 r. The slip, Sir, the slip; Can you not con-
 n. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was
 and, in such a case as mine, a man may
 courtesy.
 r. That's as much as to say — such a case
 us constrains a man to bow in the hams.
 n. Meaning — to court'sy.
 r. Thou hast most kindly hit it.
 n. A most courteous exposition.
 r. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.
 n. Pink for flower.
 r. Right.
 n. Why, then is my pump well flower'd.
 r. Well said: Follow me this jest now, till
 hast worn out thy pump; that, when the
 sole of it is worn, the jest may remain, after
 earing, solely singular.
 n. O single-soled jest, 'solely singular for
 ngleness!
 r. Come between us, good Benvolio; my
 ill.

Rom. Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I'll cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if thy wits run the wild-goose chase, I have done; for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy wits, than, I am sure, I have in my whole five: Was I with you there for the goose?

Rom. Thou wast never with me for any thing, when thou wast not there for the goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting; it is a most sharp sauce.

Rom. And is it not well served in to a sweet goose?

Mer. O, here's a wit of cheverel, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad!

Rom. I stretch it out for that word — broad: which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.

Mer. Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature: for this driveling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair,

Ben. Thou would'st else have made thy tale large.

Mer. O, thou art deceived, I would have made it short: for I was come to the whole depth of my tale: and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.

Rom. Here's goodly geer!

ROMEO AND JULIET. 135

Enter NURSE and PETER.

P. A sail, a sail, a sail!

N. Two, two; a shirt, and a smock.

Nurse. Peter!

P. Anon?

Nurse. My fan Peter.

P. Pry'thee, do, good Peter, to hide her face;
N. fan's the fairer of the two.

Nurse. God ye good morrow, Gentlemen.

P. God ye good den, fair Gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it good den?

P. 'Tis no less, I tell you; for the bawdy
of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

Nurse. Out upon you! what a man are you?

P. One, Gentlewoman, that God hath made
lf to mar.

Nurse. By my troth, it is well said; — For
f to snar, quoth'a? — Gentlemen, can any
n tell me where I may find the young
?

P. I can tell you; but young Romeo will be
when you have found him, than he was when
ought him: I am the youngest of that name,
ult of a worse.

Nurse. You say well.

P. Yea, is the worst well? very well took;
; wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If you be he, Sir, I desire some confi-
with you.

P. She will indite him to some supper.

P. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

P. What'hast thou found?

P. No hare, Sir; unless a hare, Sir, in a
ie, that is something stale and hoar ere it

*An old hare hoar,
 And an old hare hoar,
 Is very good meat in lent:
 But a hare that is hoar,
 Is too much for a score
 When it hoars ere it be spent. —*

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell, ancient lady; farewell, lady, lady, lady. [*Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.*]

Nurse. Marry, farewell! — I pray you, Sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery?

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk; and will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in a month.

Nurse. An 'a speak any think against me, I'll take him down an 'a were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his stiggins; I am none of his skains-mates. — And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure?

Peter. I saw no man use you at his pleasure; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you: I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vex'd, that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave? — Pray you, Sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out: what she bade me say, I will keep to myself: but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of

ROMEO AND JULIET: 137

our, as they say: for the gentlewoman is
; and, therefore, if you should deal double
er, truly, it were an ill thing to be offered
gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

n. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and

se. I protest unto thee. —

se. Good heart! and, i'faith, I will tell
much: Lord, lord, she will be a joyful
n.

n. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost
ark me.

se. I will tell her, Sir, — that you do pro-
which as I take it, is a gentlemantlike offer.

n. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift
fternoon;

here she shall at friar Laurence' cell
iv'd, and married. Here is for thy pains.

se. No, truly, Sir; not a penny.

n. Go to; I say, you shall.

se. This afternoon, Sir? well, she shall be

n. And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey-
wall:.

n this hour my man shall be with thee;
bring thee cords made like a tackled stair;
to the high top-gallant of my joy
be my convoy in the secret night.

ell! — Be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains.

ell! — Commend me to thy mistress.

rse. Now God in heaven bless thee! —
you, Sir.

n. What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

rse. Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear
say —

may keep counsel, putting one away?

I warrant thee; my man's as true as steel.

Nurse. Well, Sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady — Lord, lord! — when 'twas a little prating thing, — O, — there's a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as lieve see a toad, a very toad as see him. I anger her sometimes, and tell her that Paris is the properer man; but, I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the varsal world. Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter?

Rom. Ay, nurse, What of that? both with an R.

Nurse. Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name. It is for the dog. No; I know it begins with some other letter: and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady. [*Exit.*

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times. — Peter!

Pet. Anon?

Nurse. Peter, Take my fan, and go before.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E V.

Capulet's Garden.

Enter JULIET.

Jul. The clock struck nine, when I did send the nurse;

In half an hour she promis'd to return.

Perchance, she cannot meet him: — that's not so. —

*O, she is lame! love's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,
Driving back shadows over lowering hills:*

ROMEO AND JULIET. 139

erefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,
 d therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings,
 w is the sun upon the highmost hill
 this day's journey; and from nine till twelve
 three long hours, — yet she is not come.
 d she affections, and warm youthful blood,
 'd be a swift in motion as a ball;
 words would bandy her to my sweet love,
 d his to me:
 old folks, many feign as they were dead;
 wieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse and PETER.

O God, she comes! — O honey nurse, what news?
 st thou met with him? Send thy man away.

Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate. [*Exit PETER.*]

Jul. Now, good sweet nurse, — O lord! why
 look'st thou sad?

ough news be sad, yet tell them merrily;
 good, thou sham'st the musick of sweet news:
 playing it to me with so sour a face.

Nurse. I am a weary, give me leave a while; —
 e, how my bones ache! What a jaunt have I had!

Jul. I would, thou hadst my bones, and I thy
 news.

y, come, I pray thee, speak; — good, good
 nurse, speak.

Nurse. Jesu, What haste? can you not stay
 awhile?

you not see, that I am out of breath?

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou
 hast breath

say to me — that thou art out of breath?

excuse, that thou dost make in this delay,
 longer than the tale thou dost excuse.

Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that;
 Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance:
 Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice;
 you know not how to choose a man: Romeo! no,
 not he; though his face be better than any man's,
 yet his leg excels all men's; and for a hand, and
 a foot, and a body, — though they be not to be
 talk'd on, yet they are past compare: He is not the
 flower of courtesy, — but, I'll warrant him, as
 gentle as a lamb. — Go thy way, wench; serve
 God: — What have you dined at home?

Jul. No, no: But all this did I know before;
 What says he of our marriage? what of that?

Nurse. Lord, how my head akes! what a head
 have I?

It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.

My back o' t' other side, — O, my back, my
 back! —

Beshrew your heart, for sending me about,
 To catch my death with jaunting up and down!

Jul. I 'faith, I am sorry that thou art not well:
 Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my
 love?

Nurse. Your love says like an honest gentleman,
 And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,
 And, I warrant, a virtuous: — Where is your
 mother?

Jul. Where is my mother? — why, she is within;
 Where should she be? How oddly thou reply'st?
*Your love says like an honest gentleman, —
 Where is your mother?*

Nurse. O, God's lady dear!
 Are you so hot? Marry, come up, I trow;
 Is this the poultrice for my aking bones?
 Henceforward do your messages yourself.

ROMEO AND JULIET. 141

Jul. Here's such a coil; — Come, what says
Romeo?

Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?
Jul. I have.

Nurse. Then hie you hence to friar Laurence's cell,
He stays a husband to make you a wife:

It comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
You'll be in scarlet straight at any news.

Go you to church; I must another way,
Fetch a ladder, by the which your love

Shall climb a bird's nest soon, when it is dark:

It is the drudge, and toil in your delight;

You shall bear the burden soon at night.

I'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune! — honest nurse, fare-
well: [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter Friar LAURENCE and ROMEO.

Fri. So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!

Rom. Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,
Cannot countervail the exchange of joy

That one short minute gives me in her sight:

Thou but close our hands with holy words,

And in love-devouring death do what he dare,

Is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. These violent delights have violent ends,

And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,

Which, as they kiss, consume: the sweetest honey

Is some in his own deliciousness,

And in the taste confounds the appetite.
Therefore, love moderately; long love doth so
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter JULIET.

Here comes the lady: — O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint:
A lover may bestride the gossomers
That idle in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall; so light is vanity.

Jul. Good even to my ghostly confessor.

Fri. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for
both;

Jul. As much to him, else are his thanks
much.

Rom. Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be me
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich musick's tongue
Unfold the imagin'd happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

Jul. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words
Braggs of his substance, not of ornament:
They are but beggars that can count their worth
But my true love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.

Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make
short work;
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,
Till holy church incorporate two in one.

[*Exeu*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A publick Place.

Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Page, and Servants.

Ben. I pray thee; good Mercutio, let's retire;
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,
And, if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl;
For now, these hot days is the mad blood stirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of those fellows, that,
when he enters the confines of a tavern claps me
his sword upon the table, and says, *God send*
me no need of thee! and, by the operation of the
second cup, draws it on the drawer, when, indeed,
there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. Come, come; thou art as hot a Jack in
thy mood as any in Italy; and as soon moved to
be moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

Ben. And what to?

Mer. Nay, an there were two such, we should
have none shortly, for one would kill the other.
Thou! why thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath
a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard, than thou
hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking
nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast
hazel eyes; What eye, but such an eye, would spy
out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quar-
rels as an egg is full of meat; and yet thy head
hath been beaten as addle as an egg, for quarrelling.
Thou hast quarrell'd with a man for coughing in
the street, because he hath waken'd thy dog that
hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall
out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet be-
fore Easter? with another, for tying his new shoe

114 **ROMEO AND JULIET.**

with old ribband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling!

Ben. An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-simple? O simple!

Enter TYBALT, and Others.

Ben. By my head, here comes the Capulets.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to them. — Gentlemen, good den: a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? Couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You will find me apt enough to that, Sir, if you will give me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo. —

Mer. Consort! what, dost thou make us minstrels? an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddlestick: here's that shall make you dance. 'Zounds, consort!

Ben. We talk here in the publick haunt of men: Either withdraw into some private place, Or reason coldly of your grievances, Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze;
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter ROMEO.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, Sir! here comes my man.

Mer. But I'll be hang'd, Sir, if he wear your livery:

Marry

Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower;
Your Worship, in that sense, may call him—man.

Tyb. Romeo, the hate I bear thee, can afford
No better term than this — Thou art a villain.

Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting: — Villain am I none;
Therefore farewell; I see, thou know'st me not.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me; therefore turn, and draw.

Rom. I do protest, I never injur'd thee;
But love thee better than thou canst devise,
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love:
And so, good Capulet, — which name I tender
As dearly as mine own, — be satisfied.

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!
A la stoccata carries it away. — [*Draws.*

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

Tyb. What would'st thou have with me?

Mer. Good King of cats, nothing, but one of
your nine lives; that I mean to make bold withal,
and, as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the
rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out
of his pilcher by the ears? make haste, lest mine
be about your ears ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you. [*drawing.*

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, Sir, your passado. [*They fight.*

Rom. Draw, Benvolio;
Beat down their weapons: — Gentlemen, for
shame
Forbear this outrage; — Tybalt — Mercutio —
The Prince expressly hath forbid this bandying
In Verona streets: — hold, Tybalt; — good
Mercutio.

[*Exeunt TYBALT and his Partizans.*

Mer. I am hurt; —

A plague o' both the houses! — I am sped: —
Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Ben. What, art thou hurt?

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis
enough.

Where is my page? — go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

[*Exit Page.*]

Rom. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so
wide as a church door; but 'tis enough, 'twill
serve: ask for me to morrow, and you shall find
me a grave man. I am pepper'd, I warrant, for
this world: — A plague o' both your houses! —
'Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch
a man to death! a braggart, a rogne, a villain,
that fights by the book of arithmetick! — Why,
the devil, came you between us? I was hurt under
your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio,
Or I shall faint. — A plague o' both your houses!
They have made worm's meat of me:
I have it, and soundly too: — Your houses!

[*Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.*]

Rom. This gentleman, the Prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation stain'd
With Tybalt's slander, Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my kinsman: — O sweet Juliet,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper soften'd valour's steel.

Re-enter BENVOLIO.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's death;
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds,

Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

Rom. This day's black fate on more days doth
depend;
This but begins the woe, others must end.

Re-enter Tybalt.

Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

Rom. Alive! in triumph! and Mercutio slain!
Away to heaven respective lenity,
And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now! —
Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again,
That late thou gav'st me; for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company;
Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.

Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort
him here,

Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determine that.

[*They fight; TYBALT falls.*]

Ben. Romeo, away, be gone!
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain: —
Stand not amaz'd: — the Prince will doom thee
death,

If thou art taken: — hence! — be gone! — away!

Rom. O! I am fortune's fool!

Ben. Why dost thou stay? [*Exit ROMEO.*]

Enter Citizens, &c.

1. *Cit.* Which way ran he, that kill'd Mercutio?
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lies that Tybalt.

1. *Cit.* Up, Sir, go with me;
charge thee in the Prince's name, obey.

*Enter Prince, attended; MONTAGUE, CAPULET
their Wives, and others.*

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

Ben. O noble Prince, I can discover all
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

La. Cap. Tybalt, my cousin! — O my brother's
child!

Unhappy sight! ah me, the blood is spill'd
Of my dear kinsman! — Prince, as thou art true
For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague. —
O cousin, cousin!

Prin. Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

Ben. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand
did slay;

Romeo that spoke him fair, bade him bethink
How nice the quarrel was, and urg'd withal
Your high displeasure: — All this — uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humb-
bow'd —

Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast;
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity
Retorts it: Romeo he cries aloud,
Hold friends! friends, part! and, swifter than
his tongue,

His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
And twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled:

But by and by comes back to Romeo,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
And to't they go like lightning; for ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain;
And, as he fell, did Romeo turn, and fly:
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

La. Cap. He is a kinsman to the Montague,
Affection makes him false, he speaks not true:
Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life:
I beg for justice, which thou, Prince, must give;
Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

Prin. Romeo slew him; he slew Mercutio;
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

Mon. Not Romeo, Prince, he was Mercutio's
friend;

His fault concludes but, what the law should end,
The life of Tybalt.

Prin. And, for that offence,
Immediately we do exile him hence:
I have an interest in your hates' proceeding,
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a bleeding;
But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine,
That you shall all repent the loss of mine:
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;
Nor tears, nor prayers, shall purchase out abuses,
Therefore use none: let Romeo hence in haste,
Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.
Bear hence this body, and attend our will:
Merry but murders, pardoning those that kill.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Room in Capulet's House.

Enter JULIET.

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phoebus' mansion; such a waggoner
As Phaeton would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.—
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night!
That run-away's eyes may wink; and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of, and unseen! —
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
By their own beauties: or, if love be blind,
It best agrees with night. — Come, civil night,
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match,
Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods:
Hood my unmann'd blood bating in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle; till strange love, grown
bold,

Think true love acted, simple modesty.
Come, night! -- Come, Romeo! come, thou day
in night!

For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back. —
Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-brow'd
night,

Give me my Romeo: and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun. --
*O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possess'd it; and, though I am sold,*

ROMEO AND JULIET. 151

Not yet enjoy'd: So tedious is this day,
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child, that hath new robes,
And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse.

Enter NURSE, with cords.

And she brings news; and every tongue, that speaks
But Romeo's name, speaks heavenly eloquence. --
Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there?
the cords,

That Romeo bade thee fetch?

Nurse. Ay, ay, the cords.

[Throws them down.]

Jul. Ah me! what news! why dost thou wring
thy hands?

Nurse. Ah well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead,
he's dead!

We are undone, Lady, we are undone! --
Alack the day! -- he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead!

Jul. Can heaven be so envious?

Nurse. Romeo can,
Though heaven cannot: -- O Romeo! Romeo! --
Who ever would have thought it? -- Romeo!

Jul. What devil art thou, that dost torment me
thus?

This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.

Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but *I*,

And that bare vowel *I* shall poison more

Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice:

I am not *I*, if there be such an *I*;

Or those eyes shut, that make thee answer, *I*.

If he be slain, say -- *I*; or if not, no:

Brief sounds determine of my weal, or woe.

Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine
eyes, --

God save the mark! -- here on his manly breast:

A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedawb'd in blood,
All in gore blood; -- I swooned at the sight.

Jul. O break, my heart! -- poor bankrupt
break at once!

To prison, eyes! ne'er look on liberty!
Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here;
And thou and Romeo, press one heavy bier!

Nurse. O Tybalt. Tybalt, the best friend I had
O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!
That ever I should live to see thee dead!

Jul. What storm is this, that blows so contrary
Is Romeo slaughter'd? and is Tybalt dead?
My dear-lov'd cousin, and my dearer lord? --
Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom
For who is living if those two are gone?

Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished;
Romeo, that kill'd him, he is banished.

Jul. O God! did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's
blood?

Nurse. It did, it did; alas the day! it did.

Jul. O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!
Dove-feather'd raven! wolvish-ravelling lamb!
Despised substance of divinest show!
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,
A damned saint, an honourable villain! --
O, nature! what hadst thou to do in hell,
When thou did'st bower the spirit of a fiend
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh? --
Was ever book, containing such vile matter,
So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace!

Nurse. There's no trust,
No faith, no honesty in men; all perjur'd,

All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers. —
 Ah, where's my man? give me some *aqua vitae*: —
 These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me
 old.

Shame come to Romeo!

Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue,
 For such a wish! he was not born to shame:
 Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit;
 For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
 Sole monarch of the universal earth.
 O, what a beast was I to chide at him!

Nurse. Will you speak well of him that kill'd
 your cousin?

Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?
 Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy
 name,

When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it? —
 But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?
 That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband:
 Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;
 Your tributary drops belong to woe,
 Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.
 My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;
 And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my
 husband:

All this is comfort; Wherefore weep I then?
 Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death,
 That murder'd me: I would forget it fain;
 But, O! it presses to my memory,
 Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds:
Tybalt is dead, and Romeo — banished;
 That — *banished*, that one word — *banished*,
 Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. *Tybalt's death*
Was woe enough, if it had ended there:
Or, — if sour woe delights in fellowship,
And needly will be rank'd with other griefs, —

Why follow'd not, when she said — Tybalt's dead?
 Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,
 Which modern lamentation might have mov'd?
 But, with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,
Romeo is banished, — to speak that word,
 Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
 All slain, all dead: — *Romeo is banished*, —
 There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
 In that word's death; no words can that wee
 sound. —

Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse:
 Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears? mine
 shall be spent,

When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
 Take up those cords: — Poor ropes, you are be-
 guil'd,

Both you and I; for Romeo is exil'd:
 He made you for a highway to my bed;
 But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.

Come, cords; come, nurse; I'll to my wedding
 bed;

And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!

Nurse. Hie to your chamber: I'll find Romeo
 To comfort you: — I wot well where he is.
 Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night;
 I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence's cell.

Jul. O find him! give this ring to my true
 knight,

And bid him come to take his last farewell.

(*Exeunt*.)

ROMEO AND JULIET. 155

SCENE III.

Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter Friar LAURENCE and ROMEO.

Fri. Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou
fearful man:

Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

Rom. Father, what news? what is the Prince's
doom?

What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?

Fri. Too familiar

Is my dear son with such sour company:
I bring thee tidings of the Prince's doom.

Rom. What less than dooms-day is the Prince's
doom?

Fri. A gentler judgement vanish'd from his lips,
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

Rom. Ha! banishment? be merciful, say, —
death:

For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death: do not say — banishment.

Fri. Hence from Verona art thou banished:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom. There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
Hence-banished is banish'd from the world,
And world's exile is death: — then banishment
Is death mis-term'd: calling death — banishment,
Thou cut'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind Prince,

Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to banishment
This is dear mercy, and thou see'st it not.

Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven
here,

Where Juliet lives; and every cat, and dog,
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven, and may look on her;
But Romeo may not. -- More validity,
More honourable state, more courtship lives
In carrion flies, than Romeo: they may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessing from her lip;
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;
But Romeo may not; he is banished:
Flies may do this, when I from this must fly;
They are free men, but I am banished
And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death?
Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife,
No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean
But -- banished -- to kill me; banished?
O friar, the damned use that word in hell;
Howlings attend it: How hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,
To mangle me with that word -- banishment?

Fri. Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak
a word.

Rom. O, thou wilt speak again of banishment!

Fri. I'll give thee armour to keep off the
word;

Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

Rom. Yet banished? -- Hang up philosophy
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,

ROMEO AND JULIET.

257

Displant a town, reverse a Prince's doom;
It helps not, it prevails not, talk no more.

Fri. O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

Rom. How should they, when that wise men
have no eyes?

Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom. Thou can'st not speak of what thou dost
not feel;

Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished,
Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear
thy hair,

And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

Fri. Arise; one knocks; good Romeo, hide thy-
self. [*Knocking within.*]

Rom. Not I; unless the breath of heart-sick
groans,

Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes.

Fri. Hark, how they knock! — Who's there? —
[*Knocking.*]

Romeo, arise;
Thou wilt be taken: — Stay a while: stand up;

Run to my study: — By and by: — God's will!
What wilfulness is this? — I come, I come.

[*Knocking.*]
Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's
your will?

Nurse. [*within.*] Let me come in, and you shall
know my errand;

me from lady Juliet.
Welcome then.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar
Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?

Fri. There on the ground, with his own hand
made drunk.

Nurse. O, he is even in my mistress' case,
Just in her case!

Fri. O woeful sympathy!
Piteous predicament!

Nurse. Even so lies she,
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering
Stand up, stand up! stand, an you be a man:
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand
Why should you fall into so deep an O?

Rom. Nurse!

Nurse. Ah Sir! ah Sir! — Well, death's
end of all.

Rom. Spak'st thou of Juliet? how is it with her?
Doth she not think me an old murderer,
Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy
With blood remov'd but little from her own?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what saith
My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?

Nurse. O, she says nothing, Sir, but we
and weeps;
And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,
And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,
And then down falls again.

Rom. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her; as that name's cursed hand
Murder'd her kinsman. — O tell me, friar, tell
me,

*In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may
The hateful mansion.* [drawing his sword]

Fri. Hold thy desperate hand :
 Art thou a man ? thy form cries out, thou art ;
 Thy tears are womanish ; thy wild acts denote
 The unreasonable fury of a beast :
 Unseemly woman, in a seeming man !
 Or ill-beseeming beast, in seeming both !
 Thou hast amaz'd me : by my holy order,
 I thought thy disposition better temper'd,
 Hast thou slain Tybalt ? wilt thou slay thyself ?
 And slay thy lady too that lives in thee,
 By doing damned hate upon thyself ?
 Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and
 earth ?
 Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do
 meet
 In thee at once ; which thou at once would'st lose.
 Fie, fie ! thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit ;
 Which, like an usurer, abound'st in all,
 And usest none in that true use indeed,
 Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit.
 Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
 Digressing from the valour of a man :
 Thy dear love, sworn, but hollow perjury,
 Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish :
 Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,
 Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,
 Like powder in a skill-less soldier's flask,
 Is set on fire by thine own ignorance,
 And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.
 What, rouse thee, man ! thy Juliet is alive,
 For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead ;
 There art thou happy : Tybalt would kill thee,
 But thou slaw'st Tybalt ; there art thou happy too :
 The law, that threaten'd death, becomes thy friend,
 And turns it to exile ; there art thou happy :
 A pack of blessings lights upon thy back ;

Happiness courts thee in her best array;
 But, like a mis-behav'd and sullen wench,
 Thou pont'st upon thy fortune and thy love:
 Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
 Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
 Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her;
 But, look, thou stay not till the watch be set,
 For then thou canst not pass to Mantua;
 Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time
 To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
 Beg pardon of the Prince, and call thee back
 With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
 Than thou went'st forth in lamentation. —
 Go before, nurse: commend me to thy lady
 And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
 Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto:
 Romeo is coming.

Nurse. O Lord, I could have staid here all the night;

To hear good counsel: O, what learning is! —
 My Lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide

Nurse. Here, Sir, a ring she bid me give you
 Sir:

Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.

[*Exit Nurse.*]

Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this!

Fri. Go hence: Good night; and here stand
 all your state;

Either be gone before the watch be set,
 Or by the break of day disguis'd from hence:

Sojourn in Mantua; I'll find out your man,
 And he shall signify from time to time.

Every good hap to you, that chances here:
 Give me thy hand; 'tis late: farewell; good night.

ROMEO AND JULIET. 161

Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
It were a grief, so brief to part with thee:
Farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

A Room in Capulet's House.

Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, and PARIS.

Cap. Things have fallen out, Sir, so unluckily,
That we have not had time to move our daughter:
Look you she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
And so did I; — Well, we were born to die. —
'Tis very late, she'll not come down to-night:
I promise you, but for your company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

Par. These times of woe afford no time to woo:
Madam, good night: commend me to your daughter.

La. Cap. I will, and know her mind early to-morrow;

To-night she's mew'd up to her heaviness.

Cup. Sir Paris. I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love: I think, she will be rul'd
In all respects by me; nay more, I doubt it not.
'Tis, go you to her ere you go to bed;
 acquaint her here of my son Paris' love;
 and bid her mark you me, on wednesday next. —
t, soft: What day is this?

Par. Monday, my Lord.

Cap. Monday? ha! ha! Well, wednesday is too soon,

thursday let it be; — o'thursday, tell her,
shall be married to this noble Earl: —
you be ready? do you like this haste?
keep no great ado; — a friend, or two: —
L. XVIII. 11

For hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
 It may be thought we held him carelessly,
 Being our kinsman, if we revel much:
 Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,
 And there an end. But what say you to thurs~~day~~?

Lord. My Lord, I would that thursday were
 to-morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone: — O' thursday be
 it then: —

Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,
 Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day. —
 Farewell, my Lord. — Light to my chamber, ho!
 Afore me, it is so very late, that we
 May call it early by and by: — Good night.
[Exeunt.]

S C E N E V.

Juliet's Chamber.

Enter ROMEO and JULIET.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
 It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
 That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;
 Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree:
 Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn;
 No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks
 Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:
 Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
 Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops;
 I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. Yon light is not day-light, I know it, I:
 It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
 To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,

ROMEO AND JULIET. 163

And light thee on thy way to Mantua :
Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone.

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I'll say, yon grey is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:
I have more care to stay, than will to go;
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so. —
How is't, my soul? let's talk, it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is, hie hence, be gone, away;
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords, and unplesing sharps,
Some say, the lark makes sweet division;
This doth not so, for she divideth us:
Some say, the lark and loathed toad change eyes;
O, now I would they had chang'd voices too!
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day.
O, now be gone; more light and light it grows,

Rom. More light and light? — more dark and
dark our woes.

Enter NURSE.

Nurse. Madam.

Jul. Nurse?

Nurse. Your lady mother's coming to your
chamber:

The day is broke; be wary, look about.

[*Exit Nurse.*

Jul. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

Rom. Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll
descend.

[*ROMEO descends.*

Jul. Art thou gone so? my love! my love!
my friend!

I must hear from thee every day i' the hour,
For in a minute there are many days:
O! by this count I shall be much in years,
Ere I again behold my Romeo.

Rom. Farewell; I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Jul. O, think'st thou, we shall ever meet again?

Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Jul. O God! I have an ill-divining soul:
Methinks, I see thee, now thou art below,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:
Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.

Rom. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu! adieu!

[*Exit Romeo*]

Jul. O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him?
That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune;
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.

La. Cap. [*within.*] Ho, daughter! are you up?

Jul. Who is't that calls? is it my lady mother?
Is she not down so late, or up so early?
What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. Why, how now, Juliet?

Jul. Madam, I am not well.

La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's
death?

What, wilt thou wash him from his grave
tears?

ROMEO AND JULIET. 165

An if thou could'st, thou could'st not make him
live;

Therefore, have done: Some grief shows much
of love;

But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

La. Cap. So shall you feel the loss, but not the
friend

Which you weep for.

Jul. Feeling so the loss,

I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much
for his death)

As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.

Jul. What villain, Madam?

La. Cap. That same villain, Romeo.

Jul. Villain and he are many miles asunder.

God pardon him! I do, with all my heart;

And yet no man, like he, doth grieve my heart.

La. Cap. That is, because the traitor murderer
lives.

Jul. Ay, Madam, from the reach of these my
hands.

Would, none but I might venge my cousin's death!

La. Cap. We will have vengeance for it, fear
thou not:

Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua, —

Where that same banish'd runagate doth live, —

That shall bestow on him so sure a draught

That he shall soon keep Tybalt company:

And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

Jul. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied

With Romeo, till I behold him — dead —

Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vex'd: —

Madam if you could find out but a man

To bear a poison, I would temper it;

That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,
 Soon sleep in quiet. — O, how my heart abhors
 To hear him nam'd, — and cannot come to him
 To wreak the love I bore my consin Tybalt
 Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him!

La. Cap. Find thou the means, and I'll find
 such a man.

But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

Jul. And joy comes well in such a needful time
 What are they, I beseech your Ladyship?

La. Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful father
 child;

One, who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
 Hath started out a sudden day of joy,
 That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.

Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is that?

La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next morn,
 morn,

The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
 The County Paris, at saint Peter's church,
 Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride,

Jul. Now, by saint Peter's church, and Peter too
 He shall not make me there a joyful bride.
 I wonder at this haste; that I must wed

Ere he; that should be husband, comes to woo.
 I pray you, tell my lord and father, Madam,
 I will not marry yet; and, when I do, I swear,
 It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
 Rather than Paris: — These are news indeed!

La. Cap. Here comes your father; tell him
 yourself,

And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter CAPULET and Nurse.

Cap. When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle
 But for the sunset of my brother's son,

It rains downright. —

How now? a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?
Evermore showering? In one little body

Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind:

For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,

Do ebb and flow with tears? the bark thy body is,

Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sighs;

Who, — raging with thy tears, and they with
them, —

Without a sudden calm, will overset

Thy tempest-tossed body. — How now, wife?

Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

La. Cap. Ay, Sir; but she will none, she gives
you thanks.

I would, the fool were married to her grave!

Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with
you, wife.

How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks?

Is she not proud? doth she not count her bless'd,

Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought

So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

Jul. Not proud, you have; but thankful, that
you have:

Proud can I never be of what I hate,

But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

Cap. How now! how now, chop-logick! What
is this?

Proud, — and, I thank you, — and, I thank you
not; —

And yet not proud; — Mistress minion, you,

Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no proude,

but settle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,

To go with Paris to saint Peter's church,

Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.

Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you baggage!
out, you tallow face!

La. Cap. Fie, fie! what are you mad?

Jul. Good father; I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient
wretch!

I tell thee what, — get thee to church o'thursday,
Or never after look me in the face;

Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;

My fingers itch. — Wife, we scarce thought us
bless'd,

That God had sent us but this only child;

But now I see this one is one too much,

And that we have a curse in having her:

Out on her, hilding!

Nurse. God in heaven bless her! —

You are to blame, my Lord, to rate her so.

Cap. And why, my lady wisdom? hold your
tongue,

Good prudence; smatter with your gossip, go.

Nurse. I speak no treason.

Cap. O, God ye good den!

Nurse. May not one speak?

Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool!

Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,

For here we need it not.

La. Cap. You are too hot.

Cap. God's bread! it makes me mad: Day,
night, late, early,

At home, abroad, alone, in company,

Waking, or sleeping, still my care hath been

To have her match'd: and having now provided

A gentleman of princely parentage,

Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,

Stuff'd (as they say,) with honourable parts,

Proportion'd as one's heart could wish a man, —
And then to have a wretched puling fool,

A whining marmet, in her fortune's tender,
To answer — *I'll not wed, I cannot love,
I am too young. — I pray you, pardon me; —*
But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you:
Graze where you will, you shall not house with
me;

Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.
Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise:
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;
An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i' the streets,
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good:
Trust to't, bethink you, I'll not be forsworn.

[*Exit.*]

Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
That sees into the bottom of my grief?
O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a
word.

Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [*Exit.*]
Jul. O God! — O nurse! how shall this be
prevented?

My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;
Now shall that faith return again to earth,
Unless that husband send it me from heaven
By leaving earth? — comfort me, counsel me. —
Alack, alack, that heaven should practise stratagems
Upon so soft a subject as myself! —
What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort, nurse.

Nurse. Faith, here 'tis: Romeo
*Is banished; and all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;*

Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
 Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
 I think it best you married with the County.
 O, he's a lovely gentleman!
 Romeo's a dishclout to him; an eagle, Madam,
 Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye,
 As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,
 I think you are happy in this second match,
 For it excels your first: or if it did not,
 Your first is dead; or 'twere as good he were,
 As living here and you no use of him.

Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart?

Nurse. From my soul too;

Or else beshrew them both.

Jul. Amen!

Nurse. To what?

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvel-
 lous much.

Go in; and tell my lady I am gone;
 Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence's cell,
 To make confession, and to be absolv'd.

Nurse. Marry, I will; and this is wisely done.

[*Exit.*]

Jul. Ancient damnation; O most wicked fiend!
 It is more sin — to wish me thus forsworn,
 Or to dispraise my Lord with that same tongue
 Which she hath prais'd him with above com-
 pare

So many thousand times? — Go, counsellor;
 Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain. —
 I'll to the friar, to know his remedy;
 If all else fail, myself have power to die.

[*Exit.*]

ROMEO AND JULIET.

271

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter Friar LAURENCE and PARIS.

Fri. On thursday, Sir? the time is very short.

Par. My father Capulet will have it so;
And I am nothing slow, to slack his haste.

Fri. You say, you do not know the lady's mind;

Uneven is the course, I like it not.

Par. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,

And therefore have I little talk'd of love;

For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.

Now, Sir, her father counts it dangerous,

That she doth give her sorrow so much away;

And, in his wisdom, hastes our marriage,

To stop the inundation of her tears;

Which, too much minded by herself alone,

May be put from her by society:

Now do you know the reason of this haste.

Fri. I would I knew not why it should be slow'd. [*Aside.*]

Look, Sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

Enter JULIET.

Par. Happily met, my Lady, and my wife!

Jul. That may be, Sir, when I may be a wife.

Par. That may be, must be, love, on thursday next,

Jul. What must be shall be.

Fri. That's a certain text.

Par. Come you to make confession to this
ther?

Jul. To answer that, were to confess to'y

Par. Do not deny to him, that you love

Jul. I will confess to you, that I love him

Par. So will you, I am sure, that you love

Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,
Being spoke behind your back, than to your face

Par. Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd w
tears.

Jul. The tears have got small victory by th
For it was bad enough, before their spite.

Par. Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, w
that report.

Jul. That is no slander, Sir, that is a tru
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast sla
der'd it.

Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine own.
Are you at leisure, holy father, now;
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

Fri. My leisure serves me, pensive daught
now:

My Lord, we must entreat the time alone.

Par. God shield, I should disturb devotion!
Juliet, on thursday early will I rouse you:
Till then adieu! and keep this holy kiss.

[Exit PAR]

Jul. O, shut the door! and when thou ha
done so,
Come weep with me; Past hope, past cure, pa
help!

Fri. Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grie
It strains me past the compass of my wits:

I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
On thursday next be married to this County.

Jul. Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of
this,

Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it:

If, in thy wisdom thou canst give no help,

Do thou but call my resolution wise,

And with this knife I'll help it presently.

God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our
hands;

And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,

Shall be the label to another deed,

Or my true heart with treacherous revolt

Turn to another, this shall slay them both:

Therefore, out of thy long-experienc'd time,

Give me some present counsel? or, behold,

'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife

Shall play the umpire; arbitrating that

Which the commission of thy years and art

Could to no issue of true honour bring.

Be not so long to speak; I long to die,

If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

Fri. Hold, daughter; I do spy a kind of
hope,

Which craves as desperate an execution

As that is desperate which we would prevent.

If, rather than to marry County Paris,

Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself;

Then is it likely; thou wilt undertake

A thing like death to chide away this shame,

That cop'st with death himself to scape from it;

And, if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Pa-
ris,

From off the battlements of yonder tower;
Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk

Where serpents are; chain me with roaring
bears;

Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house, [?]
O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling
bones,

With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless scull;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;
Things that, to hear them told, have made me
tremble;

And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

Fri. Hold, then; go home, be merry, give
consent

To marry Paris: Wednesday is to-morrow;
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber:
Take thou this phial, being then in bed,
And this distilled liquor drink thou off:
When presently, through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humour, which shall seize
Each vital spirit; for no pulse shall keep
His natural progress, but surcease to beat;
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou liv'st;
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To pale ashes; thy eyes' windows fall,
Like death when he shuts up the day of life;
Each part, depriv'd of supple government,
Shall stiff, and stark, and cold, appear like death
And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt remain full two and forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.

Now when the bridegroom in the mornin'
comes

To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead
Then (as the manner of our country is)

In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,
 Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,
 Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
 In the mean time; against thou shalt awake,
 Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift;
 And hither shall he come; and he and I
 Will watch thy waking, and that very night
 Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
 And this shall free thee from this present shame;
 If no unconstant tōy, nor womanish fear,
 Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Jul. Give me, O give me! tell me not of fear.

Fri. Hold; get you gone; be strong and prosperous

In this resolve: I'll send a friar with speed
 To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love, give me strength! and strength shall help afford.

Farewell, dear father!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Room in Capulet's House.

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, Nurse, and Servants.

Cap. So many guests invite as here are writ—

[*Exit Servant.*]

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

2. Serv. You shall have none ill, Sir; for I'll try if they can lick their fingers.

Cap. How canst thou try them so?

2. Serv. Marry, Sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot

not lick his own fingers: therefore he, that cannot lick his fingers, goes not with me.

Cap. Go, begone.— [*Exit Servant.*]

We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time.—
What, is my daughter gone to Friar Laurence?

Nurse. Ay, forsooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good
on her:

A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter JULIET.

Nur. See, where she comes from shrift with
merry look.

Cap. How now, my headstrong? where have
you been gadding?

Jul. Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition
To you, and your behests; and am enjoin'd
By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here,
And beg your pardon:—Pardon, I beseech you!
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

Cap. Send for the County; go tell him of
this;

I'll have this knot knit up to morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful lord at Laurence's
cell;

And gave him what becomed love I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Cap. Why, I am glad on't; this is well, —
stand up?

*This is as't should be. — Let me see the County;
Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither. —
Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,
All our whole city is much bound to him.*

Jul.

Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet;
To help me sort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

La. Cap. No, not till Thursday; there is time enough.

Cap. Go, nurse, go with her:—we'll to church to-morrow.

[*Exeunt JULIET and NURSE.*]

La. Cap. We shall be short in our provision;

Tis now near night.

Cap. Tush! I will stir about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee,
wife:

Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her;
I'll not to bed to-night;—let me alone;
I'll play the housewife for this once.—What;
ho! —

They are all forth: Well, I will walk myself
To County Paris, to prepare him up
Against to-morrow: my heart is wondrous light,
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Juliet's Chamber.

Enter JULIET and Nurse.

Jul. Ay, those attires are best:—But, gentle nurse,
pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;
I have need of many orisons

To move the heavens to smile upon my state
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and
sin.

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. What, are you busy? do you
my help?

Jul. No, Madam; we have cull'd such
saries

As are fitchewful for our state to-morrow;
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurse this night sit up with ye
For, I am sure, you have your hands full
In this so sudden business.

La. Cap. Good night!

Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast a
[*Exeunt Lady Capulet and*

Jul. Farewell!—God knows, when we
meet again.

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my
That almost freezes up the heat of life:
I'll call them back again to comfort me:—
Nurse!—What should she do here?

My dismal scene I needs must act alone.—
Come, phial.—

What if this mixture do not work at all?
Must I of force be married to the County?
No, no;—this shall forbid it:—lie thou!

[*Laying down a*

What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead;
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd
Because he married me before to Romeo?

I fear, it is: and yet, methinks, it shows
For he hath still been tried a holy man:

I will not entertain so bad a thought. —
 How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
 I wake before the time that Romeo
 Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!
 Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
 To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breath-

es in,
 And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
 Or, if I live, is it not very like,
 The horrible conceit of death and night,
 Together with the terror of the place,
 As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
 Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
 Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;
 Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
 Lies fest'ring in his shroud; where, as they say,
 At some hours in the night spirits resort; —
 Alack, alack! is it not like, that I,
 So early waking, — what with loathsome smells;
 And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the
 earth,

That living mortals, hearing them, run mad;
 O! if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
 Environed with all these hideous fears?
 And madly play with my forefathers' joints?
 And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
 And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's
 bone,

As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?
 O. look! methinks, I see my cousin's ghost
 Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
 Upon a rapier's point: — Stay, Tybalt, stay! —
 Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.

[She throws herself on the bed.]

S C E N E I V.

*Capulet's Hall.**Enter Lady CAPULET and NURSE.*

La. Cap. Hold, take these keys, and
more spices, nur

Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in
pastry.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir! the second
hath crow'd,

The curfeu bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock
Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelika:
Spare not for cost.

Nurse. Go, go, you cot-quean, go,
Get you to bed; 'faith, you'll be sick to-mo
For this night's watching.

Cap. No, not a whit; What! I have wa
ere now

All night for lesser cause and ne'er been sick

La. Cap. Ay, you have been a mouse-hu
your time;

But I will watch you from such watching no
[*Exeunt Lady CAPULET and N*

Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood!
fellow,

What's there?

ROMEO AND JULIET. 181

Enter Servants, with spits, logs, and baskets.

1. *Serv.* Things for the cook, Sir; but I know not what.

Cap. Make haste; make haste. [*Exit Serv.*]—
Sirrah, fetch drier logs;
all Peter, he, will show thee where they are.

2. *Serv.* I have a head, Sir, that will find
out logs,
and never trouble Peter for the matter.

Exit.

Cap. 'Mass, and well said; A merry whoreson! ha,
hou shalt be logger-head.—Good faith, 'tis
day:

he County will be here with musick straight,
[*Musick within.*]

or so he said he would. I hear him near:—
urse!—Wife!—what, ho!—what, nurse, I
say!

Enter Nurse.

Go, waken Juliet, go, and trim her up;
Hie go and chat with Paris:—Hie, make haste;
make haste! the bridegroom he is come already:
make haste, I say! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Juliet's Chamber; Juliet on the bed.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Mistress!—what, Mistress!—Juliet!—
fast, I warrant her, she:—

Why, lamb!—why, lady!—fie, you slug-
abed!—

Why, love, I say!—Madam! sweet-heart!—why,
brute!—

What, not a word? you take your pennyworths
now:

Sleep for a week; for the next night, I war-
rant,

The County Paris hath set up his rest,
That you shall rest but little.—God forgive me,
(Marry, and amen!) how sound is she asleep!
I needs must wake her:—Madam, Madam, Ma-
dam!

Ay, let the County take you in your bed;
He'll fright you up, i'faith.—Will it not be?
What, drest! and in your clothes! and down
again!

I must needs wake you: Lady! Lady! Lady!
Alas! alas!—Help! help! my lady's dead!—
O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!
Some aqua-vitæ, ho!—my lord! my lady:

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. What noise is here?

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. What is the matter?

Nurse. Look, look! O heavy day!

La. Cap. O me, O me!—my child, my only
life,

Revive, look up, or I will die with thee—
Help, help!—O my help.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. For shame, bring Juliet forth: her
lord is come.

Nurse. She's dead, deceas'd, she's dead; alack
the day!

La. Cap. Alack the day! she's dead, she's dead,
she's dead.

Cap. Ha! let me see her:—Out, alas! she's
cold:

Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;
Life and these lips have long been separated:
Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.
Accurs'd time! unfortunate old man!

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. O woful time!

Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make
me wail,
Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

Enter Friar LAURENCE and PARIS, with Musicians.

Fri. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

Cap. Ready to go, but never to return:
O son, the night before thy wedding day
Hath death lain with thy bride:—See, there she
lies,

Flower as she was, deflowered by him.
Death is my son-in-law, death is my heir;
My daughter he hath wedded! I will die,
And leave him all; life leaving, all is death's.

Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's
face,
And doth it give me such a sight as this?

La. Cap. Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hate-
ful day!

*Most miserable hour, that e'er time saw
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!*

Bat. one, poor one, one poor and loving child
 But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
 And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight.

Nurse. O woe! O woful, woful, woful day!
 Most lamentable day! most woful day,
 That ever, ever, I did yet behold!
 O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!
 Never was seen so black a day as this:
 O woful day, O woful day!

Par. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spited,
 slain!

Most detestable death by thee beguil'd,
 By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown! —
 O love! O life! — not life, but love in death!

Cap. Despis'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd,
 kill'd!

Uncomfortable time! why cam'st thou now
 To murder murder our solemnity? —

O child! O child! — my soul, and not my
 child! —

Dead art thou, dead! — alack! my child is dead;
 And, with my child, my joys are buried.

Fri. Peace, ho. for shame! confusion's cure
 lives not

In these confusions. Heaven and yourself

Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all
 And all the better is it for the maid:

Your part in her you could not keep from
 death;

But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.

The most you sought was — her promotion:

For 'twas your heaven, she should be advanc'd;

And weep ye now, seeing she is advanc'd,

Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?

O, in this love, you love your child so ill,

That you run mad, seeing that she is well:

She's not well married, that lives married long;
But she's best married, that dies married young.
Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
On this fair corse; and, as the custom is,
In all her best array bear her to church:
For though fond nature bids us all lament,
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

Cap. All things, that we ordained festival,
Turn from their office to black funeral:
Our instruments, to melancholy bells;
Our wedding cheer, to a sad burial feast;
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
And all things change them to the contrary.

Fri. Sir, go you in, — and, Madam, go with him; —

And go, Sir Paris; — every one prepare
To follow this fair corse unto her grave:
The heavens do low'r upon you, for some ill;
Move them no more, by crossing their high will.

[*Exeunt* CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, PARIS, and FRIAR.

1. *Mus.* Faith, we may put up our pipes,
and be gone.

Nurse. Honest good fellows, ah, put up,
put up;
For, well you know, this is a pitiful case.

[*Exit* Nurse.

1. *Mus.* Ay, by my troth, that case may be
amended.

Enter PETER.

Pet. Musicians, O, musicians, Heart's ease,
heart's ease; O, an you will have me live, play —
heart's ease.

1. *Mus.* Why heart's ease?

Pet. O musicians, because my heart itself plays—*My heart is full of woe*: O play me some merry dump, to comfort me.

2. *Mus.* Not a dump we; 'tis no time to play now.

Pet. You will not then.

Mus. No.

Pet. I will then give it you soundly.

1. *Mus.* What will you give us?

Pet. No money, on my faith; but the glee: I will give you the minstrel.

1. *Mus.* Then will I give you the serving-creature.

Pet. Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger on your pate. I will carry no crotchets: I'll *re* you, I'll *fa* you; Do you note me?

1. *Mus.* An you *re* us, and *fa* us, you note us.

2. *Mus.* Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

Pet. Then have at you with my wit; I will dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger:—Answer me like men:

*When griping grief the heart doth wound,
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
Then musick, with her silver sound;*

Why, silver sound? why, musick with her silver sound?

What say you, Simon Catling?

1. *Mus.* Marry, Sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

Pet. Pretty! What say you, Hugh Rebeck?

2. *Mus.* I say—silver sound, because musicians sound for silver.

ROMEO AND JULIET. 187

Pet. Pretty too! — What say you, James Sound-post?

5. *Mus.* 'Faith, I know not what to say.

Pet. O, I cry you mercy! you are the singer: I will say for you. It is—*musick with her silver sound*, because such fellows as you have seldom gold for sounding:—

Then musick with her silver sound,

With speedy help doth lend redress.

Exit, singing.

1. *Mus.* What a pestilent knave is this same?

2. *Mus.* Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll in here; tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Mantua. A Street.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. If I may trust the flattering eye of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand;
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne;
And, all this day, an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead;
(Strange dream! that gives a dead man leave to think,)

*And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reviv'd, and was an Emperor.*

Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy?

Enter BALTHASAR.

News from Verona!—How now, Balthasar?
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?
How doth my lady? Is my father well?
How fares my Juliet? That I ask again;
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

Bal. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill;
Her body sleeps in Capels' monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives;
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And presently took post to tell it you:
O pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, Sir.

Rom. Is it even so? then I defy you, stars!—
Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper,

And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.

Bal. Pardon me, Sir, I will not leave you
thus:

Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

Rom. Tush, thou art deceiv'd;
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do:
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

Bal. No, my good Lord.

Rom. No matter: Get thee gone,
And hire those horses; I'll be with thee straight.

[*Exit BALTHASAR.*]

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to night.
Let's see for means:—O, mischief! thou art
swift

need :

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls so loud?

art poor ;

Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have
A dram of poison; such soon-speeding geer
As will disperse itself through all the veins;
That the life-weary taker may fall dead;
And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath

As violently, as hasty powder fir'd
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law
Is death, to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,
Upon thy back hangs ragged misery,
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law;
The world affords no law to make thee rich;
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would despatch you straight.

Rom. There is thy gold; worse poison to
men's souls,
Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not
sell:
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.
Farewell; buy food, and get thyself in flesh.
Come, cordial, and not poison; go with me
To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter Friar JOHN.

John. Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

Enter Friar LAURENCE.

Lau. This same should be the voice of friar
John.

Welcome from Mantua : What says Romeo ?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

John. Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our order, to associate me,
Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him, the searchers of the town,
Suspecting, that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth;
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

Lau. Who bare my letter then to Romeo ?

John. I could not send it, — here it is again, —
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.

Lau. Unhappy fortune ! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice, but full of charge,
Of dear import ; and the neglecting it
May do much danger : Friar John, go hence ;
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight
Unto my cell.

John. Brother, I'll go and bring't thee. [Exit.

Lau. Now must I to the monument alone ;
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake ;
She will beshrew me much, that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents :
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come ;
Poor living corse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb !

[Exit.

SCENE III.

A Church-yard; in it, a monument belonging to the Capulets.

Enter PARIS, and his Page, bearing flowers and a torch.

Par. Give me thy torch boy: Hence, and stand aloof; —

Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
Under yon yew-trees lay thee all along,
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground;
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread,
(Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves,)
But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

Page. I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the churchyard; yet I will adventure.

[Retires.]

Par. Sweet flower, with flowers I strew thy
bridal bed:

Sweet tomb, that in thy circuit dost contain
The perfect model of eternity;
Fair Juliet, that with angels dost remain,
Accept this latest favour at my hands;
That living honour'd thee, and, being dead,
With funeral praises do adorn thy tomb!

[The boy whistles.]

The boy gives warning, something doth approach.
What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,
To cross my obsequies, and true love's rites?
What, with a torch! muffle me, night, a while.

[Retires.]

Enter

ROMEO AND JULIET. 193

*Enter ROMEO and BALTHASAR with a torch,
mattock, &c.*

Rom. Give me that mattock, and the wrenching
iron.

Hold, take this letter; early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Give me the light: Upon thy life I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death,
Is, partly, to behold my lady's face:
But, chiefly, to take thence from her dead finger
A precious ring; a ring, that I must use
In dear employment: therefore hence, be gone: --
But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
In what I further shall intend to do,
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,
And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs:
The time and my intents are savage-wild;
More fierce, and more inexorable far,
Than empty tigers, or the roaring sea.

Bal. I will be gone, Sir, and not trouble you.

Rom. So shalt thou show me friendship: --
Take thou that:

Live, and be prosperous; and farewell, good fellow.

Bal. For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout;
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [*Retires.*]

Rom. Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,
[*breaking open the door of the monument.*]

And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food.

Par. This is that banish'd haughty Montague,
That murder'd my love's cousin; — with which
grief,

It is supposed, the fair creature died,
And here is come to do some villainous
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend

Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague!
Can vengeance be pursu'd further than
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee
Obey, and go with me; for thou must
Rom. I must, indeed; and there
hither. —

Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate
Fly hence and leave me; — think upon
Let them affright thee. — I beseech thee
Heap not another sin upon my head,
By urging me to fury: — O, be gone!
By heaven, I love thee better than myself;
For I come hither arm'd against myself.
Stay not, be gone; — live, and hereafter
A madman's mercy bade thee run away.
Par. I do defy thy conjurations,
And do attach thee as a felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then
boy. [

Page. O Lord! they fight: I will
watch.

Par. O, I am slain! [*falls.*] —
merciful,

Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet.

Rom. In faith, I will: — Let me
face: —

Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris
What said my man, when my betossed
Did not attend him as we rode? I think
He told me, Paris should have married
Said he not so? or did I dream it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet?

[Laying Paris in the monument.

How oft when men are at the point of death,
Have they been merry? which their keepers call
A lightning before death: O, how may I
Call this a lightning? — O, my love! my wife!
Death that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there. —
Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?
O, what more favour can I do to thee,
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain,
To sunder his that was thine enemy?
Forgive me, cousin! — Ah, dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe
That unsubstantial death is amorous;
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
For fear of that, I will still stay with thee;
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again; here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chamber-maids; O, here
Will I set up my everlasting rest;
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-weary'd flesh. — Eyes, look
your last!
Arms, take your last embrace! and lips, O you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss

Fri. Stay then, I'll go alone: — Fear comes upon me;

O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

Bal. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here;
I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him.

Fri. Romeo? — [*Advances:*
Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre? —
What mean these masterless and gory swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?

[*Enters the monument.*
Romeo! O, pale! — What else? what, Paris too?
And steep'd in blood? — Ah, what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance! —
The lady stirs. [*JULIET wakes and stirs.*

Jul. O comfortable friar! where is my lord?
I do remember well where I should be,
And there I am: — Where is my Romeo?

[*Noise within.*
Fri. I hear some noise. — Lady, come from
that nest

Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep;
A greater Power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents; come, come away;
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;
And Paris too: come, I'll dispose of thee
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns:
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;
Come, go, good Juliet, — [*Noise again.*] I dare
stay no longer. [*Exit.*

Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away. —
What's here? a cup, clos'd in my true love's hand?
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end: —
O churl! drink all and leave no friendly drop
To help me after? — I will kiss thy lips;

Haply, some poison yet doth hang on then
To make me die with a restorative. *[Kiss]*
Thy lips are warm!

1. *Watch.* *[within.]* Lead, boy; — Wh

Jul. Yea, noise? — Then I'll be bri
happy dagger!

[Snatching ROMEO'S]
This is thy sheath; *[stabs herself.]* there
let me die.

[Falls on ROMEO'S body, &

Enter Watch, with the Page of P

Page. This is the place; there, where
doth burn.

1. *Watch.* The ground is bloody; See
the churchyard
Go, some of you, who e'er you find, attu

[Exeu]
Pitiful sight! here lies the County slain; I
And Juliet bleeding; warm, and newly
Who here hath lain these two days burie
Go, tell the Prince, — run to the Capul
Raise up the Montagues, — some others
[Exeunt other &

We see the ground whereon these woes d
But the true ground of all these piteous w
We cannot without circumstance descry.

Enter some of the Watch, with Bal

2. *Watch.* Here's Romeo's man, we f
in the church

1. *Watch.* Hold him in safety, till
come hithe

ROMEO AND JULIET. 199

*Enter another Watchman, with Friar
LAURENCE.*

5. Watch. Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs,
and weeps :
We took this mattock and this spade from him,
As he was coming from this churchyard side.
1. Watch. A great suspicion ; Stay the friar too.

Enter the Prince and Attendants.

Prince. What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning's rest ?

Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, and others.

Cap. What should it be, that they so shriek
abroad ?

La. Cap. The people in the street cry — Romeo,
Some — Juliet, and some Paris ; and all run,
With open outcry, toward our monument.

Prince. What fear is this, which startles in
our ears ?

1. Watch. Sovereign, here lies the County Paris
slain ;
And Romeo dead ; and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new kill'd.

Prince. Search, seek, and know how this foul
murder comes.

1. Watch. Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Ro-
meo's man ;
With instruments upon them fit to open
These dead men's tombs.

Cap. O, heavens ! — O, wife ! look how our
daughter bleeds !
This dagger hath mista'en, — for, lo ! his house

Is empty on the back of Montague, —
And it mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.

La. Cap. O me! t is sight of death is as a bell,
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter MONTAGUE and Others.

Prince. Come, Montague; for thou art early up,
To see thy son and heir more early down.

Mon. Alas, my Liege, my wife is dead to-night;
Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath:
What further woe conspires against mine age?

Prince. Look, and thou shalt see.

Mon. O thou untaught! what manners is in this,
To press before thy father to a grave?

Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,
'Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true descent;
And then will I be general of your woes,
And lead you even to death. Mean time forbear,
And let mischance be slave to patience. —
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

Fri. I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place
Doth make against me, of this direful murder;
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge
Myself condemned and myself excus'd.

Prince. Then say at once what thou dost know
in this.

Fri. I will be brief, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.

Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet;
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife;
I married them; and their stolen marriage-day
Was Tybalt's dooms-day, whose untimely death
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this

For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pin'd.
 You — to remove that siege of grief from her, —
 Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce,
 To County Paris: — Then comes she to me;
 And, with wild looks, bid me devise some means
 To rid her from this second marriage,
 Or in my cell there would she kill herself.
 Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art,
 A sleeping potion; which so took effect
 As I intended, for it wrought on her
 The form of death: meantime I writ to Romeo,
 That he should hither come at this dire night,
 To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,
 Being the time the potion's force should cease.
 But he which bore my letter, friar John,
 Was staid by accident; and yesternight
 Return'd my letter back: Then all alone,
 At the prefixed hour of her waking,
 Came I to take her from her kindred's vault;
 Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,
 Till I conveniently could send to Romeo:
 But, when I came, (some minute ere the time
 Of her awakening,) here untimely lay
 The noble Paris, and true Romeo, dead.
 She wakes; and I entreated her come forth,
 And bear this work of heaven with patience:
 But then a noise did scare me from the tomb;
 And she, too desperate, would not go with me,
 But (as it seems,) did violence on herself.
 All this I know; and to the marriage
 Her nurse is privy: And, if aught in this
 Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
 Be sacrific'd, some hour before his time,
 Unto the rigour of severest law.
Prince. We still have known thee for a holy
 man. —

Where's Romeo's man? what can he say in this?

Bal. I brought my master news of Juliet's death;
And then in post he came from Mantua,
To this same place, to this same monument.
This letter he early bid me give his father;
And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter, I will look on it.—
Where is the County's page, that rais'd the watch?—
Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

Page. He came with flowers to strew his lady's
grave;

And bid me stand aloof, and so I did:
Anon, comes one with light to ope the tomb;
And, by and by, my master drew on him;
And then I ran away to call the watch.

Prince. This letter doth make good the friar's
words,

Their course of love, the tidings of her death:
And here he writes — that he did buy a poison
Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet. —
Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague! —
See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with
love!

And I, for winking at your discords too,
Have lost a brace of kinsmen: — all are punish'd.

Cap. O, brother Montague, give me thy hand:
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
Can I demand.

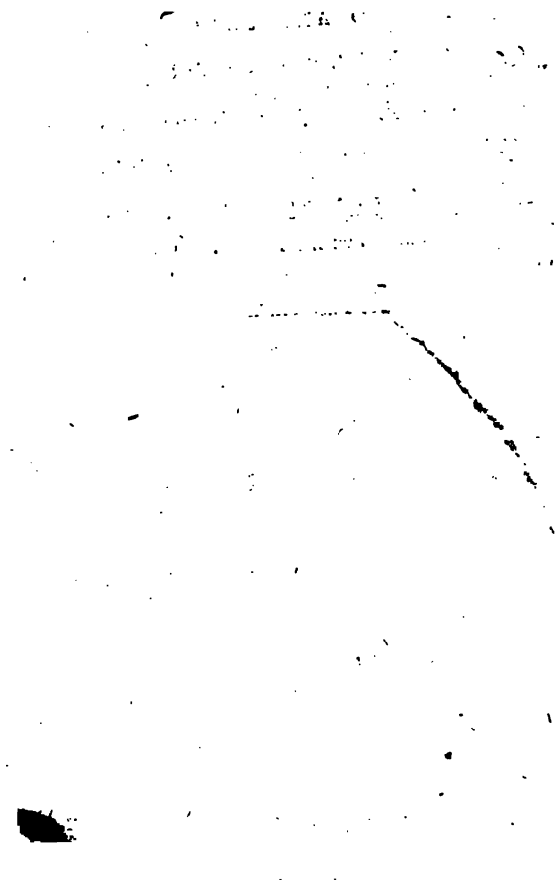
Mon. But I can give thee more:
For I will raise her statue in pure gold;
That, while Verona by that name is known,
There shall no figure at such rate be set,
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

ROMEO AND JULIET. 205

Cap. As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie;
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

Prince. A glooming peace this morning with
it brings;

The sun, for sorrow, will not show his head : -
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things ;
Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished :
For never was a story of more woe,
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.



**SELECTION
OF THE
MOST IMPORTANT NOTES
EXTRACTED
FROM
THE BEST COMMENTATORS
TO THE PLAYS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.**

VOLUME XVIII.

THE
LIBRARY
OF THE
MUSEUM OF
ART AND
ARCHITECTURE
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NOTES TO PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

* * The story on which this play is formed, is of great antiquity. It is found in a book, once very popular, entitled *Gesta Romanorum*, which is supposed by Mr. Tyrwhitt, the learned editor of *The Canterbury Tales of Chaucer*, 1775, to have been written five hundred years ago. The earliest impression of that work (which I have seen) was printed in 1488: * in that edition the history of *Appolonius King of Tyre* makes the 153d chapter. It is likewise related by Gower in his *Confessio Amantis*, lib. viii. p. 175—185, edit. 1554. The Rev. Dr. Farmer has in his possession a fragment of a MS. poem on the same subject, which appears, from the handwriting and the metre, to be more ancient than Gower. The reader will find an extract from it at the end of the notes. There is also an ancient romance on this subject, called *Kyng Appolyn of Thyre*, translated from the French by Robert Copland, and printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1510. In 1576 William Howe had a licence for

* There are several editions of the *Gesta Romanorum* before 1488. Douce.

printing "*The most excellent, pleasant, and variable Historie of the strange Adventures of Prince Appolonius, Lucine his wyfe, and Tharsa his daughter.*" The author of *Pericles* having introduced Gower in his piece, it is reasonable to suppose that he chiefly followed the work of that poet. It is observable, that the hero of this tale is, in Gower's poem, &c. in the present play, called *Prince of Tyre*; in the *Gesta Romanorum*, and Copland's prose romance, he is entitled *King*. Most of the incidents of the play are found in the *Conf. Amant.* and a few of Gower's expressions are occasionally borrowed. However, I think it is not unlikely, that there may have been (though I have not met with it) an early prose translation of this popular story, from the *Gest. Roman.* in which the name of Appolonius was changed to Pericles; to which, likewise, the author of this drama may have been indebted. In 1607 was published at London, by Valentine Sims, "The patterne of painful adventures, containing the most excellent, pleasant, and variable historie of the strange accidents that befall unto Prince Appolonius, the lady Lucina his wife, and Tharsia his daughter, wherein the uncertaintie of this world and the fickle state of man's life are lively described. Translated into English by T. Twine, Gent." I have never seen the book, but it was without doubt a re-publication of that published by W. Howe in 1576.

Pericles was entered on the Stationers' books, May 2, 1608, by Edward Blount, one of the printers of the first folio edition of Shakespeare's plays; but it did not appear in print till the following year, and then it was published not by Blount, but by Henry Gosson; who had probably anticipated the other, by getting a hasty transcript from a play-house

house copy. There is, I believe, no play of our author's, perhaps I might say, in the English language, so incorrect as this. The most corrupt of Shakspeare's other dramas, compared with *Pericles*, is purity itself. The metre is seldom attended to; verse is frequently printed as prose, and the grossest errors abound in almost every page. I mention these circumstances, only as an apology to the reader for having taken somewhat more licence with this drama than would have been justifiable, if the copies of it now extant had been less disfigured by the negligence and ignorance of the printer or transcriber. The numerous corruptions that are found in the original edition in 1609, which have been carefully preserved and augmented in all the subsequent impressions, probably arose from its having been frequently exhibited on the stage. In the four quarto editions it is called *the much admired play of PERICLES PRINCE OF TYRE*; and it is mentioned by many ancient writers as a very popular performance; particularly by the author of a metrical pamphlet, entitled *Fymlico or Run Redcap*, in which the following lines are found:

"Amaz'd I stood, to see a crowd

"Of civil throats stretch'd out so loud:

"As at a new play, all the rooms

"Did swarm with gentles mix'd with grooms;

"So that I truly thought all these

"Came to see *Shore* or *Pericles*."

In a former edition of this play I said, on the authority of another person, that this pamphlet had appeared in 1596; but I have since met with the piece itself, and find that *Fymlico*, &c. was published in 1609. It might, however, have been a republication.

NOTES TO

The prologue to an old comedy called *The no-*
has lost his Pearl, 1614, likewise exhibits a proof
 of this play's uncommon success. The poet speak-
 ing of his piece, says:

"—— if it prove so happy as to please.
 "We'll say 'tis fortunate, like *Pericles*."

By *fortunate*, I understand *highly successful*.
 The writer can hardly be supposed to have meant
 that *Pericles* was popular rather from accident than
 merit; for that would have been but a poor eulogy
 on his own performance.

An obscure poet, however, in 1652, insinuates
 that this drama was ill received, or at least that it
 added nothing to the reputation of its author:

"But Shakespeare, the plebeian driller, was
 "Founder'd in his *Pericles*, and must not pass."
Verses by J. Tatham, prefixed to Rich-
 ard Brome's *Jovial Crew*, or *the*
Merry Beggars, &c. 1652.

The passages above quoted shew that little credit
 is to be given to the assertion contained in these
 lines; yet they furnish us with an additional proof
 that *Pericles*, at no very distant period after Shak-
 speare's death, was considered as unquestionable
 his performance.

In *The Times displayed in Six Sestiads*, 4
 1646, dedicated by S. Shephard to Philip Ear-
 Pembroke, p. 22, Sestiad VI. stanza 9, the au-
 thus speaks of our poet and the piece before us

"See him, whose tragick scenes Euripides
 "Doth equal, and with Sophocles we may
 "Compare great Shakspeare; Aristophanes
 "Never like him his fancy could display
 "Witness *The Prince of Tyre*, his *Per-*
 "His sweet and his to be admired lay

"He wrote of lustful Tarquin's rape, shows he
 "Did understand the depth of poesie."

For the division of this piece into scenes I am responsible, there being none found in the old copies. MALONE.

The History of *Apollonius King of Tyre* was supposed by Mark Welser, when he printed it in 1595, to have been translated from the Greek, a thousand years before. [Fabr. Bib. Gr. v. p. 821.] It certainly bears strong marks of a Greek original, though it is not (that I know) now extant in that language. The rythmical poem, under the same title, in modern Greek, was re-translated (if I may so speak) from the Latin — *απο Λατινικης εις Ρωμαικην γλωσσαν*. Du Fresne, *Index Author. ad Gloss. Græc.* When Welser printed it, he probably did not know that it had been published already (perhaps more than once) among the *Gesta Romanorum*. [In an edition, which I have, printed at Rouen in 1521, it makes the 154th chapter. Towards the latter end of the XIIth century, Godfrey of Viterbo, in his *Pantheon* or Universal Chronicle, inserted this romance as part of the history of the third Antiochus, about 200 years before Christ. It begins thus [MS. Reg. 14. C. xi.]:

"Filia Seleuci regis stat clara decore,

"Matreque defunctâ pater arait in ejus amore.

"Res habet effectum, pressa puella dolet."

The rest is in the same metre, with one pentameter only to two hexameters.

Gower, by his own acknowledgement, took his story from the *Pantheon*; as the author (whoever he was) of *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, professes to have so lowed Gower. TYRWHITT.

There are three French translations of this story; 1. — "*La Chronique d'Appollin, Roy de Thyre*."

4to. Geneva, bl. l. no date; — and “Plaisante et agreable Histoire d’Appollonius Prince de Thyr en Affrique, et Roi d’Antioche; traduit par Gilles Corozet,” 8vo. Paris, 1530; — and (in the seventh volume of the *Histoires Tragiques*, &c. 12mo. 1604, par François Belle-forest, &c.) “Accidens diuers aduenus à Appollonie Roy des Tyriens: ses malheurs sur mer, ses pertes de femme & fille, & la fin heureuse de tous ensemble.”

In the introduction to this last novel, the translator says — “Ayant en main une histoire tirée du Grec, & icelle ancienne, comme aussi je l’ay recuellie d’un vieux livre écrit à la main,” &c.

But the present story, as it appears in Belle-forest’s collection, (Vol. VII. p. 113, & seq.) has yet a further claim to our notice, as it had the honour (p. 148-49.) of furnishing Dryden with the outline of his *Alexander’s Feast*. Langbaine, &c. have accused this great poet of adopting circumstances from the *Histoires Tragiques*, among other French novels, a charge, however, that demands neither proof nor apology.

The popularity of this tale of Apollonius, may be inferred from the very numerous MSS. in which it appears.

Both editions of Twine’s translation are now before me. Thomas Twine was the continuator of Phaer’s *Virgil*, which was left imperfect in the year 1558.

In Twine’s book our hero is repeatedly called — “Prince of Tyrus.” It is singular enough that this fable should have been republished in 1607, the play entered on the books of the Stationers’ Company in 1608, and printed in 1609.

I must still add a few words concerning the piece in question.

Numerous are our unavoidable annotations on it. Yet it has been so inveterately corrupted by transcription, interpolation, &c. that were it published, like the other dramas of Shakspeare, with scrupulous warning of every little change which necessarily compels an editor to make in it, his comment would more than treble the quantity of his author's ext. If therefore the silent insertion or transposition of a few harmless syllables which do not affect the value of one sentiment throughout the whole, can obviate those defects in construction and harmony which have hitherto molested the reader, why should not his progress be facilitated by such means, rather than by a wearisome appeal to remarks that disturb attention, and contribute to diminish whatever interest might otherwise have been awakened by the scenes before him? If any of the trivial supplements, &c. introduced by the present editor are found to be needless or improper, let him be freely censured by his successors, on the score of rashness or want of judgement. Let the limrods of *ifs* and *ands* pursue him; let the champions of nonsense that bears the stamp of antiquity, couch their rusty lances at the desperate innovator. To the severest hazard, on this account, he would more cheerfully expose himself, than have it to be observed that he had printed many passages in *Pericles* without an effort to exhibit them (as they must have originally appeared) with some obvious meaning, and a tolerable flow of versification. The pebble which aspires to rank with diamonds, should at least have a decent polish bestowed on it. Perhaps the piece here exhibited has merit insufficient to engage the extremest vigilance of criticism. Let it on the whole, however, be considered legible, before its value is estimated, and

then its minutiae (if they deserve it) may become objects of contention. The old perplexed and viti-
gated copy of the play is by no means rare; and
if the reader, like Pericles, should think himself
qualified to evaluate the intricacies of a riddle, he it
remembered, that the editor is not an Antiochus,
who would willingly subject him to such a labour.

That I might escape the charge of having attempt-
ed to conceal the liberties taken with this corrupted
play, have I been thus ample in my confession. I
am not conscious, that in any other drama I have
changed a word, or the position of a syllable, without
constant and formal notice of such deviations from
our author's text.

To these tedious prolegomena may I subjoin that,
in consequence of researches successfully urged by
poetical antiquaries, I should express no surpris-
if the very title of the piece before us were here-
after, on good authority, to be discarded? Some
lucky rummages among papers long hoarded up,
have discovered as unexpected things as an author's
own manuscript of an ancient play. That indeed of
Tancred and Gismund, a much older piece, (and
differing in many parts from the copy printed in
1592) is now before me.

It is almost needless to observe that our drama-
tick *Pericles* has not the least resemblance to his
historical namesake; though the adventures of the
former are sometimes coincident with those of
Pyrocles, the Hero of Sidney's *Arcadia*; for the
sincere, fugitive, shipwrecked, musical, kind,
despairing Prince of Tyre is an accomplished knight
of romance, disguised under the name of a statesman.

"Whose noblest eloquence
Winked at with a fierce demagogue,
Shook th' arsenal, and calm'd over Greece."

As to Sidney's *Pyrocles*, — *Tros*, *Tyriusve*, —

"The world was all before him, where to choose

"His place of rest;"

at *Pericles* was tied down to Athens, and could not be removed to a throne in Phoenicia. No poet's license will permit a unique, classical, and conspicuous name to be thus unwarrantably transferred. A Prince of Madagascar must not be called *Pericles*, nor a Duke of Florence *Mithridates*; for such peculiar appellations would unseasonably remind us of their great original possessors. The laywright who indulges himself in these wanton and injudicious vagaries, will always counteract his own purpose. Thus, as often as the appropriated name of *Pericles* occurs, it serves but to expose our author's gross departure from established manners and historical truth; for laborious fiction could not designedly produce two personages more opposite than the settled demagogue of Athens, and the vagabond Prince of Tyre.

It is remarkable that many of our ancient writers were ambitious to exhibit Sidney's worthies on the stage; and when his subordinate agents were advanced to such honour, how happened it that *Pyrocles*, their leader, should be overlooked? Musidorus, (his companion,) Argalus and Parthenia, Calantus and Eudora, Andromana, &c. furnished titles for different tragedies; and perhaps *Pyrocles*, in the present instance, was defrauded of a like distinction. The names invented or employed by Sidney, had once such popularity, that they were sometimes borrowed by poets who did not profess to follow the direct current of his fables, or attend to the strict preservation of his characters. Nay, high was the credit of this romance, that many

and Gower, could have been
 room for a more favourite name; yet
 conciliating the name of *Pyrocles* might
 that of *Pericles* could challenge no adv
 regard to general predilection.

I am aware, that a conclusive argum
 be drawn from the false quantity in
 syllable of *Pericles*; and yet if the A
 in our author's mind, he might have
 by repeated translations from fragment
 poets in Sir Thomas North's *Plutarch*
 hero *Pericles*; as for instance, in th
 couplet:

"O Chiron, tell me, first, art thou
 the man

"Which did instruct *Pericles* thus
 answer if thou

Such therefore was the pronunciation of
 the name of *Pericles*.

s, * however ignorance or accident might sufficed the latter (a name of almost similar into the place of the former. The true when once corrupted or changed in the the- is effectually withheld from the publick; and ommentator on this play agrees in a belief must have been printed by means of a copy Deucalion off" from the manuscript which lived Shakspeare's revisal and improvement.

STREVERNS.

2; line 6. *Pentapolis.*] Tis is an imagi- y, and its name might have been borrowed me romance. We meet indeed in history *pentapolitana regio*, a country in Africa, g of *five cities*; and from thence perhaps velist furnished the sounding title of *Pen-* which occurs likewise in the 37th chapter g *Appolyn of Tyre*, 1510., as well as in the *Gesta Romanorum*, and Twine's trans- om it.

uld not, however, be concealed, that *Pen-* is also found in an ancient map of the MS. in the Cotton Library, British Mu- iberius, B. V.

the reader may know through how many the scene of this drama is dispersed, it is to observe that *Antioch* was the metro-

a theatrical mistake will not appear improbable e reader who recollects that in the fourth scene of rat act of the Third Part of *King Henry VI.* in- of „tigers of *Hircania*,—the players have given „tigers of *Arcadia*.” Instead of “an *Ac*,” in *John*, — „an *ace*” Instead of “*Panthion*,” in *The Gentlemen of Verona*, — „*Panthion*.” Instead of *terr*,” in *Cymbeline*, — “*Paladour*” was continued all the editions till that of 1775.

polis of Syria; *Tyre*, a city of Phoenicia; *Tarsus*, the metropolis of Cilicia in Asia Minor; *Mitylene*, the capital of the island in the Aegean Sea; and *Ephesus*, the capital of Ionia, a country of the Ionian Sea.

"PENTAPOLIN of the naked arm
a romance alluded to by Cervantes
Don Quixote, Vol. I. p. 144, 4to.

P. 3, l. 7. *To sing a song of*
I do not know that *old* is by any
verbially. We might read:

To sing a song of old
i. e. *that of old*, &c.

But the poet is so licentious in that
he has attributed to Gower in that
have not ventured to make any change.

I have adopted Mr. Malone's emendation
was evidently wanted. STEVENS.

P. 3, l. 12. — *holy - ales*;] i.
inner, by whom this emendation was
ales. The old copy has -- *holy*
speeches were certainly intitled to read

P. 3, l. 13. *And lords and*
lives]

read — *in their lives*. The emendation
suggested by Dr. Farmer. MALONE.

P. 3, l. 15. and fol. *Purpose to*
rious;

Et quo antiquius, eo me
copy. —

The purchase is to make n

There is an irregularity of me

The old copies read — The purchase, &c. Mr. Steevens suggested this emendation. MALONE.

Being now convinced that all the irregular lines detected in *The Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Macbeth*, and *Pericles*, have been prolonged by interpolations which afford no additional beauties, I am become more confident in my attempt to amend the passage before us. Throughout this play it should seem to be a very frequent practice of the reciter, or transcriber, to supply words which, for some foolish reason or other, were supposed to be wanting. Unskill'd in the language of poetry, and more especially in that which was clouded by an affectation of antiquity, these ignorant people regarded many contractions and ellipses, as indications of some what accidentally omitted; and while they inserted only monesyllables or unimportant words in imaginary vacancies, they conceived themselves to be doing little mischief. Liberties of this kind must have been taken with the piece under consideration. The measure of it is too regular and harmonious in many places, for us to think it was utterly neglected in the rest. As this play will never be received as the entire composition of Shakspeare, and as violent disorders require medicines of proportionable violence, I have been by no means scrupulous in striving to reduce the metre to that exactness which I suppose it originally to have possessed. Of the same license I should not have availed myself had I been employed on any of the undisputed dramas of our author. Those experiments which we are forbidden to perform on living subjects, may properly be attempted on *dead ones*, among which our *Pericles* may be reckoned; being dead, in its present form to all purposes of the stage, and of no very promising life in the *present*.

The purpose is to make men glorious;

[Et bonum quo antiquius eo melius.] As I suppose

pose these lines with their context, to have originally stood as follows, I have so given them:

And lords and ladies, of their lives

Have read it as restoratives:

'Purpose to make men glorious;

Et quo antiquius, eo melius.

This innovation may seem to introduce obcurity; but in huddling words on each other, without their necessary articles and prepositions, the chief skill of our present imitator of antiquated rhyme appears to have consisted.

Again, old copy:

"This Antioch then, Antiochus the great

"Built up; this city, for his chiefest seat."

I suppose the original lines were these, and as such have printed them:

"This city then, Antioch the great

"Built up for his chiefest seat."

Another redundant line offers itself in the same chorus:

"Bad child, worse father! to entice his
own —"

which I also give as I conceive it to have originally stood, thus:

"Bad father! to entice his own —"

The words omitted are of little consequence, and the artificial comparison between the guilt of the parent and the child, has no resemblance to the simplicity of Gower's narratives. The lady's frailty is sufficiently stigmatized in the ensuing lines.

STEVENS.

P. 4, l. 3. (I tell you what mine authors say:)]

This is added in imitation of Gower's manner, and that of Chaucer, Lydgate, &c. who often thus refer

to the original of their tales. — These choruses resemble Gower in few other particulars. STEEVENS.

P. 4, l. 4. *This King unto him took a pheere*] This word, which is frequently used by our old poets, signifies a *mate* or companion. The old copies have — *peer*. For the emendation I am answerable. Throughout this piece, the poet, though he has not closely copied the language of Gower's poem, has endeavoured to give his speeches somewhat of an antique air. MALONE.

P. 4, l. 6. — *full of face*,] i. e. completely, exuberantly beautiful. A *full fortune*, in *Othello*, means a *complete*, a *large one*. MALONE.

P. 4, l. 13. Was, with long use, *account* no sin.] *Account* for accounted. STEEVENS.

P. 4, l. 15. Made many princes *thither frame*,] i. e. shape or direct their course thither. MALONE.

P. 4, l. 19. (*To keep her still, and men in awe*,)] The meaning, I think, is, not to keep her and men in awe, but, to keep her still to himself, and to deter others from demanding her in marriage. MALONE.

Mr. Malone has properly interpreted this passage.

STEEVENS.

P. 4, l. 22. 25. *So for her many a wight did die*,

As yon grim looks do testify.] This is an indication to me of the use of scenery in our ancient theatres. I suppose the audience were here entertained with the view of a kind of Temple-harbour Antioch. STEEVENS.

P. 4, l. 24. 25. *What now ensues, to the judgment of your eye*

I give, my cause who best can justify,] i. e. which (the judgment of your eye) best can

224 **NOTES TO PERICLES;**

justify, i. e. prove its resemblance to the ordinary course of nature. STEVENS.

P. 4, l. 29. *Young Prince of Tyre,*] It does not appear in the present drama that the father of Pericles is living. By *Prince*, therefore, throughout this play, we are to understand *Prince regnant*. In the *Gesta Romanorum*, Apollonius is *King of Tyre*; and Appolyn, in Copland's translation from the French, has the same title. Our author, in calling Pericles a Prince, seems to have followed Gower. MALONE.

In Twine's translation he is repeatedly called "*Prince of Tyrus*." STEVENS.

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Musick, bring in our daughter clothed like a bride,—

The metre proves decisively that the word *musick* was a marginal direction, inserted in the text by the mistake of the transcriber or printer. MALONE.

P. 5, l. 6-9. *At whose conception, (till Lucina reign'd,)*

*Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence,
The senate house of planets all did sit,
To knit in her their best perfections.*] It appears to me, that by her *conception*, Shakspeare means her *birth*; and that *till* is here used in the sense of *while*.

The meaning of the passage, according to my apprehension, is this: — "At whose birth, during the time of her mother's labour, over which Lucina was supposed to preside, the planets all sat in council in order to endow her with the rarest perfections." And this agrees with the principles of judicial astrology, a folly prevalent in Shakspeare's time, accord-

ing, to which the beauty, the disposition, as well as the fortune of all human beings, was supposed to depend upon the aspect of the stars at the time they were born, not at the time in which they were conceived. M. MASON.

Perhaps the error lies in the word *conception*, and instead of it we ought to read *concession*. The meaning will then be obvious, and especially if we adopt Mr. M. Mason's sense of the preposition *till*.

This change of a word allows the sense for which Mr. M. Mason contends, and without his strange supposal, that by her *conception*, was meant her *birth*. STEEVENS.

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Of every virtue] I cannot help suspecting some deep corruption in the words of Pericles: With what propriety can a lady's *thoughts* be styled — *the King of every virtue*, &c.? Let the reader exert his sagacity on this occasion. STEEVENS.

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P. 5, l. 17. 18. — — *testy wrath*

Could never be her mild companion.] This is a bold expression: — *testy wrath* could not well be a mild companion to any one; but by *her mild companion*, Shakspeare means, the *companion of her mildness*. M. MASON.

P. 5, l. 27. Before thee stands this fair *Hesperides*,]

In the enumeration of the persons prefixed to this drama, which was first made by the editor of Shakspeare's plays in 1664, and copied without alteration by Mr.

Rowe, the daughter of Antiochus B, by a ridiculous mistake, called *Hesperides*, an error to which this line seems to have given rise. — Shakespeare was not quite accurate in his notion of the *Hesperides*, but he certainly never intended to give this appellation to the Princess of Antioch; for it appears from *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act IV. scene the last, that he thought *Hesperides* was the name of the garden in which the golden apples were kept; in which sense the word is certainly used in the passage now before us.

"For valour, is not love a Hercules,
"Still climbing trees in the *Hesperides*?"

In the first quarto edition of this play, this lady is only called *Antiochus' daughter*. If Shakespeare had wished to have introduced a female name derived from the *Hesperides*, he has elsewhere shown that he knew how such a name ought to be formed; for in *As you like it* mention is made of "*Haesperia*, the Princess' gentlewoman."

MALONE.

P. 5. l. 30. 31. *Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view*

A countless glory,] The countless glory of a face, seems a harsh expression; but the poet, probably, was thinking of the stars, the countless eyes of heaven, as he calls them in p. 7. MALONE.

Old copy — *Her countless, &c.* — I read — "*A countless glory, —*" i. e. her face, like the firmament, invites you to a blaze of beauties too numerous to be counted. In the first book of the *Corinthians*, ch. xv: "— there is another glory of the stars." STEVENS.

P. 5, last l. And which, without desert, because
thine eye

FRAN-

PRINCE OF TYRE.

Presumes to reach *all thy whole heap* — *thy whole mass must be destroyed.* There seems to have been an opposition intended. *Thy whole heap*, thy body must suffer for the offence of a part, thine. The word *bulk*, like *heap* in the present passage, was used for *body* by Shakspeare and his contemporaries. MALONE.

P. 6, l. 7-8. *And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist,*

For going on death's net, whom none resist.] Thus the old copies, and rightly. Mr. Malone would read — *From going, &c.* but *for going* means the same as *for fear of going*. It were easy to subjoin a crowd of instances in support of this original reading.

STEEVENSON.

I would read — *in death's net.* PERCY.

P. 6, l. 11-12. *And by those fearful objects to prepare*

This body, like to them, to what I must be.] That is, — to prepare this body for that state to which I must come. MALONE.

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Malone has, really explained the meaning of this passage, but he has not shewn how the words, &c. SOL. XVIII.

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Malone has justly explained the meaning of this passage, but he has not shewn how the words, a

Of all said yet, *I wish thee happiness*
'Said is here apparently contracted for *assay*
i. e. tried, attempted. PERCY.

She cannot wish him more prosperous, with respect to the exposition of the riddle; than other persons who had attempted it before; for the necessary consequence of his expounding would be the publication of her own shame, and cannot suppose that she should wish him to succeed in that. The passage is evidently corrupt, and should probably be corrected by reading the line thus:

In all, save that, *may'st thou prosper*
prosperous!

In all, save that, *I wish thee happiness*.
Her father had just said to Pericles, that his life depended on his expounding the riddle; and his daughter, who feels a regard for the Prince, expresses it by deprecating his fate; and wishing

PRINCE OF TYRE.

success in every thing except that. She wishes he may not expound the riddle, but that his to do so may be attended with prosperous consequences. When we consider how licentious speare frequently is in the use of his particles may not perhaps be thought necessary to change the word *of*, in the beginning of these lines, the word *in*. There is no great difference in traces of the letters between *said* and *save*; the words *that* and *yet* have one common abbreviation, viz. *y^t*. M. MASON.

I have inserted Mr. M. Mason's conjecture in text, as it gives a more reasonable turn to the speech than has hitherto been supplied; and because it is natural to wish that the only words assigned to this lady, might have some apt and determinate meaning. STEEVENS.

P. 7, l. 10. *Sharp physick is the last;*] i. e. the intimation in the last line of the riddle that his life depends on resolving it; which he properly enough calls *sharp physick*, or a bitter potion.

P. 7, l. 21. — *to make man his lawful musick,*] i. e. to produce for man, &c. MALONE.

P. 7, l. 27. — *touch not, upon thy life,*] This is a stroke of nature. The incestuous King cannot bear to see a rival touch the hand of the woman he loves. STEEVENS.

Malefort, in Massinger's *Unnatural Combat*, expresses the like impatient jealousy, when Beaufort touches his daughter Theocrina, to whom he was betrothed. M. MASON.

P. 8, l. 3. *Blows dust* —] That is, which blows dust, &c. MALONE.

P. 8, l. 6-8. — — The blind mole casts

Copp'd hills towards heaven,] i. e. rising to a top or head. *Copped Hall*, in Essex, was so named from the lofty pavilion on the roof of the old house, which has been since pulled down. The upper tire of masonry that covers a wall is still called the *copping* or *coping*. High-crowned hats were anciently called *copatain hats*. STEEVENS.

P. 8, l. 8-10. — *the earth is wrong'd
By man's oppression;*] Old copies — *throng'd*. For this change I am answerable. STEEVENS.

P. 8, l. 10. 11. — *the poor worm doth die
for't.*] I suppose he means to call the *mole*, (which suffers in its attempts to complain of man's injustice) a *poor worm*, as a term of commiseration. The mole remains secure till he has thrown up those hillocks; which, by pointing out the course he is pursuing, enable the vermin-hunter to catch him.

STEEVENS;
P. 8, l. 19. *Heaven, that I had thy head!*] The speaker may either mean to say, *O, that I had thy ingenuity!* or, *O, that I had thy head, sever'd from thy body!* The latter, I believe, is the meaning. MALONE.

P. 8, l. 24. *Your exposition misinterpreting,*] Your exposition of the riddle being a mistaken one; not interpreting it rightly. MALONE.

P. 10, l. 11. 12. *Enough;*
*Lest your breath cool yourself, telling your
hugs;*] Old copy —
*Let your breath cool yourself, telling
your hugs.*

This passage is little better than nonsense; as it stands, and evidently requires amendment. The words are addressed, not to the Messenger, but to Thaliard, who has told the King that he may con

Pericles as already dead; to which the King
 28,

*Enough;
 Lest your breath cool yourself, tilling
 your haste.*

it is, "Say no more of it, lest your breath,
 scribing your alacrity, should cool your ar-
 29" The words *let* and *lest* might easily have
 confounded. M. MASON.

10, l. 29. 30. *Let none disturb us: Why
 this charge of thoughts?*
 ight was formerly used in the sense of mo-
 31 ly. MALONE.

folio 1654, reads *change*.
 what respect are the thoughts of Pericles *chan-*
 I would read "*—charge of thoughts*," i. e.
 of them, burthen, pressure of thought. The
 copy reads *change*. STEEVENS.
charge of thoughts, it seems was the old read-
 which I think preferable to the amendment.
change of thoughts Pericles means, that change
 disposition of his mind—that unusual pro-
 y to melancholy and cares, which he after-
 describes, and which made his body pine,
 a soul to languish. There appears, however,
 an error in the passage; we should leave
 the word *should*, which injures both the sense
 the metre, and read:

*Let none disturb us: why this change
 of thoughts?* M. MASON.

1, l. 13. — *but fear what might be done,*
 or of what might happen. MALONE.

1, l. 14. — *and cares it be not done.*
takes provision that it may not be done.
 MALONE.

P. 11, l. 24. *And with the ostent of war will
look so huge,]* Old
copies —

*And with the stent of war will look so
huge.* STREVERS.

Should not this be

And with th'ostent of war, &c.?

TYRWHITT.

The emendation made by Mr. Tyrwhitt is confirmed by a passage in *The Merchant of Venice*:

"Like one well studied in a sad ostent,

"To please his grandam." MALONE.

P. 11, l. 28-25. *Which care of them, not
pity of myself,*

*(Who am no more but as the tops of trees,
Which fence the roots they grow by, and
defend them,)*

*Makes both my body pine, and soul to
languish,*

*And punish that before, that he would
punish.}* Old copy —

*Which care of them, not pity of my-
self,*

*(Who once no more but as the tops of
trees,*

*Which fence the roots they grow by,
and defend them,}*

Makes &c.

I would read — *Who am no more, &c.* FARMER.

Pericles means to compare the head of a kingdom to the upper branches of a tree. As it is the office of the latter to screen the roots they grow by, so it is the duty of the former to protect his subjects who are no less the supporters of his dignity.

STREY

P. 12, l. 6. *To which that breath gives heat
and stronger glowing;]*
i. e. the breath of flattery. The old copy reads —
spark; the word, (as Mr. Steevens has observed,) being accidentally repeated by the compositor. He would read — that *wind*. MALONE.

This passage seems to be corrupt, as it stands, and the sense requires that we should read,

*To which that blast gives heat and
stronger glowing.*

Steevens agrees with me in the necessity of some amendment, but proposes to read *wind*, which I think not so proper a word as *blast*. M. MASON.

P. 12, l. 32. 33. — *heaven forbid,*

*That Kings should let their ears hear their
faults hid!]* Heaven forbid, that Kings should stop their ears, and so prevent them from hearing their secret faults! — To *let* formerly signified to *hinder*. MALONE.

I am not clear but that *let* is here used in its ordinary sense. "Forbid it, heaven (says Pericles) that Kings should *suffer* their ears to hear their failings palliated!" HOLT WHITE.

P. 13, l. 6-8. — *I went to Antioch,*

*Where, as thou know'st, against the face
of death,*

I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,]
Malone observes that *whereas* is frequently used by the old dramatick writers, instead of *where*, and he is certainly right; but the observation is not to the purpose on the present occasion; for the word *whereas* does not really occur in this passage, which should be printed and pointed as it stands.

Where is more frequently used for *whereas*, but not in this place. M. MASON.

P. 13, l. 9. 10. *From whence an issue I might propagate,*
Bring arms to Princes, and to subjects joys.] The meaning of this passage is clearly this: "From whence I might propagate such issue, as bring additional strength to Princes, and joy to their subjects." The expression is certainly faulty; but it seems to be the fault of the author, not the printer. I believe it was written as it stands. M. MASON.

P. 13, l. 15. 14. — the sinful father
Seem'd not to strike, but smooth:] To *smooth* formerly signified to *flatter*. MALONE.
 To *smooth* in this place means to *stroke*. They say in some countries *smooth*—instead of *stroke*, the cat. HOET WHITE.

P. 13, l. 21. 22. — *tyrants' fears*
Decrease not, but grow faster than their years:] Old copy—*the years*. Their suspicions outgrow their years; a circumstance sufficiently natural to veteran tyrants. The correction is mine. STEEVENS.

P. 13, l. 23-28. *And should he doubt it; (as no doubt he doth,)*
That I should open to the listening ear,
How many worthy Princes' bloods were shed,
To keep his bed of blackness unalaid ope, —
To lop that doubt, he'll fill this land with arms,
And make pretence of wrong that I have done him:] The quarto 1609, reads — *And should he doo't, &c.*

This is an apparent corruption. I should not hesitate to read — *doubt on't* — or, — *doubt it*. To *doubt* is to remain in suspense or uncertainty.

ould he *be in doubt* that I shall keep this secret, there is no doubt but he is,) why, to "lop that ubt," i. e. to get rid of that painful uncertainty, will strive to make me appear the aggressor, attacking me first as the author of some supposed injury to himself. STEVENS.

P. 14, l. 3. — *to grieve them.*] That is to ment their fate. The eldest quarto reads — *to iepe* for *them*. — But a rhyme seems to have en intended. MALONE.

P. 14, l. 28. — *convince,*] i. e. overcome.

MALONE.

P. 14, last l. *That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince,*

Thou show'dst a subject shine, I a true Prince.] *Shine* is by

r ancient writers frequently used as a substantive.

MALONE.

That the word *shine* may be used as a substantive, cannot be doubted whilst we have *sunshine* and *moonshine*. If the present reading of this passage be adopted, the word *shine* must necessarily be taken in that sense; but what the shine of subject is, it would be difficult to define. The difficulty is avoided by leaving out a single letter, and reading

Thou show'dst a subject shina, I a true Prince.

In this case the word *shine* becomes a verb, and the meaning will be: — "No time shall be able to sprove this truth, that you have shewn a subject a glorious light, and I a true Prince. M. MASON.

I can neither controvert nor support Mr. M. Mason's position, because I cannot ascertain, if *shine* considered as a verb, how the meaning he con-

tends for is deduced from the words before him.

STEEVENS.

P. 15, l. 7-10. — *he was a wise fellow, and had good discretion, that being bid to ask what he would of the King, desired he might know none of his secrets.*] Who this wise fellow was, may be known from the following passage in Barnabie Riche's *Souldier's Wishe to Britons Welfare, or Captaine Skill and Captaine Pill*, 1604. p. 27: "I will therefore commend the poet *Philipides*, who being demanded by King *Lisimachus*, what favour hee might doe unto him for that he loved him, made this answer to the King; that your Maiestie would never impart unto me *any of your secrets.*" STEEVENS.

P. 16, l. 3. But since he's gone, the King it sure must *please*, i. e. must *do their pleasure*; must treat him as they will. MALONE.

P. 17, l. 12. For riches, *strew'd herself even in the streets*]. For, in the present instance; I believe, means — *with respect to, with regard to riches.* STEEVENS.

Shakspeare generally uses *riches* as a singular noun. MALONE.

I should propose to read *richness*, instead of *riches*, which renders the passage not only correct, but much more poetical.

Malone must also prove that he uses *riches* to express a *person*, or it will not agree with the word *herself*, or answer in this place. This last line should be in a parenthesis. M. MASON.

P. 17, l. 16. *Whose men and dames so jetted and adorn'd,*] To jet *is to strut, to walk proudly.* STEEVENS.

P. 17, l. 31 - 33. *These palates, who not yet
two summers younger,
Must have inventions to delight the taste,
Would now be glad of bread, and beg for
it:]* The passage is so

corrupt in the old copy, that it is difficult even to form a probable conjecture about it. It reads — who not yet *two savers younger*. The words [not *us'd to hunger's savour*] which I have inserted in my text, afford sense, and are not very remote from the traces of the original letters; and *savour* and *hunger* might easily have been transposed. We have in a subsequent scene:

"All *viands* that I eat, do seem un-
savoury."

I do not, however, propose this emendation with the smallest confidence; but it may remain till some less exceptionable conjecture shall be offered.

MALONE.

The old reading is evidently erroneous, but the change of a single word, the reading of *summers*, instead of *savers*, gives us what certainly the author wrote:

*Those palates who not yet two sum-
mers younger, &c.*

That is, "Those palates, who less than two years ago, required some new inventions of cookery to delight their taste, would now be glad of plain bread." M. MASON.

I have inserted Mr. M. Mason's emendation in the text. In *Romeo and Juliet* our author also computes time by the same number of *summers*.

STEVENS.

P. 17, l. 34. *Those mothers who, to nurse
up their babes,]* I
would read — *nurse*. A fondling is still called

fasting-days, and moreo'er puddings and flap-jacks;] In the old copy this passage is strangely corrupted. It reads — *flesh for all days*, fish for fasting days; and *more*, or puddings and flap-jacks. Dr. Farmer suggested to me the correction of the latter part of the sentence: for the other emendation I am responsible. Mr. M. Mason would read — *flesh for ale-days*: but this was not, I think, the language of the time; though *ales* and *church-ales* was common. MALONE.

I suppose counties a *flap-jack* signifies an apple-puff; but anciently it seems to have meant a *pan-cake*. But, whatever it was, mention is made of it in Smith's *Sea Grammar*, 1627: "For when a man is ill, or at the point of death, I would know whether a dish of buttered rice with a little cinnamon, ginger, and sugar, a little minced meat, or rost beefe, a few stewed prunes, a race of greene ginger, a *flap-jacks*, &c. bee not better than a little poore John," &c. STEEVENS.

P. 25, l. 12. 13. — *and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for — his wife's soul.*] The fisherman means; I think, to say, — "What a man cannot get, there is no law against giving, to save his wife's soul from purgatory."

FARMER.

It is difficult to extract any kind of sense from this passage, as it stands, and I don't see how it can be amended. Perhaps the meaning may be this: — "And what a man cannot accomplish, he may lawfully endeavour to obtain;" as for instance, his wife's affection.

With respect to Farmer's explanation, I cannot conceive how a man can give what he cannot get besides, if the words were capable of the meaning he supposes, they would not apply to any

it had passed, or been said before; and this herman is a shrewd fellow, who is not supposed speak nonsense. M. MASON.

P. 25, l. 18. — *bots on't,*] The *bots* are the orms that breed in horses. This comick excrement was formerly used in the room of one less-cent. MALONE.

See the *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, in the d song of *Miller of Mansfield*, Part II. line 65:

"Quoth Dick, a *bots* on you." PERCY.

P. 25, l. 24. *And, though it was mine own,*] e. *And I thank you, though it was my own.*

MALONE.

P. 25, l. 29. The *brace* is the armour for the m. STEEVENS.

P. 26, l. 12. *And if that ever my low, fortunes better,*] Old

py:

And if that ever my low fortune's better, —

e should read — "My low fortunes better." *etter* is in this place a verb, and *fortunes* the plural number. M. MASON.

P. 26, l. 25. *And spite of all the rapture of the sea,*] We might

ad (with Dr. Sewel)

— *spite of all the rapture of the sea,* that is, — notwithstanding that the sea hath *ra-sh'd* so much from me. But the old reading is sufficiently intelligible. MALONE.

I am not sure but that the old reading is the ne one. We still talk of the *breaking* of the t, and the *breakers*. What is the *rupture* of the sea, but another word for the breaking of it? *rupture* means any solution of continuity.

STEEVENS.

P. 26; l. 30. 31. — *I yet am unprovided
Of a pair of bases.*] *Bases* appear to have
been a kind of loose breeches. Thus, in the first
Book of Sidney's *Arcadia*: "About his middle he
had, instead of *bases*, a long cloak of silke," &c.
— Again, in the third Book: "His *bases* (which
he wore so long, as they came almost to his ankle,
were embroidered onely with blacke worms, which
seemed to cawle up and downe, as readie already
to devour him." — It is clear from these passages,
that *bases* (as if derived from *Bas*, Fr. a stocking,
as I formerly supposed,) cannot mean any kind of
defensive covering for the legs.

In this concluding observation the late Captain
Grose agreed with me; though at the same time
he confessed his inability to determine, with any
degree of precision, what *bases* were.

Johnson tells us, in his Dictionary, that *bases*
are part of any ornament that hangs down as hous-
ings, and quotes a passage from Sidney's *Arcadia*:
"Phalantus was all in white, having his *bases* and
caparisons embroidered:" — and to confirm this
explanation it may be observed, that the [lower]
valances of a bed are still called the *bases*.

M. MASON.

Bases, signified the *housings* of a horse, and
may have been used in that sense here. MASON.

P. 27, l. 7. *Are the knights ready to begin
the triumph?*] A
triumph, in the language of Shakspeare's time,
signified any publick show, such as a *May* or
Revel, &c. Thus, in *King Richard II.*

"— hold those *juits* and *triumphs*?"

BRITANNIA.

P. 27, l. 10. *Remember them, we are ready*

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return them notice, that we are ready, &c.

PERCY.

27, l. 24. *Which, to preserve mine honour,
I'll perform.*] Perhaps

should read — to *prefer*, i. e. advance. PERCY.

27, last l. The word, *Lux tua vita mihi*,
at we now call the motto, was sometimes
called the *word* or *mot* by our old writers. *Id.*

, French. These Latin mottos may perhaps
be urged as a proof of the learning of Shakspeare,
as an argument to shew that he was not the
author of this play; but tournaments were so fashion-
able and frequent an entertainment in the time of
Queen Elizabeth, that he might very easily have
been furnished with these shreds of literature.

MALONE.

28, l. 7. 8. The motto thus, in Spanish, *Piu
per dulçura que per fuerça.*]

It is, *more by sweetness than by force.* The
author should have written *Mas per dulçura*, &c.

in Italian signifies *more*; but, I believe, there
is no such Spanish word. MALONE.

28, l. 13. — *Me pompæ provexit apex.*]
the old copies have — *Mé Pompey* &c. Whether

should amend these words as follows — *me
pompæ provexit apex*, — or correct them thus —

Pompæ provexit apex, I confess my ignorance.
wreath of chivalry, in its common sense, might

be the desert of many knights on many various
occasions; so that its particular claim to honour

the present one is not very clearly ascertained.
If the wreath declares of itself that it was once

ornament of Pompey's helm, perhaps here may
be some allusion to those particular marks of

action which he wore after his bloodless victory
over the Cilician pirates:

114 **NOTES TO PERICLES;**

"Et vicis cedat *piratica laurea Gallæ*."

STEEVENS.

Stevens is clearly right in reading *pompæ*, instead of *Pompey*, and the meaning of the knight in the choice of his device and motto seems to have been, to declare that he was not incited by love to enter the lists, but by the desire of glory, and the ambition of obtaining the wreath of victory which Thaisa was to bestow upon the conqueror.

M. MASON.

P. 28, l. 15. *What is the fourth?*] i. e. What is the fourth device. MALONE.

P. 29, l. 5. — the *whipstock*,] i. e. the cart-er's whip. STEEVENS.

P. 29, l. 11. 22. Opinion's but a fool, *that*
maken us scan

The outward habit by the inward man.] i. e. that makes us scan the inward man by the outward habit. This kind of inversion was formerly very common. MALONE.

Why should we not read —

"The *inward* habit by the *outward*
man."

The words were accidentally misplaced. In the prose romance already quoted, the King says:
"—the habyte maketh not the religious man."

STEEVENS.

In my copy this line is quoted in an old hand as Mr. Stevens reads. FARMER.

I don't think any amendment necessary; but the passage should be pointed thus:

• "Opinion's but a fool, that makes us
scan

"The outward habit by, the inward man."

That is, that makes us scan the inward man, by the outward habit. M. MASON.

P. 30, l. 26. 27. — *all the viands that I eat
Do seem unsavoury, wishing him my
meat?*]

The plain meaning is, that she had rather have a husband than a dinner; that she wishes Pericles were in the place of the provisions before her; regarding him (to borrow a phrase from Romeo) as *the dearest morsel of the earth*. STEEVENS.

P. 31, l. 3. 4. *None that beheld him, but like
lesser lights,*

Did vail their crowns to his supremacy;]

This idea perhaps was caught from the *Revelations*, iv. 10: "And the four and twenty elders fell down before him that sat on the throne, and cast their crowns before the throne." STEEVENS.

P. 31, l. 5. *Where now his son's a glow-
worm in the night,]*

The peculiar property of the glow-worm, on which the poet has here employed a line, he has in *Hamlet* happily described by a single word: —

"The glow-worm shows the matin to
be near,

"And 'gins to pale his *uneffectual* fire."

MALONE.

P. 31, l. 13. 14. — *with a cup that's stor'd
unto the brim,]* The quarto, 1609, reads — *that's stur'd* unto the brim.

MALONE.

If *stirr'd* be the true reading, it must mean, as Milton expresses it, that the liquor

"—dances in its chrystal bounds."

But I rather think we should read — *stor'd*, i. e. replenished. So before in this play:

"Their tables were stor'd full."

STEEVENS.

P. 30, l. 15. (*As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips,*) i. e.

let the quantity of wine you swallow, be proportioned to the love you bear your mistress: in plainer English — *If you love kissing, drink a bumper.* The construction is — *As you love your mistresses' lips, so fill to them.* STEVENS.

Read — *fill to your mistresses.* FARMER.

P. 31, l. 28-30. — *and Princes, not doing so, Are like to gnats, which make a sound, but kill'd*

Are wonder'd at.] i. e. when they are found to be such small insignificant animals, after making so great a noise. PERCY.

The sense appears to be this. — When Kings, like insects, lie dead before us, our admiration is excited by contemplating how in both instances the powers of creating bustle were superior to those which either object should seem to have promised. The worthless monarch, and the idle gnat, have only lived to make an empty bluster; and when both alike are dead, we wonder how it happened that they made so much, or that we permitted them to make it: — a natural reflection on the death of an unserviceable Prince, who having dispensed no blessings, can hope for no better character.

I cannot, however, help thinking that this passage is both corrupted and disarranged, having been originally designed for one of those rhyming couplets with which the play abounds:

And Princes, not doing so, are like the gnat,

Which makes a sound, but kill'd is wonder'd at." STEVENS.

P. 31, l. 32. *We drink this standing bowl of wine to him.* A second

ing-bowl was a bowl resting on a foot. STEEVENS.

P. 32, l. 32. 33. — — — this
[*Loud musick is too harsh*] i. e. the loud
noise made by the clashing of their armour.

MALONE.
P. 33, first l. *So, this was well ask'd, 'twas
so well perform'd.*]
i. e. the excellence of this exhibition has justified
the solicitation by which it was obtained.

STEEVENS.
P. 34, l. 23 & fol. *See, not a man in private
conference,*

Orceani, has respect with him but he &c.]
To what this charge of partiality was designed to
conduct, we do not learn; for it appears to have
no influence over the rest of the dialogue.

STEEVENS.
P. 34, l. 32. *And be resolv'd, he lives to go-
vern us,] Resolv'd*
is satisfied, freed from doubt. MALONE.

P. 35, l. 1. 2. — *the strongest in our cen-
sure:]* i. e. the most
probable in our opinion. STEEVENS.

P. 35, l. 11. 12. — *I leap into the seas,
Where's hourly trouble, for a minute's
ease.]* The expression
is figurative, and by the words — *I leap into the
seas, &c.* I believe the speaker only means — *I
embark too hastily on an expedition in which
ease is disproportioned to labour.* STEEVENS.

P. 35, l. 20. 21. *Whom if you find, and
win unto return,*

You shall like diamonds sit about his

side, and crown'd with his

the concluding lines of a speech, perhaps they were meant to rhyme. We might therefore read:

— — — *and win unto renown,*

i. e. if you prevail on him to quit his present obscure retreat, and be reconciled to glory, you shall be acknowledged as the brightest ornaments of his throne. STEEVENS.

P. 35, l. 24. 25. And, since Lord Helicane enjoineth us,

We with our travels will *endeavour it*.] Endeavour what? I suppose, to find out Pericles. I have therefore added the syllable which appeared wanting both to metre and sense. STEEVENS.

The author might have intended an abrupt sentence. MALONE.

I would readily concur with the opinion of Mr. Malone, had passion, instead of calm resolution, dictated the words of the speaker. STEEVENS.

P. 36, l. 3. *Enter SIMONIDES, reading a Letter;*]

In *The Historie of King Appolyn of Thyre*, "two *kynges sones*" pay their court to the daughter of *Archystrates*, (the Simonides of the present play). He sends two rolls of paper to her, containing their names, &c. and desires her to choose which she will marry. She writes him a letter (in answer,) of which Appolyn is the bearer, — that she will have the man "which hath passed the dangerous undes and perylles of the sea — all other to refuse." The same circumstance is mentioned by Gower, who has introduced *three* suitors instead of *two*, in which our author has followed him. MALONE.

P. 36; l. 17. 18. *One twelve moons more she'll wear Diana's livery;*

This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd.
It were to be wished that Simonides (who is repre-

PRINCE OF TYRE.

24

sented as a blameless character) hat bit on some more ingenuoüs expedient for the dismission of these wooers. Here he tells them as a solemn truth, what he knows to be a fiction of his own.

P. 39, l. 8. *Even as my life, my blood that fosters it.* STREVERNA. *Even as my life loves my blood that supports it.* MALONE.

I cannot approve of Malone's explanation of this line: — To make a person of life, and to say it loves the blood that fosters it, is an idea to which I cannot reconcile myself.

Pericles means merely to say, that he loves Thaisa as his life, or as the blood that supports it; and it is in this sense that the editors of the quarto of 1619, and the subsequent copies, conceived the passage. — But the insertion of the word or was not necessary; it was sufficient to point it thus: *Even as my life; — the blood that fosters it.* M. MASON.

Will a preceding line (see p. 52) befriend the union of either commentator?
"Wishing it so much blood unto your life."

In my opinion, however, the sense in the text meant to coincide with that which is so much expressed in *Julius Caesar*:

"As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops That visit my sad heart." STREVERNA.

39, l. 17. *Gow. Now sleep yslaked hath the rout;* As Gower's lines are all in rhyme, it is clear that the old text is here corrupt. It first occurred to me that *Now sleep yslaked hath the rout;*

Now sleep yslaked hath the rout; But the mere transposition of carousal. But the mere transposition of

the latter part of the second line, renders any further change unnecessary. *Rout* is likewise used by Gower for a company in the tale of *Appolinus*, the *Pericles* of the present play:

"Upon a tyme with a route

"This lord to play goeth hym out."

MALONE.

P. 59, l. 18. 19. No din but snores, the home about,

Made louder by the o'er-fed breast] So *Virgil*, speaking of *Rhamnes*, who was killed in the midnight expedition of *Nisus* and *Euryalus*:

"*Rhamneten aggreditur, qui forte taptibus altis*

"*Exstructus, toto proflabat pectore somnum.*" STEEVENS.

P. 40, l. 5. — *the Lords kneel* —] The lords kneel to *Pericles*, because they are now, for the first time, informed by this letter, that he is King of *Tyre*. By the death of *Antiochus* and his daughter, *Pericles* has also succeeded to the throne of *Antioch*, in consequence of having rightly interpreted the riddle proposed to him. MALONE.

P. 40, l. 11. & fol. By many a dearn and painful perch,

Of Pericles the careful search

By the four opposing coignes,

Which the world together joins,

Is made, with all due diligence, &c.]

Dearn is direful, dismal. See *Skinner's Etymol.* in v. *Dere*. The word is used by *Spenser*. The construction is somewhat involved. *The careful search of Pericles is made by many a dearn and painful perch, — by the four opposing coignes, which join the world together; — with all due diligence, &c.* MALONE.

learn signifies *lonely, solitary*. A *perch* is a measure of five yards and a half. STEEVENS.

By the four opposing *coignes*,] By the four opposite *corner-stones* that unite and bind together great fabrick of the world.

In the passage before us, the author seems to have considered the world as a stupendous edifice, artificially constructed. — To seek a man in every corner of the *globe*, is still common language.

All the ancient copies read:

By the four opposing crignes, there is no such English word. For the ingenious emendation inserted in the text, which is induced by the change of a single letter, the reader is indebted to Mr. Tyrwhitt. MALONE.

. 40, l. 17. — *stead the quest*.] i. e. help, friend, or assist the search. STEEVENS.

. 40, l. 18. (*Fame answering the most strong inquire*,)] The old

reads — the most *strange* inquire; but it sure was not strange, that *Heracles*' subjects should solicitous to know what was become of him.

should certainly read — the most *strong* inquire; — this earnest, anxious inquiry. MALONE.

. 41, l. 7. — but fortune's mood] The old reads — but fortune *mov'd*. MALONE.

lov'd could never be designed as a rhyme to *d*. I suppose we should read — but fortune's *d*, i. e. disposition. STEEVENS.

. 41, l. 12. — — *well-a-near*!] This explanation is equivalent to *well-a-day*, and is still in Yorkshire, where I have often heard it.

A glossary to the *Praise of Yorkshire* &c., says, — *wellaneerin* is *lack-a-day*, or *aloe*.

Reed. . 41, l. 16. *I will relate*,] The further con-

See the note on the next page.

sequences of this storm I shall not desc

M

P. 41, l. 16-18. — *action may*

Conveniently the rest convey:

Which might not what by me is

i. e. which might not conveniently convey by me is told, &c. What ensues may conveniently be exhibited in action; but action could not have displayed all the events that I have related. MALONE.

P. 41, l. 19-21. *In your imagination*

This stage, the ship, upon whose

The sea-tost Prince appears to speak

is clear from these lines, that when the play originally performed, no attempt was made to exhibit either a sea or a ship. The ensuing and some others must have suffered considerably in the representation, from the poverty of the apparatus in the time of our author. The old has — *seas tost*. Mr. Rowe made the cor

M

The sea-tost Prince. —] The old copy reads the sea-tost *Pericles*. The transcriber mistook the abbreviation of *Prince*, for *Pericles*, a trisyllable which our present measures refuse to admit. STEEVENS.

P. 42, l. 12. 15. — — if it had

Conceit,] If it had *thought*. MALONE

P. 42, l. 22-24. — — *We, here below,*

Recall not what we give, and therein

Vie honour with yourselves.] Old

Use honour, &c.

I suspect the author wrote — *Vie honour* phrase much in use among Shakespeare contemporaries. Mr. M. Mason has of

same conjecture. I read, however, for the sake of measure, — *yourselves*. STEEVENS.
The meaning is evidently this: "We poor mortals recal not what we give, and therefore in that respect we may contend with you in honour." I have therefore no doubt but we ought to read;
And therein may
Vie honour with, &c.

The trace of the letters in the words *vie* and *se* is nearly the same, especially if we suppose that the *v* was used instead of the *u* vowel; which frequently the case in the old editions.

P. 42, l. 29. *Quiet and gentle thy conditions!* M. MASON.
ditions anciently meant *qualities*; dispositions
mind. MALONE.

P. 42, l. 30. *For thou'rt the rudeliest wel-*
cam'd to this world, copy — *welcome*. For, this correction I was
erable. MALONE.

42, l. 32. *Thou hast as chiding a nativity,* 42, l. 32.
is noisy a one. STEEVENS.

42, last l. *To herald thee from the womb;* 42, last l.
ld copy reads:

To harold thee from the womb: —
e emendation now made, the reader is in-
Mr. Steevens. This word is in many an-
books written *harold*, and *harauld*. See also
Interpreter, in v. Herald, Heralt, or Hq-
which puts Mr. Steevens's emendation beyond
MALONE.

first l. *Thy loss is more than can thy*
portage quit, already lost more (by the death of thy
than thy safe arrival at the port of life
rbalance, with all to boot that we can

give thee. *Portage* is used for gate or entrance in one of Shakespeare's historical plays. STEEVENS.

Portage is used in *King Henry V.* where it signifies an open space:

"Let it [*the eye*] pry through the *portage* of the head!"

Portage is an old word signifying a toll or impost, but it will not commodiously apply to the present passage. Perhaps, however, Pericles means to say, you have lost more than the *payment* made to me by your birth, together with all that you may hereafter acquire, can countervail. MALONE.

P. 45, l. 7. — I do not fear *the flaw*;] i. e. the blast. MALONE.

P. 43, l. 33. Slack the *bolins* there;] *Bowlines* are ropes by which the sails of a ship are governed when the wind is unfavourable. They are slackened when it is high.

They who wish for more particular information concerning *bolings*, may find it in *Smith's Sea-Grammar*, 4to, 1627, p. 23. STEEVENS.

P. 43, l. 20. — strong in *earnest*.] Old copy — strong in *eastern*. STEEVENS.

I have no doubt that this passage is corrupt, but know not how to amend it. MALONE.

I read, with Mr. M. Mason, (transposing only the letters of the original word,) — strong in *earnest*.

STEEVENS.

P. 43, l. 21. 22. *Therefore briefly yield her; for she must overboard straight.*] These words are in the old copy, by an evident mistake, given to *Pericles*. MALONE.

P. 43, l. 32-34. *Where, for a monument upon thy bones,*

And eye-remaining lamps, the helming whale,

*And humming water must o'erwheln thy
corpse,]* Old copies —

The *air-remaining lamps*, — STEEVENS.

Air-remaining, if it be right, must mean *air-hung*, suspended for ever in the air. In *King Richard II.* *right-drawn sword* is used for a sword drawn in a just cause; and in *Macbeth* we meet with *air-drawn dagger*. Perhaps, however, the author wrote — *aye-remaining*. MALONE.

The propriety of the emendation suggested by Mr. Malone, will be increased, if we recur to our author's leading thought, which is founded on the customs observed in the pomp of ancient sepulture. Within old monuments and receptacles for the dead, perpetual (i. e. *aye-remaining*) lamps were supposed to be lighted up. Thus, Pope, in his *Eloisa* :

"Ah hopeless, *lasting* flames, like those
that burn

"To light the dead, and warm th' un-
fruitful urn!"

I would however read:

And *aye-remaining lamps*, &c.

Instead of a monument erected above thy bones, AND perpetual lamps to burn near them, the spouting whale shall oppress thee with his weight, and the mass of waters shall roll with low heavy murmur over thy head. STEEVENS.

P. 44, l. 4. Bring me the *satin coffer*.] The old copies have — *coffin*. It seems somewhat extraordinary that Pericles should have carried a coffin to sea with him. We ought, I think, to read, as I have printed, — *coffer*. MALONE.

Satin coffer is most probably the true reading. So, in a subsequent scene:

"Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,
"Lay with you in your coffer."

One hundred coffers were taken down to the
 incident with such nearly simultaneous destruction of
 edition her account which formerly belonged to
 Katherine Howard when Queen and it is long
 throughout with some coloured satin most elegant
 lately quilted. A friend of mine had a large set
 of By the satin coffin however may be only
 most of the coffin employed in coffin coffins and
 other rich materials for dress. Thus we have a
 tea-chest, &c. from their contents. Thus we have a
 -described however, does not mean to bury his
 Queen in this coffin coffin, but to take from them
 the desire of state in which it seems she was a state
 weight of state. It appears likewise that her body
 was found in the chest vaulted and buried by the
 children. STEVENS. In the first of the

P. 44. 3. M. Alter the course for Tyre, and go to
 the course which is now for Tyre, and go to
 Tharsus. MALONE.

Re 44. 23. CERIMON,] In Twine's transla-
 tion is called a Physician. Our Author
 made a Lord of him. STEVENS. In the first of the
 10th of the 1st. Give this to the apothecary
 The recipe that Cerimon sends to the apothecar-
 y must suppose it is intended either for the
 men already mentioned, or for some of his
 patients. The preceding words show that it
 was designed for the master of the servants
 introduced here. MALONE. It is also introduced for
 -Perhaps this circumstance was introduced for
 other reason than to mark more strongly the
 above benevolence of Cerimon. For the poor
 who have just left the stage, kitchen the
 duty was designed. STEVENS. In the first of the
 45. 20. The very principals did
 blood action was designed to be introduced.

*And all to topple: pure surprise and fear
Made me to quit the house.*] The *principals* are the strongest rafters in the roof of a building. The second quarto, which is followed by the modern copies, reads corruptly — *principles*. If the speaker had been apprehensive of a general dissolution of nature, (which we must understand, if we read *principles*;) he did not need to leave his house: he would have been in as much danger without, as within.

All to is an augmentative often used by our ancient writers. It occurs frequently in the *Confessio Amantis*. The word *topple*, which means *tumble*, is again used by Shakspeare in *Macbeth*, and applied to buildings:

"Though castles *topple* on their wardens' heads." MALONE.

I believe this only means, *and every thing to tumble down*.

M. MASON.

P. 45, l. 23, *Husbandry* here signifies economical prudence. MALONE.

P. 45, l. 25-28, *But I much marvel that your Lordship, having Rich tire about you, should at these early hours*

Shake of the golden slumber of repose.] Thus the quarto, 1609; but the sense of the passage is not sufficiently clear. The gentlemen rose early, because they were but in lodgings which stood exposed near the sea. They wonder, however, to find lord Cerimon stirring, because he had rich tire about him; meaning perhaps a bed more richly and comfortably furnished, where he would have slept warm and secure in defiance of the tempest. The reasoning of these gentlemen should

VOL. XVIII. 17

NOTES TO READER,

rather have led them to say — such towers about
 300; i. e. a house or castle that could safely resist
 the assaults of weather. They left their mansion
 because they were no longer secure if they remained
 in it, and naturally wonder why he should have
 deserted his, who had no such apparent reason for
 deserting it and rising early. STEVENS.
 P. 45, last but one l. Canning means here
 knowledge. MALONE.

So, in Jeremiah, ix. 17: "Stand for cunning
 women that they may come." Again, in *Reveries*
and Juries:
 "Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning
 cooks." STEVENS.

P. 46, l. 15. The Fool and Death were prin-
 cipal personages in the old ballads. They are
 mentioned by our author in *Measure for Measure*.
 Malone: "— more than art death's fool." See

Malone (as I had been) is on this occasion
 misled by a positive and mischievous contradiction
 of Dr. Warburton. But I now am
 myself authorized to declare, on the strength
 of long and repeated enquiries, urged by numerous
 friends as well as myself, that no *Mortality*,
 which Death and the Fool were agents, ever ex-
 isted among the early French, English, or Italian ballad
 representations.

I have seen, indeed, (though present means
 reference to it are beyond my reach,) an old
 English print in which Death is exhibited in
 the act of plundering a miser of his bags, and
 a Fool (discriminated by his huddle, &c.) is at
 once behind, and gazing at the process.
 The following illustration on the same or

gh it applies more immediately to the allusion *Measure for Measure*, and has occurred too to stand in its proper place, may here, without glaring impropriety, be introduced:

— Merely, thou art *death's fool*;

For him thou labour'st by thy flight to
shun;

And yet run'st towards him swift.

As in a comment on these lines that Dr. Watson's *gratis dictum* concerning the *Pool* and *th*, made its first appearance.

he subsequent *notitias* are derived from two rent gentlemen, whose reports reflect a light each other.

1. Dunc, to whom our readers are indebted several happy illustrations of *Shakspeare*, sur-
name, that some years ago, at a fair in a large
cet town, he observed a solitary figure sitting
booth, and apparently exhausted with fatigue.

personage was habited in a close black vest,
led over with bones, in imitation of a skeleton.
my informant being then very young, and
lly uninitiated in theatrical antiquities, made
nquiry concerning so whimsical a phenome-

Indeed, but for what follows, I might have

induced to suppose that the object he saw,
nothing more or less than the hero of a well
va pantomime, entitled *Harlequin's Skeleton*.

his circumstance, however, having accidentally
led the ears of a venerable clergyman who is
more than eighty years of age, he told me

he very well remembered to have met with
another figure, above fifty years ago, at Sa-

ry. Being there during the time of some pub-
lic meeting, he happened to call on a surgeon at

by instant when the representative of Death

was brought in to be let blood, on account of the tumble he had had on the stage, while in the arms of his antagonist, a *Merry Andrew*, who anxiously attended him (dressed also in eldorado) to the phlebotomist's house. The same general curiosity a few days afterwards, prevailed to be a spectator of the dance in which our immortal was a performer. This dance, entirely consisted of *Death's* contrivance to surprize the *Merry Andrew*, and of the *Andrew's* efforts to elude the stratagems of *Death*, by whom at last he was overpowered; the performance being attended with such circumstances as to the exit of the Dragon of Wantley.

What Dr. Warburton therefore has said of the drama, is only known to be true of this, and the subject under consideration was more adapted to the latter than the formality and grimace, rather than dialogue, necessary to its exhibition. They who seek the last lingering remains of ancient modes of amusement, will rather trace them with success in the country, than in the neighbourhood of London, from whence even *Punch*, the legitimate successor of the old *Vice*, is annihilated.

It should seem, that the general idea of *ris-e-comick pas-dedeux* had been borrowed from the ancient Dance of *Machabre*, common to all Nations. *The Dance of Death*, a grotesque ornament to the cloisters, both here and in foreign parts, and the aforesaid combination of figures, though ascribed to Hans Holbein, was certainly of more remote than the times in which that painter is known to have flourished. Since the subject before us was

drawn from the ancient *Dance of Macabers*, which I conceive to have been acted in churches, not in a perfectly serious and moral way, it receives a completer illustration from an old initial letter belonging to a set of them in my possession, which is a dance of Death, infinitely more beautiful in point of design than even the celebrated one cut in wood and likewise ascribed to the graver Holbein. In this letter, the *Fool* is engaged in very stout combat with his adversary, and is actually buffeting him with a bladder filled with small pebbles, an instrument yet in fashion among Merry Andrews. It is almost unnecessary to add that these initials are of foreign workmanship; and the inference is, that such farces were common upon the continent, and are here alluded to by the artist. I should not omit to mention, that the letter in question has been rudely copied in an edition of *Stowe's Survey of London*.

DOUCE.

P. 47, l. 3. *How close 'tis caulk'd and bitum'd!* Bottom'd, which is the reading of all the copies, is evidently corruption. We had before: "Sir, we have a sheet beneath the hatch, caulk'd & bitum'd ready." MALONE.

P. 47, l. 15. *Apollo, perfect me in the character of a* Carmon. Having made physick his peculiar study, would naturally, in any emergency, invoke Apollo. On the present occasion, however, he addresses him as the brow of learning. MALONE.

P. 47, l. 18. *(If 'twill this coffin drive a-land,)* This uncommon phrase is repeatedly used in Twine's relation: "Then give thanks unto God, who my flight hath brought me a-land into your

262 NOTES TO PERICLES;

costs. Again: "—certaine pyrate which w come a land. STEEVENS.

P. 47, l. 20. — *mundane* — —] i. e. world
MALO

P. 47, l. 22. *She was the daughter of a King*
The author had, perhaps, the sacred writings
his thoughts: "Go see now this cursed won
and bury her; for she's a king's daughter."
Kings, ix. 30. MALONE.

P. 48, l. 5, 6. *The rough and woful mus*
that we have,

Comeq it to sound, beseech you.] Paul
in like manner in *The Winter's Tale*, when
pretends to bring Hermione to life, orders mus
to be played, to awake her from her trance.
also the physician in *King Lear*, when the K
is about to awake from the sleep he had fall
into, after his frenzy;

"Please you draw near; — *Louder*
musick there!"

MALO

P. 49, l. 13 - 14. *Your shafts of fortune, that*
they hurt you mortally

Yet glance full wand'ringly on us.]

the malice of fortune is not confined to yours
Though her arrows strike deeply at you, yet w
dering from their mark, they sometimes glance
us; as at present, when the uncertain state of T
deprives us of your company at Tharsus.

STEEVENS

P. 50, l. 8. *Your honour and your good*
teach me credit.]

copies — teach me to it, a weak reading, i
apparently corrupt. For the insertion of the
substitute I am answerable. I once show

I read.—*witch me to it*, a phrase familiar to Shakspeare.

Mr. Mason is satisfied with the old reading; thinks "the expression would be improved by giving out the participle *to*, which hurts the sense, and improving the metre." Then, says he, the text will run thus:

Your honour and your goodness teach me it, — STEVENS,

So, l. 9-12, *Till she be married, Madam, by bright Diana, whom we honour all; Unacissar'd shall this hair of mine remain, though I show will in't.* Old copy!

Unsister'd shall this hair of mine, &c.

more obvious and certain instance of error perhaps is not discoverable throughout our play.

ad, as in the text; for so is the present circumstance recited in Act V. and in consequence of which expressed at the present moment:

"— And now,

"*This ornament, that makes me look so dismal,*

"*Will I, my lov'd Marina, clip to form;*

"*And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd,*

"*To grace thy marriage day, I'll beautify.*"

hont the present emendation therefore, Peri- must appear to have behaved unaccountably: the binding power of a romantick oath could have been the motive of his long persistence strange a neglect of his person.

words—*unacissar'd* and *hair*, were easily changed for—*unsister'd* and *hair* as the manner

bly printed from it, both read *eaning*. The quarto reads *learning*. MALONE.

Read—*yearning* time. So, in *King Henry V*:

“— for Falstaff he is dead,

“And we must *yearn* therefore.”

To *yearn* is to feel internal uneasiness. The use of a woman's labour is still called, in low language—her *groaning* time—her *crying* out. Mr. Rowe would read—*eaning*, a term applicable only to sheep when they produce their young.

STANLEY.

Thaisa evidently means to say, that she was put ship-board just at the time when she expected to be delivered; and as the word *yearning* does not express that idea, I should suppose it to be wrong. The obvious amendment is to read,—*even at my yearning time*; which differs from it only by a single letter!—Or perhaps we should read,—*yielding time*. M. MALON.

P. 51, l. 11. — *until your date expire*.] Until you die. MALONE.

P. 51, l. 19. This chorus, and the two following scenes, have hitherto been printed as part of the third act. In the original edition of this play, the whole appears in an unbroken series. The editor of the folio in 1664, first made the division into acts and scenes (which has been since followed,) without much propriety. The poet seems to have intended that each act should begin with a chorus. On this principle the present division is made. However, however, interposing eight times, a chorus necessarily introduced in the middle of this and the ensuing act. MALONE.

P. 51, l. 27-30. — *who hath gain'd*

Of education all the grace,

Which makes her both the heart and place

2 NOTES TO PERICLES;

[Of general wonder.] Such an ~~admirable~~
 ender her the center and situation of general
 wonder. We still use the heart of oak for the
 central part of it, and the heart of the land in
 much such another sense. Shakespeare in Corio-
 lannus says, that one of his ladies is — "the spine
 and top of praise." STEEVENS.

Place here signifies residence. In this sense it
 was that Shakespeare, when he purchased his house
 at Stratford, called it *The New place*. MALONE.
 P. 52, first l. — earned praise,] Praise that
 has been well deserved. MALONE.
 P. 52, l. 5. *Even ripe for marriage fight;*
 The first quarto reads:

Even right for marriage sight;
 The quarto, 1619, and all the subsequent editions
 have —

Even ripe for marriage sight —
Sight was clearly misprinted for *fight*. MALONE
 I would read:

Even ripe for marriage rites. PRACEY
 Read — *fight*; i. e. the combats of Venus;
right, which needs no explanation. STEEVENS
 P. 52, l. 9. *Be't when she weav'd the she-
 silk*] The old c

read: *Be it when they weav'd, &c.*
 But the context shews that *she* was the au-
 word. To have praised even the hands of P
 would have been inconsistent with the
 scheme of the present chorus. In all the
 members of this sentence we find *Marina*
 mentioned:

"Or when she would, &c.
 " — or when she lute
 "She sung" &c. MALONE

bleided silk is untwisted silk, prepared to be
d in the weaver's *sley* or *slay*. PERCY.

P. 52, l. 10. *With fingers, long, small,
white, &c.*] So, in
ine's translation: "—beautified with a white
d, and fingers long and slender."

STEEVENS.

P. 52, l. 14. 15. — *and made the night-bird
mute,*

That still records with moan;] To record
iently signified to *sing*. "A bird (I am in-
med) is said to *record*, when he sings at first
r. to himself, before he becomes master of his
g. and ventures to sing out. The word is in
stant use with bird fanciers at this day."

MALONE.

P. 52, l. 15-17. — — or when

She would with rich and constant pen

Vail to her mistress Dian;] To *vail* is to
n, to do homage. The author seems to mean —
when she would compose supplicatory hymns to
zna, or verses expressive of her gratitude to
nyza.

We might indeed read — *Hail* to her mistress
n; i. e. salute her in verse. STEEVENS.
I strongly suspect that *vail* is a mis-print. We
ght read:

Wail to her mistress Dian.

to compose elegies on the death of her mother,
which she had been apprized by her nurse,
choride. MALONE.

P. 52, l. 19. — *absolute* —] i. e. highly ac-
mplished, perfect. MALONE.

P. 52, l. 19-21. — — — — 20

*With the dove of Paphos might the crow
Vie feathers white.*] Old copy

— — — — — 20 — — — — —
*The dove of Paphos might with thine own
 Vie feathers white.*

The sense requires a transposition of these words,
 and that we should read :

— — — — — 20 — — — — —
*With the dove of Paphos might the crow
 Vie feathers white.* M. MASON.

I have adopted Mr. M. Mason's judicious arrangement. STEPHENS.

P. 52, l. 25. — — — — — with *envy* rare,] *Envy* is frequently used by our ancient writers, in the sense of *malice*. It is, however, I believe, here used in its common acceptation. MALONE.

P. 52, l. 32. 33. The *pregnant* instrument of
 wrath
Preest for this blow.] *Pregnant*, in this instance, means *prepared*, *instructed*. It is used in a kindred sense in *Measure for Measure*,
 STEPHENS.

Pregnant is *ready*. So, in *Hamlet*:

"And crook the *pregnant* hinges of the
 knee, —"

Preest is *ready*; *pret*. Fr. MALONE.

P. 52, l. 33. 34. — — — — — The unborn *accents*:
I do commend to your content;] I am not sure that I understand this passage; but so quaint and licentious is the phraseology of our Poet-Gower, that perhaps he means — I wish you to find content in that portion of our play which has not yet been exhibited.

[Our author might indeed have written — can
 it be co-operation, your assistance in carrying
 our present delusion.] STEPHENS.

gained all the graces of English
mychorida could not have been her only nurse.
I would therefore read,

*Here comes she weeping for her
nurse's death.*

I have no doubt but we should adopt the
notions amendment suggested by Percy, with
difference only, the leaving out the word *for*,
is unnecessary, and hurts the metre. I
therefore read,

*Here she comes, weeping her old nurse's
death.* M. Mason

I have adopted Dr. Percy's amendment,
without Mr. M. Mason's attempt to improve
The word *for* is necessary to the metre, as *ab*
in the preceding line was a modern interpolation

I think *mistress* right. It
sense her

270 **NOTES TO VERICLES,**

which the grave of Lychorida was covered. *Used*
in old language meant garment. MALONE.

Before we determine which is the proper reading, let us reflect a moment on the business in which Marina is employed. She is about to strew the grave of her nurse Lychorida with flowers, and therefore makes her entry with propriety, saying,

No, no, I will rob Tellus, &c.

I. e. No, no, it shall never be said that I left the tomb of one to whom I owe so much, without some ornament. Rather than it shall remain undecorated, I will strip the earth of its robe, &c. The prose romance, already quoted, says "that always as she came homeward, she went and washed the tombe of her nurtyce, and kept it continually layre and clepe."

Though I do not recollect that the green hillock under which a person is buried, is any where called *their green*, my respect for Lord Glatton's opinion has in the present instance withheld me from deserting the most ancient text, however dubious its authority. STEEVENS.

I. 53, last but one l. Shall, as a chaplet, hang upon thy grave, &c.

The old copies read, — *Shall, as a carpet, &c.*

Mr. Steevens would read — *Shall as a chaplet, &c.* The word *hang*, it must be owned, favours this correction, but the flowers strew'd on the green-sward, may with more propriety be compared to a carpet than a wreath. MALONE.

Malone informs us that all the former copies read, *as a carpet*, which was probably the right reading: nor would Steevens have changed it if *chaplet* had he attended to the beginning of Marina's speech:

"I will rob Tellus of her weed,

"To strew thy grave with flowers;"

which corresponds with the old reading, not with his amendment. M. MASON.

Perhaps Mr. M. Mason's remark also might have been spared, had he considered that no one ever talked of *hanging carpets* out in honour of the dead. STEVENS.

P. 54, l. 3. *Whirring me from my friends.*] Thus the earliest copy; I think rightly. Subsequent impressions read—

Hurrying me from my friends.

Whirring or *whirring*, had formerly the same meaning. A bird that flies with a quick motion, accompanied with noise, is still said to *whirr* away.

MALONE.

P. 54, l. 8. — *your favours*—] i. e. countenance, look. STEVENS.

P. 54, l. 10: 11. *Give me your wreath of flowers, ere the sea mar it.*

Walk forth with Leonine:] i. e. ere the sea mar your walk upon the shore by the coming in of the tide, walk there with Leonine. We see plainly by the circumstance of the pirates, that Marina, when seized upon, walking on the sea-shore; and Shakspeare was not likely to reflect that there is little or no tide in the Mediterranean.

CHARLEMONT.

The words — *wreath of* — were formerly inserted in the text by Mr. Malone. Though he has since discarded, I have ventured to retain them.

STEVENS.

P. 54, l. 18. *With more than foreign heart.*] With the same warmth of affection as if I was his countrywoman. MALONE.

P. 54, l. 20. *Our paragon to all reported.* One

attention to what was best for you. STRAY
P. 54, l. 24, 25. — — — *reserve*

[That excellent complexion] To *reserve*
to guard; to *preserve* carefully. MALONE.
P. 55, l. 10-13. — *endur'd a sea*

That almost burst the deck, and fr
ladder-tackle

Wash'd off a canvas climber:] E
frequently used by our author in an active-

M

A canvas climber is a ship-boy. MALON

A canvas climber is one who climbs th
to furl, or unfurl, the *canvas* or *sails*. STR

Malone suspects that some line precedin
has been lost, but that I believe is not t
this being merely a continuation of Marin
scription of the storm which was interrupt
Leonine's asking her. *When was that?*

change of a single tense, (*wash'd for washes*), and the omission of the useless copulative *and*. The question of Leonine, and the reply of Marina, which were introduced after the words,

"That almost burst the deck," are just as proper in their present as in their former situation; but do not, as now arranged, interrupt the narrative of Marina. STEVENS.

P. 55, l. 35. They skip from *stem* to *stern*. The old copies read — From *stern* to *stern*. We certainly ought to read — From *stem* to *stern*.

P. 56, l. 24, 25. *These roving thieves, serve the great pirate Valdes*.]

Old copy — *roguing*. The Spanish armada, I believe, furnished our author with this name. Don Pedro de *Valdes* was an admiral in that fleet, and had the command of the great galleon of Andalusia. His ship being disabled, he was taken by Sir Francis Drake, on the twenty-second of July, 1588, and sent to Dartmouth. This play therefore, we may conclude, was not written till after that period. — The making one of this Spaniard's ancestors a pirate, was probably relished by the audience in those days. MALONE.

In Robert Greene's *Spanish Masquerado*, 1584, the curious reader may find a very particular account of this *Valdes*, who was commander of the Andalusian troops, and then prisoner in England. STEVENS.

We should probably read — *These roving thieves* — The idea of roguery is necessarily implied in the word *thieves*. M. MASON.

P. 57, l. 27, 28. *If there be not a conscience to be us'd in every trade, we shall never prosper.* The sentiments incident to vicious professions suffer.

little change within a century and a half. — This speech is much the same as that of *Mother Cole*, in *The Minor*: “Tip him an old trader! Mercy on us, where do you expect to go when you die, Mr. Loader?” STEEVENS.

P. 57, l. 22. Boul. *Ay, to eleven, and brought them down again.*] I have brought up (i. e. educated) says the Bawd, some eleven. Yes, (answers Boul.) to eleven, (i. e. as far as eleven years of age) and then brought them down again. The latter clause of the sentence requires no explanation.

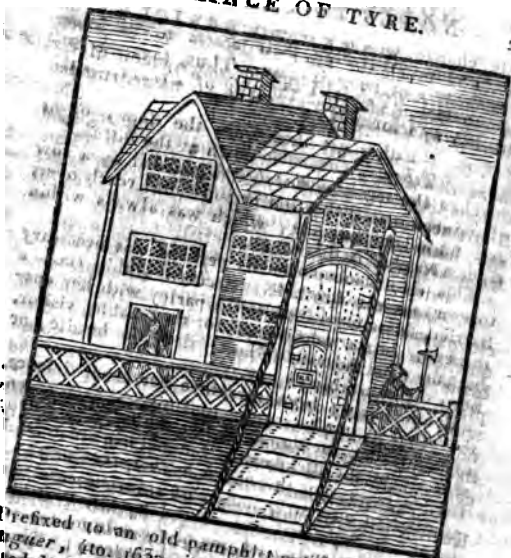
STEEVENS.

P. 57, l. 27. 28. — they're too *unwholesome o' conscience.*] The old copies read — *there's two unwholesome o' conscience.* The preceding dialogue shows that they are erroneous. The complaint had not been made of *two*, but of *all the stuff* they had. According to the present regulation, the pander merely assents to what his wife had said. The words *two* and *too* are perpetually confounded in the old copies. MALONE.

And by foreigners, I have seen in MS. an elegant English letter of Voltaire, addressed to Mr. Cradule in his tragedy of Zobeide, in which *to* is written for *two*. NICHOLS.

P. 58, l. 6. — *nor the commodity wages not with the danger:*] i. e. is not equal to it. Several examples of this expression are given in former notes on our author. STEEVENS.

P. 58, l. 8. 9. — *to keep our door hatch'd.*] The doors or hatches of brothels, in the time of our author, seem to have had some distinguishing mark. So, in *Cupid's Whirligig*, 1607: “Set some picks upon your *hatch*, and, I pray, profess to keep a bawdy-house.”



Prefix'd to an old pamphlet entitled *Holland's*
Leaguer, (1632), is a representation of a cele-
brated brothel, on the Bank-side near the Globe
playhouse, from which the above cut has been
made. We have here the *hatch* exactly delineated:
the man with the pole-ax was called the *Ruffian*.

MALONE.
The prospect from *Cupid's Whirligig*, and the
page in *Pericles* to which it refers, were ori-
ginally applied by me to the illustration of the
a *hatch* in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.
hatch is a half-door, usually placed within a
-door, admitting people into the entry of a

house, thus preventing their access to his tower apartments, or its stair-case. Thus, says the Syracusan Dramatist in *The Comedy of Errors*, to the Dromio of Ephesus:

"Either get thee from the door, or sit
down at the hatch."

When the top of a *hatch* was guarded by a row of pointed iron spikes, no person could reach over, and undo its fastening, which was always within side, and near its bottom.

This domestick portentis perhaps was necessary to our ancient brothels. Secured within such a barrier, Mrs. Overdone could parley with her customers; refuse admittance to the shabby visitor, bargain with the rich gallant; defy the beadle; or keep the constable at bay.

From having been therefore her usual defence, the *hatch* at last became an unequivocal denotement of her trade; for though the *hatch with a flat top* was a constant attendant on buttries in great families, colleges, &c. the *hatch with spikes on it* was peculiar to our early houses of amorous entertainment. Nay, as I am assured by Mr. Walsh, (a native of Ireland, and one of the composers engaged on the last edition of Shakspeare,) the entries to the Royal, Helifar, and Dublin baggies in the city of Dublin, still derive convenience or security from *hatches*, & the *spikes* of which are not surmountable.

This long explanation (to many readers unnecessary) is imputable to the preceding wooden wall from the repetition of which might have over-whelmed myself. As it is possible, however, that I stand in the predicament of poor Samson, could not discern the enchanted cat's paw so distinctly visible to his master's eye.

left our picture of an ancient brothel, where I found it. It certainly exhibits a house, a lofty door, a wicket with a grate in it, a row of garden-rails, and a drawbridge. As for *hatch*—let my readers try if they can find one.

I must suppose, that my ingenious fellow-labourer, on future consideration, will class his *hutch* with the *air-drawn dagger*, and join with me in Macbeth's exclamation—"There's no such thing."

Let me add, that if the *Ruffian* (as here represented) was an ostensible appendage to brothels, they must have been regulated on very uncommon principles; for instead of holding out allurements, they must have exhibited terrors. Surely, the *Ruffian* could never have appeared *nisi dignus vindice nodus inciderat*, till his presence became necessary to extort the wages of prostitution, or secure some other advantage to his employer.

The representation prefixed to *Holland's Leaguer*, has, therefore, in my opinion, no more authenticity to boast of, than the contemporary wooden cut illustrative of the *Siege of Troy*. STEEVENS.

P. 58, l. 12. — *other sorts offend as well as we.* From her husband's answer, I suspect the poet wrote—*Other trades, &c.* MALONE.

Malone suspects that we should read—*other trades*, but that is unnecessary; the word *sorts* has the same sense, and means *professions or conditions of life*. M. MALONE.

P. 58, l. 29. *I have gone thorough for this piece.* I have bid a high price for her, gone far in my attempt to purchase her. STEEVENS.

P. 58, l. 29. Bonl. *I cannot be paid one doit of a thousand pieces.* This speech should seem to suit the *Pirate*. However, it may belong to

Boult. — I cannot get them to *bate me* of a thousand pieces. MALONE.

P. 58, last but one l. — *that she may raw in her entertainment.*] *Unripe*; So, in *Hamlet*: "and yet but *raw* in respect of his quick sail." MALONE.

P. 59, l. 3, 4. — and cry, *He that most, shall have her first.*] The *primary* and secondary prostitution are exactly the old prose romance already quoted: "and make a crye through the cyte that o that shall enbabyte with her carnally, shall gyve me a pounde of golde, and echone a peny of golde." STERVENs.

P. 59, l. 8-12. Mar. *Alack, that Ie so slack, so*

(He should have struck, nor spoke these pirates

(Not enough barbarous,) had not

Thrown me, to seek my mother!]

the second *not* in the third verse was inserted by the compositor. Marina, means to say, Alas, how unlucky it was, mine was so slack in his office; or, he having to kill me, *how fortunate would it*

The original reading may stand, though with some harshness of construction. Also, how unfortunate it was, that Leonine was so merciful to me, or that these pirates *had not* thrown me into the sea to seek my mother.

If the second *not* was intended by the author, he should rather have written—*did not o'er-board throw me, &c.* MALONE.

P. 60, l. 7. 8. *I have drawn her picture with my voice.*] So, in *The Wife for a Month*, Evanthe says,

"I'd rather thou had'st deliver'd me to pirates,

"Betray'd me to incurable diseases,

"Hung up her picture in a market-place,

"And sold her to vile bayds!"

And we are told in a note on this passage, that it was formerly the custom at Naples to hang up the pictures of celebrated courtezans in the publick parts of the town, to serve as directions where they lived. Had not Fletcher the story of Marina in his mind, when he wrote the above lines?

M. MALONE.

The Wife for a Month, was one of Fletcher's latest plays. It was exhibited in May, 1624.

MALONE.

P. 60, l. 19:—*do you know the French knight that cowers i'the ham?*] To cower is to sink by bending the hams. STEEVENS.

P. 60, l. 21 - 23. — *he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.* If there were no other proof of Shakspeare's hand in this piece, this admirable stroke of humour would furnish decisive evidence of it. MALONE.

P. 60, l. 25. — *here he does but repair*
To repair here means to *renovate*. MALON

P. 60, l. 26. — *he will come in our sh*
to scatter his crowns in the sun.] There is
 perhaps some allusion to the *lues venerea*, &
 the words *French crowns* in their literal ac-
 tion were certainly also in Boul's thoughts.

I see frequently in our author's plays. MAL
 I see no allusion in this passage to the F
 disease, but merely to French crowns in a
 sense, the common coin of that country.

Boul had said before, that he had proc
 the beauty of Marina, and drawn her picture
 his voice. He says, in the next speech, tha
 such a sign as Marina, they should draw
 traveller to their house, considering Marin
 rather the picture he had drawn of her, as th
 to distinguish the house, which the bawd
 count of her beauty calls the sun: and the in
 of the passage is merely this: — "that the
 knight will seek the shade or shelter of their
 to scatter his money there." — But if we r
 slight alteration in this passage, and read "t
 shadow," instead of "*in our shadow*," it wil
 be capable of another interpretation. *On our*
dow may mean, *on our representation* &
scription of Marina; and the *sun* may me
real sign of the house. For there is a pas
The Custom of the Country, which gives
 to imagine that the sun was, in former tim
 usual sign of a brothel.

When Sulpitia asks, "What is become
 Dane?" Jacques replies, "What! goldy
 he lies at the sign of the sun to be new-bree

Mr. M. Mason's note is too ingenio

omitted; and yet, where humour is forced, (as in present instance,) it is frequently obscure, and especially when vitiated by the slightest typographical error or omission. All we can with certainty infer from the passage before us is; that an opposition between *sun* and *shadow*, was designed.

STEEVENS.

P. 60, l. 28. 29. — *if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with his sign.*] If a traveller from every part of the globe were to assemble in Mitylene, they would all resort to this house, while we had such a sign to it as this virgin. This, I think, is the meaning. A similar eulogy is pronounced on Imogen in *Cymbeline*: "She's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit." Perhaps there is some allusion to the constellation *Virgo*. MALONE.

P. 61, l. 2. — *a mere profit.*] i. e. an absolute, a certain profit. MALONE.

P. 61, l. 7-9. *Thou say'st true, i'faith, so they must: for your bride goes to that with shame, which is her way to go with warrant.*] You say true; for even a bride, who has the sanction of the law to warrant her proceeding, will not surrender her person without some constraint. *Which is her way to go with warrant*, means only — *to which she is entitled to go*. MALONE.

P. 63, l. 24. 25. — *thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels.*] Thunder is not supposed to have an effect on fish in general, but on eels only; which are roused by it from the mud, and are therefore more easily taken. So, in Marston's *Satires*:

"They are nought but eeles, that never
will appeare,

"Till that tempestuous winds, or thunder,
teare

"Their slimy beds," L. II. Sat. vii. v. 264.

WHALLER.

P. 62, l. 9. 10. *Were I chief lord of all this
spaciour world;*

*I'd give it to undo the deed.] So, in
Macbeth.*

"Wake Duncan with this knocking:—
Ay, would thou couldst!" In *Pericles*, as in
Macbeth, the wife is more criminal than the
husband, whose repentance follows immediately
on the murder.

Thus also is Thwait's translation: "But Stran-
gulo himself contrived not to this treason, but at
soon as he heard of the foul mischance, being
as it were all amazz'd and amazed with heaviness,
&c. — and therewithal he looked towards his wife,
saying, Thou wicked woman," &c. STEEVENS.

P. 62, l. 15. 16. *If thou hadst drunk to him,
it had been a kindness*

Becoming well thy feat.] Old copy — *face*;
which, if this reading be genuine, must mean —
hadst thou poisoned thyself by pledging him, it
would have been an action well becoming thee.
For the sake of a more obvious meaning, however,
I read, with Mr. M. Mason, *feat* instead of *face*.

STEEVENS.

Feat, i. e. of a piece with the rest of thy ex-
ploits. M. MASON.

P. 62, l. 22. *Unless you pray the impious in-
nocent.]* The folios

and the modern editions have omitted the word
impious, which is necessary to the metre, and is
found in the first quarto. — She calls him, an
impious simpleton, because such a discovery would

rich the life of one of his own family; his life.

An *innocent* was formerly a common appellation for an idiot. MALONE.

Notwithstanding Malone's ingenious explanation, should wish to read—the *pious* innocent, instead of *impious*. M. MASON.

P. 63, l. 8. *She did disdain my child,*] Thus in the old copy, but I think erroneously. Marina was not of a *disdainful* temper. Her excellence indeed *disgraced* the meaner qualities of her companion, i. e. in the language of Shakspeare, *distained* them.

The verb—to *stain* is frequently used by our author in the sense of—to *disgrace*. STEEVENS.

P. 63, l. 11. Whilst ours was *blurted at,*] This contemptuous expression frequently occurs in our ancient dramas. MALONE.

P. 63, l. 11. 12. — — and held a *malkin*

Not worth the time of day.] A *malkin* is a coarse wench. A kitchen-*malkin* is mentioned in *Coriolanus*. *Not worth the time of day*, is, worth a good day, or good morrow; answering the most common and usual salutation.

STEEVENS,

63, l. 15. It greets me, as an *enterprize of kindness,*] Perhaps *greet* may mean, *it pleases me*; c'est à gré. If *greet* be used in its ordinary sense of *greeting* or *meeting with congratulation*, it is only a very harsh phrase. MALONE.

63, l. 25-27. *Thou art like the harpy, which, to betray, doth wear an angel's face,*

and with an eagle's talons.] There is an looseness of construction in this passage, that

286 NOTES TO PERICLES;

less is not to think it corrupt. The sense designed seems to have been — *Thou resemblest in thy conduct the harpy, which allures with the face of an angel, that it may seize with the talons of an eagle.* — Might we read:

*Thou, art like the harpy,
Which, to betray, dost wear thine an-
gel's face;
Seize with thine eagle's talons.*

Which is here, as in many other places, for *who*.

MALONE.
I have adopted part of Mr. Malone's emendation, changing only a syllable or two, that the passage might at least present some meaning to the reader. STEEVENS.

P. 63, l. 28. 29. *You are like one, that superstitiously*

Doth swear to the gods, that winter kills the flies;]

You resemble him who is angry with heaven, because it does not control the common course of nature. Marina, like the flies in winter, was fated to perish; yet you lament and wonder at her death, as an extraordinary occurrence. MALONE.

Whether Malone's explanation be right, the words *swear to the gods*, can hardly imply, *to be angry with heaven*, though to swear at the gods might: But if this conjecture be right, we must read *superstitiously*, instead of *superstitiously*; for to arraign the conduct of heaven is the very reverse of superstition. — Perhaps the meaning may be — “You are one of those who superstitiously appeal to the gods on every trifling and natural event.” But whatever may be the meaning, *swear to the gods*, is a very awkward expression. M. MALONE.

P. 63, last l. *Sail seas in cockles,*] We are told by Reginald Scott, in his *Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1784, that "it was believed that witches could sail in an egg shell, a cockle, or in the shell, through and under tempestuous seas." His popular idea was probably in our author's thoughts. MALONE.

P. 64, l. 1. 2. *Making*, (to take your imagination,)

From bourn to bourn, region to region.] *Making*, if that be the true reading, must be understood to mean — *proceeding in our course*, from bourn to bourn, &c. — It is still said at sea — *the ship takes much way*. I suspect, that the passage is corrupt. All the copies have — *our imagination*, which is clearly wrong. Perhaps the author wrote — *task your imagination*. MALONE.

Making is most certainly the true reading. *Making*, &c. is travelling (with the hope of engaging our attention) from one division or boundary of the world to another; i. e. we hope to interest you by the variety of our scene, and the different countries through which we pursue our story. We will use a phrase exactly corresponding with — *take your imagination*; i. e. "To take one's fancy."

STEEVENS.

P. 64, l. 15. 19. *Well-sailing ships, and bounteous winds, have brought This King to Tharsus, (think his pilot thought,*

So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow on,)

To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone,] The old copies read —

— think this pilot thought,

So with his steerage shall your thoughts
groan, &c.

but they are surely corrupt. I read — think *his* pilot thought; suppose that your imagination is his pilot.

In the next line the versification is defective by one word being printed instead of two. By reading *grow on* instead of *groan*, the sense and metre are both restored. MALONE.

I cannot approve of Malone's amendment, but adhere to the old copies, with this difference only, that I join the words *thought* and *pilot* with a hyphen, and read:

— — — *think this pilot-thought*; —
That is, "Keep this leading circumstance in your mind, which will serve as a pilot to you, and guide you through the rest of the story; in such a manner, that your imagination will keep pace with the King's progress." M. MASON.

The plainer meaning seems to be — Think that his pilot had the celerity of thought, so shall your thought keep pace with his operations. STEEVENS.
— *who first is gone*.] Who has left Tharsus before her father's arrival there. MALONE.

P. 64, l. 38. This borrow'd passion stands for
true old woe!] i. e.
for such tears as were shed when, the world being in its infancy, dissimulation was unknown. All poetical writers are willing to persuade themselves that sincerity expired with the first ages. Perhaps, however, we ought to read — true told woe.

STEVENSON.

P. 65, l. 2. 3. — — He bears
A tempest, which his mortal vessel tears.
What is here called his mortal vessel, (i. e. his

body,) is styled by Cleopatra her *mortal house*.

STEEVENS.

P. 65, l. 4. — — *Now please you wit*] Now be pleased to *know*. MALONE.

P. 65, l. 13-21. *Marina was she call'd; and
at her birth,*

*Thetis, being proud, swallow'd some part
o'the earth:*

*Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'er-
flow'd,*

*Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heavens
bestow'd:*

*Wherefore she does, (and swears she'll
never stint)*

Make raging battery-upon shores of flint.]

It might have been expected that this epitaph, which sets out in fourfoot verse, would have confined itself to that measure; but instead of preserving such uniformity, throughout the last six lines it deviates into heroicks; which, perhaps, were never meant by its author. Let us remove a few syllables, and try whether any thing is lost by their omission:

"Marina call'd; and at her birth

"Proud Thetis swallow'd part o'the earth:

"The earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd,

"Hath Thetis' birth on heaven bestow'd:

"Wherefore she swears she'll never stint

"Make battery upon shores of flint,"

STEEVENS.

The modern editions by a strange blunder, read instead of *Thetis*, being proud &c. — *That is*, being proud, &c.

I formerly thought that by the words — *some part of the earth* was meant *Thaisa*, the mother of *Marina*. So *Romeo* calls his beloved *Juliet*.

NOTES TO P. 1.

as he supposes her dead, the dearest morsel
the earth. But I am now convinced that I was
staken. MALONE.
The inscription alludes to the violent storm which
accompanied the birth of Marina, at which time
the sea, proudly o'erswelling its bounds, swal-
lowed, as is usual in such hurricanes, some part
of the earth. The poet ascribes the swelling of the
sea to the pride which Thetis felt at the birth of
Marina in her element; and supposes that Thetis, in
being afraid to be overflowed, bestowed this birth-
child of Thetis on the heavens; and that Thetis, in
revenge, makes raging battery against the shores.
The line, *Therefore the earth fearing to be o'er-
flow'd*, proves beyond doubt that the words, *some
part of the earth*, in the line preceding, can
mean the body of Thetis, but a portion of
continent. M. MASON.

Our poet has many allusions in his works to
depredations made by the sea on the land. MA
She'll never stint] i. e. She'll never cea

P. 65, l. 26. — *while our scenes display*
old copies have —
— *while our scenes must play.*

We might read — *our stage* — or rather
scene.

It should be remembered, that scenes
merely spelt *scenes*; so there is only a
two letters, which in the writing of the
of the last century were easily confound

P. 66, l. 19. 20. — *she is able to*
good Priapus, The present mention
was perhaps suggested by the follow

translation: "Then the bawde brought
a certaine chappell where stode the idoll
pus made of gold," &c. STEEVENS.

l. 10. *How a dozen of virginities?*
at a price may a dozen of virginities be
MALONE.

l. 11. — *the gods to-bless your Honour!*
e of *to* in composition with verbs (as Mr.
it remarks) is very common in Gower and
STEEVENS.

l. 30. 31. *That dignifies the renown
and; no less than it gives a good report
mber to be chaste.* The intended meaning
assage should seem to be this: "The mask
esty is no less successfully worn by pro-
than by wantons. It palliates grossness of
on in the former, while it exempts a mul-
f the latter from suspicion of being what
s. 'Tis politick for each to assume the
ice of this quality, though neither of them
ty possess it." — I join with Mr. Malone,
, in supposing this sentence to be corrupte

STEEVENS.

l. 22. — *she's not paced yet;* She
yet learned her paces. MALONE.

l. 24. *Come, we will leave his honour
together.* The first quarto adds — *Go
s.* These words, which denote both author-
impatience, I think, belong to Lysima-
le had before expressed his desire to be
ne with Marina: "— Well, there's for
leave us." MALONE.

words may signify only — *Go back again;*
ght have been addressed by the Bawd to
who had offered to quit the room with
STEEVENS.

P. 68, last but one l. Were you a *gamester* at five, or at seven?] A *gamester* was formerly used to signify a *wanton*. MALONE.

P. 69, l. 17. Mar. *If you were born to honour, show it now;*] In the

Gesta Romanorum, Tharsia (the Marina of the present play) preserves her chastity by the recital of the story: "Miserere me propter Deum, et per Deum te adjuro, ne me violes. Resiste libidini tuæ, et audi casus infelicitatis meæ, et unde sim diligenter considera. Cui cum universos casus suos exposuisset, princeps confusus et pietate plenus, ait ei, — "Habeo et ego filiam tibi similem, de qua similes casus metuo." Haec dicens, dedit ei viginti aureos, dicens, ecce habes amplius pro virginitate quam impositus est. Dic advenientibus sicut mihi dixisti, et liberaberis."

The affecting circumstance which is here said to have struck the mind of Athenagoras, (the danger to which his own daughter was liable,) was probably omitted in the translation. It hardly, otherwise, would have escaped our author. MALONE.

It is preserved in Twine's translation, as follows: "Be of good cheere, Tharsia, for surely I rue thy case; and I myselfe have also a daughter at home, to whome I doubt that the like chances may befall," &c. STEEVENS.

P. 69, l. 20. 21. — *Some more; — be sage.*] Lysimachus says this with a sncer. — *Proceed with your fine moral discourse.* MALONE.

P. 69, last but one l. *Persever still in that clear way thou goest,*]
Continue in your present virtuous disposition.

MALONE.

P. 70, l. 22. 23. — in the cheapest country under the *cope*,] i. e. under the *cope* or *covering* of heaven. The word is thus used in *Cymbeline*. In *Coriolanus* we have “under the *canopy*,” with the same meaning. STEEVENS.

P. 71, l. 7-9. Boulst, take her away; use her at thy pleasure: *crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable.*] So, in the *Gesta Romanorum*: “Altera die, adhuc eam virginem audiens, iratus [leno] vocans villicum puellarem, dixit, duc eam ad te, et frange nodum virginis ejus.” MALONE.

Here is perhaps some allusion to a fact recorded by Dion Cassius and by Pliny, B. XXXVI. ch. xvi. but more circumstantially by Petronius. See his *Satyricon*, Variorum edit. p. 189. A skilful workman who had discovered the art of *making glass malleable*, carried a specimen of it to Tiberius, who asked him if he alone was in possession of the secret. He replied in the affirmative; on which the tyrant ordered his head to be struck off immediately, lest his invention should have proved injurious to the workers in gold, silver, and other metals. The same story, however, is told in the *Gesta Romanorum*, chapter 44. STEEVENS.

P. 71, l. 16. 17. Marry come up, *my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays!*] Anciently many dishes were served up with this garniture, during the season of Christmas. The bawd means to call her a piece of ostentatious virtue. STEEVENS.

P. 71, l. 31. 32. Thou’rt the damn’d door-keeper to every coystrul

That hither comes enquiring for his tib;!
To every man or drunken fellow that comes to enquire for a girl. Coystrel is properly a wine-

vessel. Tib is, I think, a contraction
It was formerly a cant name for a strumpet.

MALON

Tib was a common nick-name for a wanton.
Coystrel means a paltry fellow. This word
seems to be corrupted from *kestrel*, a bast
kind of hawk. It occurs in Shakspeare's *Twel*
Night, Act 1. sc. iii. Spenser, Bacon, and I
den, also mention the *kestrel*; and *Kastril*,
Jonson's angry boy in *The Alchemist*, is a
variation of the same term. The word *coy*
in short, was employed to characterise any wor
or ridiculous being. STEEVENS.

P. 71, last l. — *thy very food is such*
As hath been belch'd on by infected

Marina, who is designed for a character of
innocence, appears much too knowing in
purities of a brothel; nor are her expressions
chastised than her ideas. STEEVENS.

P. 72, l. 10. m. *For that which t*
fessest; a be

Could he but speak, would own a
dear.] The

the dishonour

P. 72, l. 13-19. *Here, here is gold for thee.
If that thy master would gain aught by me,
Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and
dance, &c.]* The vehemence

by which Marina effects her release from the brothel,
the poet adopted from the *Confessio Amantis*.

MALONE.

All this is likewise found in Twine's translation.

STEEVENS.

P. 72, l. 30-32. — *therefore, I will make them
acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not
but I shall find them tractable enough.]* So, in
Twine's translation: "— he brake with the bawd
his master touching that matter, who, hearing of
her skill, and hoping for the gaine, was easily
persuaded." STEEVENS.

P. 73, l. 7. — *goddess-like* —] This com-
pound epithet (which is not common) is again used
by our author in *Cymbeline*. MALONE.

P. 73, l. 8. *Deep clerks she dumbs;*] This
uncommon verb is also found in *Antony and
Cleopatra*:

"— that what I would have spoke

"Was beastly dumb'd by him."

STEEVENS.

So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

"Where I have come, great clerks have
purposed

"To greet me with premeditated wel-
comes;

"Where I have seen them shiver and look
pale,

"Make periods in the midst of sentences,

"Throttle their practis'd accents in their
fears;

"And, in conclusion, *dumbly* have broke
off,

"Not paying me a welcome."

These passages are compared only on account of the similarity of expression, the sentiments being very different. Theseus confounds those who address him, by his superior dignity; Marina silences the learned persons with whom she converses, by her literary superiority. MALONE.

P. 73, l. 8. *Needl* for *needle*. MALONE.

P. 73, l. 12. *That even her art sisters the
natural roses;*] I have not met with this word in any other writer. It is again used by our author in *A Lover's Complaint*, 1609. MALONE.

P. 73, l. 13. Her *inkle*, silk, *twin* with the
rubied cherry;] *Inkle* is a species of tape. It is mentioned in *Love's Labour's Lost*, and in the *The Winter's Tale*. All the copies read, I think corruptly, — *twine* with the rubied cherry. The word which I have substituted is used by Shakspeare in *Othello*:

"Though he had *twinn'd* with me, both
at a birth, —,"

Again, in *Coriolanus*:

"— who *twin* as it were in love."

MALONE.

Inkle, however, as I am informed, anciently signified a particular kind of *crewel* or *worsted* with which ladies worked flowers, &c. It will not easily be discovered how Marina could work such resemblances of nature with *tape*. STEVENS.

P. 73, l. 23. 24. — — The city arriv'd

God Neptune's annual feast to keep;] The citizens *died* with each other in celebrating the feast.

of Neptune. This harsh expression was forced upon the author by the rhyme. MALONE.

I suspect that our author wrote:

— — — — — **The city's hid'd:**

God Neptune's annual feast to keep:—

i. e. the citizens, on the present occasion, are collected like bees in a *hive*. Shakspeare has the same verb in *The Merchant of Venice*: — "Drones *hive* not with me." STEEVENS.

P. 73, l. 27. *And to him in his barge with*
fervour hies.] This is
one of the few passages in this play, in which the
error of the first copy is corrected in the second.
The eldest quarto reads unintelligibly — with *for-*
mer hies. MALONE.

P. 75, l. 28. 29. *In your supposing once
more put your sight;*

Of heavy Pericles think this the bark.] Once more put your sight under the guidance of your imagination. Suppose you see what we cannot exhibit to you; think this stage, on which I stand, the bark of the melancholy Pericles.

The quarto, 1609, reads:

Of heavy Pericles think this his bark:

and such also is the reading of the copy printed in 1619. The folio reads — *On heavy Pericles, &c.* If this be right, the passage should be regulated differently :

*And to him in his barge with fervour
hies,*

*In your supposing. — Once more put
your sight*

On heavy Pericles; &c.

*You must now aid me with your imagination,
and suppose Lysimachus hastening in his barge to*

go on board the Tynian ship. Once more behold the melancholy Pericles, &c. But the former is, in my opinion, the true reading. To exhort the audience merely to behold Pericles, was very unnecessary; as in the ensuing scene he would of course be represented to them. Cowley's principal office in these chorusses is, to persuade the spectators, not to see, but to disbelieve, their eyes.

MALONE.

P. 73, last l. Where, what is done in action, more, if might,

Shall be discover'd;] *Where all that may be displayed in action, shall be exhibited; and more should be shown, if our stage would permit.* The poet seems to be aware of the difficulty of representing the ensuing scene. *More, if might,* — is the reading of the first quarto. The modern copies read, unintelligibly, — *more of might.*

MALONE.

More of might i. e. *of more might* (were there authority for such a reading) should seem to mean *of greater consequence*. Such things we shall exhibit. As to the rest, let your imaginations dictate to your eyes, We should, otherwise, read:

Where, of what's done in action, more, if might,

Should be discover'd; —. STEEVENS.

P. 75, l. 15. *But to prorogue his grief.*] To lengthen or *prolong* his grief. The modern editions read unnecessarily:

But to prolong his grief.

Prorogual is used by our author in *Romeo and Juliet* for *delayed*. MALONE.

P. 75, l. 25. — [PERICLES discovered.] Few of the stage-directions that have been given in this and the preceding acts, are found in the old copy.

the original representation of this play, Pericles as probably placed in the back part of the stage, concealed by a curtain, which was here drawn open. The antient narratives represent him as remaining the cabin of his ship. MALONE.

P. 75, l. 33-35. — *we have a maid in Mitylene, I durst wager;*

Would win some words of him.] This circumstance resembles another in *All's well that ends well*, where Lafew gives an account of Helena's attractions to the King, before she is introduced to attempt his cure. STEEVENS.

P. 76, l. 4. *And make a battery through his deafen'd parts,*] The earliest quarto reads — *defend parts*. I have no doubt that the poet wrote — *through his deafen'd parts*, — i. e. ears; which were to be assailed by the melodious voice of Marina. In the old quarto *w* of the participles have an ellision-mark. This kind of phraseology, though it now appears unorthodox, was common in our author's time.

MALONE.

Perhaps we should read — *his deafen'd ports*. Thus, in *Timon*:

"Descend, and open your uncharged *ports*,"
i. e. gates. *Deafen'd ports* would mean the opened doors of hearing. STEEVENS.

P. 76, l. 6-9. *She, all as happy as of all the fairest,*

*Is, with her fellow maidens, now within
The leafy shelter that abuts against*

The island's side.] Mr. Steevens would read;

She is as happy as the fairest of all,

*And with her fellow-maids, is now
upon*

The leafy shelter.

Marina might be said to be *under* the leafy shelter, but I know not how she could be *upon* it; not have I a clear idea of a *shelter*, abutting against the side of an island. I would read:

— — — — — is now upon

*The leafy shelver, that abuts against
The island's side.*

i. e. the *shelving bank* near the sea-side, shaded by adjoining trees. It appears from Gower, that the feast of Neptune was celebrated on the *strand*.

Marina and her fellow-maids, we may suppose, had retired a little way from the crowd, and seated themselves under the adjoining trees, to see the triumph. This circumstance was an invention of the poet's. In *King Appolyn of Thyre*, Thamyra, the Marina of this play, is brought from the *bordel* where she had been placed. In the *Confessio Amantis*, she is summoned, by order of the governor, from the *honest house* to which she had retreated. MALONE.

If any alteration be thought necessary, I would read: "And is now *about* the leafy shelter," instead of *upon*. M. MASON.

Mr. M. Mason's alteration cannot be admitted, as the words *about* and *abut* would be so near each other as to occasion the most barbarous dissonance. — I have at least printed the passage so as to afford it smoothness, and some apparent meaning. STEEVENS.

P. 76, l. 11. *Exit Lord, in the barge of* LYSIMACHUS.] It may seem strange that a fable should have been chosen to form a drama upon, in which the greater part of the business of the last act should be transacted at sea; and wherein it should even be necessary to produce two vessels on the scene at the same time. But the *troutman* and *cr-*

libitions of the modern stage give this objection to the play before us a greater weight than it really has. It appears, that, when *Pericles* was originally performed, the theatres were furnished with no such apparatus as by any stretch of the imagination could be supposed to present either a sea, or a ship; and that the audience were contented to behold vessels sailing in and out of port, in their *mind's eye* only. This licence being once granted to the poet, the lord, in the instance now before us, walked off the stage, and returned again in a few minutes, leading in Marina, without any sensible impropriety; and the present drama, exhibited before such indulgent spectators, was not more incommotions in the representation than any other would have been. See *The Historical Account of the English Stage*.

MALONE.

P. 76, l. 21. *And so inflict our province.*] Thus all the copies. But I do not believe to *inflict* was ever used by itself in the sense of to *punish*. The poet probably wrote — *And so afflict our province.* MALONE.

P. 76, l. 30. *Is't not a goodly presence?*] Is she not beautiful in her form? So in *King John*:

"Lord of thy *presence*, and no land beside."

All the copies read, I think corruptedly:

Is it not a goodly present? MALONE.

Mr. Malone's emendation is undoubtedly judicious. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"Show a *fair presence*, and put off these frowns." STEEVENS.

P. 77, l. 2. 3. *Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty*

Expert even here, where is a kingly patient The quarto, 1609, reads:

*Fair on, all goodness that consists in
beauty, &c.*

The editor of the second quarto in 1619, finding this unintelligible, altered the text, and printed—*Fair and all goodness, &c.* which renders the passage nonsense. — *One* was formerly written on; and hence they are perpetually confounded in our ancient dramas.

The latter part of the line, which was corrupt in all the copies, has been happily amended by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

I should think, that instead of *beauty* we ought to read *bounty*. All the good that consists in *beauty* she brought with her. But she had reason to expect the *bounty* of her king's patient, if she proved successful in his cure. Indeed Lysimachus tells her so afterwards in clearer language. The present circumstance puts us in mind of what passes between Helena and the King, in *All's well that ends well*. STEEVENS.

P. 77, l. 4. If that thy prosperous-artificial *feat*] The old copy has — artificial *fate*. For this emendation the reader is indebted to Dr. Percy. *Feat* and *fate* are at this day pronounced in Warwickshire alike; and such, I have no doubt, was the pronunciation in the time of Queen Elizabeth. Hence the two words were easily confounded. MALONE.

Percy reads *feat*, instead of *fate*, which may possibly be the right reading; but in that case we ought to go farther, and strike out the word and:

If that thy prosperous, artificial feat.

The amendment I should propose is to read:

If that thy prosperous artifice and fate.

M. MASON.

I read as in the text. Our author has many compound epithets of the same kind; as for in-

,— *dismal-fatal, mortal-staring, childish-h, senseless-obstinate*, &c. in all of which the first adjective is adverbially used. STEVENS. 77, l. 14. [*MARINA sings.*] This song (most of those that were sung in the old plays) has not been preserved. Perhaps it might have been formed on some lines in the *Gesta Romanorum*, which *Pharsia* is there said to have sung to Apollonius. MALONE.

have subjoined this song (which is an exact copy of the Latin hexameters in the *Gesta Romanorum*) from Twine's translation.

The song is thus introduced: "Then began she to sing in cord and verses, and therewithall to sing so sweetly, that Appollonius, notwithstanding his great sorrow, wondred at her. And these were the verses which she sang so pleasantly unto the instrument."

"Amongst the harlots foul I walk,

"Yet harlot none am I:

"The rose among the thorns it grows,

"And is not hurt thereby.

"The thief that stole me, sure I think,

"Is slain before this time:

"A bawd me bought, yet am I not

"Defil'd by fleshly crime.

"Were nothing pleasanter to me

"Then parents mine to know:

"I am the issue of a King,

"My blood from Kings doth flow.

"I hope that god will mend my state,

"And send a better day:

"Leave off your tears, pluck up your heart,

"And banish care away.

E. 77, l. 29. 30. And to the

ward of
Bourne me in servitude.]

veree. Our author has the same e
cond Part of *King Henry VI*:

"And twice by awkward
land's l

"Drove back again." S

E. 78, l. 2-3. — if you did kn
age,

For would not do me violence
to a part of the story that seems
use of in the present scene. Th
translation: "Then Apollonius fe
forgetting all courtesie, &c. rose
stroke the maiden," &c. STEVEN

E. 78, l. 4-5. Per. I do this

I pray you, turn your eyes ag

You are like something that —

woman

Here of these shores?

Mar.

No, n

passage is strangely corrupted in
and all the other copies, that I
transcribing it:

"Per. I do think so, pray you
open me, your like something tha
women heare of these shewes.

ar. No nor of any shewes," &c.

or the ingenious emendation, — *shores*, instead *shewes* — (which is so clearly right, that I have hesitated to insert it in the text) as well as the copy regulation of the whole passage, I am indebted to the patron of every literary undertaking, my friend, the Earl of Charlemont. MALONE.

P. 78, l. 12. Per. *I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping.*]

is observable that some of the leading incidents of this play strongly remind us of the *Rudens*. There is a fisherman, like Gower, *προλογισσι*. — In the Latin comedy, fishermen, as in *Pericles*, are brought on stage, one of whom drags on shore in his net a wallet which principally produces the catastrophe; and the heroines of Plautus and Marina fall like into the hands of a procurer. A circumstance which much of the plot in both these dramatick pieces depends. HOLT WHITE.

P. 78, l. 27. 28. *And how achiev'd you these endowments, which*

You make more rich to owe?] To owe in ancient language is to possess. The meaning of the compliment is: These endowments, however valuable in themselves, are heighten'd by being in our possession. They acquire additional grace from their owner. STEEVENS.

P. 78, l. 33. 34. — *thou seem'st a palace*

For the crown'd truth to dwell in;] It is observable that our poet, when he means to represent any quality of the mind as eminently perfect, compares the imaginary being whom he personifies, with a crown. MALONE.

P. 79, l. 17-19. — *thou dost look*

Like Patience, gazing on Kings' graves, and smiling

Extremity: out of act.] By patient meekness disarming Calamity, ing her from using her up lifted *smity* (though not personified as a manuer used in *King Lear*, for the man suffering. MALONE.

P. 79, l. 20-22. *How lost the name, my most
Rescount, &c.]* All the old
*How lost thou thy name,
virgin,*

But Marina had not said any thing: she had indeed told the King, the rooted out her parentage, and to awkward casualties bound her in ser- vices, therefore, naturally asks her, dent she had lost her friends; at time desires to know her name. In his last question first, and then proceeds history. The insertion of the word suppose to have been omitted by the the compositor, renders the whole metre of the line, which was before Marina's answer, both support the coming of the text. MALONE.

P. 80, l. 5. 6. *Have you a we
and are*

*No motion?] No puppet, de-
ceive me. STEEVENS.*

This passage should be pointed thus

*"Have you a working pulse
fairly - in*

That is, "Have you really life in, you merely a puppet formed by enchantment of fairies." The present reading, for fairies were supposed to be

and to have working pulses as well as men.

M. MASON.

If Mr. M. Mason's punctuation were followed, the line would be too long by a foot. Pericles suggests three images in his question — 1. Have you a working pulse? i. e. are you any thing human and really alive? 2. Are you a fairy? 3. Or are you a puppet? STEEVENS.

P. 80, l. 12. 13. *My mother was the daughter
of a King:*

Who died the very minute I was born,]
Thus the old copy. Either the construction is —
My mother, who died the very minute I was born,
was the daughter of a King, — or we ought to
read:

She died the very minute, &c.
otherwise it is the King, not the Queen, that died,
at the instant of Marina's birth. In the old copies
these lines are given in prose. STEEVENS.

The word *very* I have inserted to complete the
metre. MALONE.

P. 80, l. 17 - 19. The words, *This is the rarest dream, &c.* are not addressed to Marina, but spoken aside. MALONE.

P. 80, l. 23. 24. You'll scarce believe me;
'twere best I did give o'er.]
All the old copies read — *You scorn, believe me,*
&c. The reply of Pericles induces me to think
the author wrote:

You'll scarce believe me; 'twere best, &c.

Pericles had expressed *no scorn* in the preceding speech, but, on the contrary, great complacency and attention. The false prints in this play are so numerous, that the greatest latitude must be allowed to conjecture. MALONE.

P. 80, l. 25. 26. *I will believe you &*
syllable
Of what you shall deliver.] I will
 every word you say. STEEVENS.

P. 80, l. 31. 32. — *and having woo'd*
A villain to attempt it, who having do
 When the former edition of this play was pr
 I imagined the original copy printed in 1609, &
who having drawn to do't, not observing the
 of abbreviation over the letter o (*who*) which
 the word intended, was *whom*. MALONE.

I have now two copies of this quarto 1609
 me, and neither of them exhibits the ma
 which Mr. Malone's supposition is founded.
 clude therefore that this token of abbreviat
 an accidental blot in the copy which that gen
 consulted. STEEVENS.

P. 81, l. 29. *Though doubts did ever sleep*
 in plain language, *though nothing ever hap*
to awake a scruple or doubt concerning
veracity. STEEVENS.

P. 81, l. 32 - 36. — *but tell me now*
(As in the rest thou hast been godlike
fect,)

My drown'd Queen's name, thou a
heir of kingdom
And another life to Pericles thy father
 Malone reads:

And a mother like to Pericles, &c.
 STE

The old copy has —
And another like to Pericles thy fa
 There can be no doubt that there is here
 corruption. The correction which I have
 affords an easy sense. The mother of Ma

the heir of kingdoms, and in that respect resembled
 Pericles.

I think that a slight alteration will restore the
 passage, and read it thus:

————— *But tell me now*
My drown'd Queen's name (as in the past

Thou hast been ^{you said} *godlike-perfect) thou'rt*
heir of kingdoms,

And another life to Pericles thy father.

That is, "Do but tell me my drowned Queen's
 name, and thou wilt prove the heir of kingdoms,
 and *another life* to your father Pericles." — This
 last amendment is confirmed by what he says in
 the speech preceding, where he expresses the same
 thought:

"————— O come hither,
 "Thou that beget'st him that did thee
 beget." M. MASON.

I have adopted Mr. M. Mason's very happy emen-
 dation, with a somewhat different arrangement of
 the lines, and the omission of two useless words.

STEEVENS.

P. 82, l. 7-9. — *Mine own, Helicanus,*
(Not dead at Tharsus, as she should have
been,

By savage Cleon,) she shall tell thee all,]
 Perhaps this means, she is *mine own* daughter, He-
 licanus, (not murdered according to the design of
 Cleon) she (I say) shall tell thee all, &c.

STEEVENS.

P. 82, last l. & P. 83, l. 1, 2. — *Well, my*
companion-friends,

If this but answer to my just belief,
I'll well remember you.] These lines clearly
 belong to Marina. She has been for some time

silent, and Pericles having now fallen into a slumber, she naturally turns to her companion, and assures her that if she has in truth found her royal father, (as she has good reason to believe) she shall partake of her prosperity. It appears from a former speech in which the same phrase is used, that a lady had entered with Marina. I would therefore read in the passage now before us:

— Well, my companion-friend;
or, if the text here be right, we might read in the former instance — my companion-maids. — In the preceding part of this scene it has been particularly mentioned, that Marina was with her fellow-maids upon the leafy shelter, &c.

There is nothing in these lines that appropriates them to Lysimachus; nor any particular reason why he should be munificent to his friends because Pericles has found his daughter. On the other hand, this recollection of her lowly companions is perfectly suitable to the amiable character of Marina. *MADONE.*

I am satisfied to leave Lysimachus in quiet possession of these lines. He is much in love with Marina, and supposing himself to be near the gratification of his wishes, with a generosity common to noble natures on such occasions, is desirous to make his friends and companions partakers of his happiness. *SUPREMACY.*

P. 89, l. 16. "And give them repetition to the life." The old copies read — "to the life." For the emendation, which the rhyme confirms, the reader is indebted to Lord Charlemont. "Give them repetition to the life," means, as he observes, "Repeat your misfortunes as feelings, and we exactly, that the far-

APPENDIX.

guage of your narration may imitate to the transactions you relate." So, in *Cy*
 " — The younger brother, Cadwa
 " Strikes *life* into my speech."

In *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, these are again confounded, for in the old copy there find:

"Two of the first, *life* coats in dry," &c. MALO

Before I had read the emendation proposed by Lord Charlemont, it had suggested itself to me together with the following explanation of it: repeat to them a lively and faithful narrative of our adventures. Draw such a picture as shall give itself to have been copied from real, not pretended calamities; such a one as shall make your hearers with all the lustre of common sense truth.

I suspect, however, that Diana's revelation of the whole, was originally deliver'd in rhyme.

83, l. 20. Celestial Dian, goddess argen-
 tine,] That is, regent
 silver moon. "In the chemical phrase, (as
 Charlemont observes to me,) a language well
 suited when this play was written, I mean
 means *silver*, as Sol does
 5, l. 22

STEEVEN:

formerly made an idle attempt in support of the old reading. STEEVENS.

P. 84, l. 13. 14. Now our sands are almost
run;

More a little, and then done.] Permit me to add a few words more, and then I shall be silent. The old copies have *dum*, in which way I have observed in ancient books the word *dumb* was occasionally spelt.

There are many as imperfect rhymes in this play, as that of the present couplet. So, in a former chorus, *moons* and *dooms*. Again, at the end of this, *soon* and *doom*. Mr. Rowe reads:

More a little, and then done. MALONE.
Done is surely the true reading. STEEVENS.

P. 84, l. 24. *Till he had done his sacrifice,*] That is, till *Pericles* had done his sacrifice.

MALONE.

P. 84, last l. That he can hither come so soon,
Is by your fancy's thankful *boon*.] Old copies — thankful *doom*; but as *soon* and *doom* are not rhymes corresponding, I read as in the text.

Thankful boon may signify — the licence you grant us in return for the pleasure we have afforded you in the course of the play; or, the boon for which we thank you. STEEVENS.

P. 85, l. 2. 3. *THALIA standing near the altar, as high priestess;*] Does this accord with Iachimo's description:

"Live, like *Diana's priestess*, 'twixt cold
sheets?"

Diana must have been woefully imposed on, if she received the mother of *Marina* as a maiden votary. STEEVENS.

P. 85, l. 14. — thy silver livery.] i. e. w

OF TYRE:

hite robe of innocence, as being yet und
tection of the goddess of chastity. PERCY
P. 85, l. 22 & fol. The similitude between
ene, and the discovery in the last act of
Winter's Tale, will, I suppose, strike every

. MALONE.

P. 85, last l. *Cer. Look to the lady:*] W
dy Macbeth pretends to swoon, on hearing
count of Duncan's murder, the same exclai
on is used. These words belong, I believe,
ricles. MALONE.

P. 86, l. 2. 3. — *I op'd the coffin, and
Found there rich jewels;*] The second quart
folios, and Mr. Row, read — *these* jewels. Pe
s's next question shews that *these* could not be
poet's word. The true reading is found in the
quarto. It should be remembered, that Ce
n delivered these jewels to Thaisa, (befor
est his house) in whose custody they after
remained. MALONE.

36, l. 3. 4. — — *recover'd her*, and plac'
her
ere in Diana's temple —

312 *NOTES TO PERICLES,*

P. 86, l. 19. 20. — — — supposed dead,

And *drown'd*.] Supposed dead, and that his death was by drowning. MALONE.

Drown'd, in this instance, does not signify suffocated by water, but overwhelmed in it. STEEVENS.

P. 86, l. 29. 30. That on the touching of his lips I may

Melt, and *no more be seen*.] This is a sentiment which Shakspeare never fails to introduce on occasions similar to the present. MALONE.

So, in the 39th *Psalms*: — "O spare me a little, that I may recover my strength, before I go hence and *be no more seen*." STEEVENS.

P. 87, l. 33. — *the fair-betrothed* —] is fairly contracted, honourably affianced. STEEVENS.

P. 88, l. 1. 2. *And what this fourteen year no razor touch'd,*

To grace thy marriage-day, I'll beautify. The author is in this place guilty of a slight inadvertency. It was but a short time before, when Pericles arrived at Tharsus, and heard of his daughter's death, that he made a vow never to wash his face or cut his hair. M. MASON.

See p. 50, where, if my reading be not erroneous, a proof will be found that this vow was made almost immediately after the birth of Marina; and consequently that Mr. M. Mason's present remark has no sure foundation. STEEVENS.

P. 88, l. 11. — *Sir, lead the way*.] Dr. Johnson has justly objected to the lame and impotent conclusion of the second part of *King Henry IV* "Come, will you hence?" The concluding line of *The Winter's Tale* furnishes us with one equally abrupt, and nearly resembling the present: — "Hastily lead away." This passage

justify the correction of the old copy now made. It reads — Sir, *leads* the way. MALONE.

P. 88, l. 14. *In Antioch, and his daughter &c.*] The old copies read — in *Antiochus* and his daughter, &c. The correction was suggested by Mr. Steevens. "So, (as he observes,) in Shakspeare's other plays, *France*, for the King of France; *Morocco*, for the King of Morocco, &c. MALONE.

P. 88, l. 19. *Virtue preserv'd from fell destruction's blast,*] All the copies are here, I think, manifestly corrupt. — They read:

Virtue preferr'd from fell destruction's blast —.

The gross and numerous errors of even the most accurate copy of this play, will, it is hoped, justify the liberty that has been taken on this and some other occasions.

I would be difficult to produce from the words of Shakspeare many couplets more spirited and harmonious than this. MALONE.

This play is so uncommonly corrupted by the printers, &c. that it does not so much seem to want illustration as emendation: and the errata are so numerous and gross, that one is tempted to suspect almost every line where there is the least deviation in the language from what is either usual or proper. Many of the corruptions appear to have arisen from an illiterate transcriber having written the speeches by ear from an inaccurate reciter; who between them both have rendered the text (in the verbs particularly) very ungrammatical.

More of the phraseology used in the genuine dramas of Shakspeare prevails in *Pericles*, than in any of the other six doubted plays. PEARCE.

To a former edition of this play were subjoined two Dissertations; one written by Mr. Steevens, the other by me. In the latter I urged such arguments as then appeared to me to have weight; to prove that it was the entire work of Shakspeare, and one of his earliest compositions. Mr. Steevens on the other hand maintained, that it was originally the production of some elder playwright, and afterwards improved by our poet; whose hand was acknowledged to be visible in many scenes throughout the play. On a review of the various arguments which each of us produced in favour of his own hypothesis, I am now convinced that the theory of Mr. Steevens was right, and have no difficulty in acknowledging my own to be erroneous.

This play was entered on the Stationers' book, together with *Antony and Cleopatra*, in the year 1608, by Edward Blount, a bookseller of eminence, and one of the publishers of the first folio edition of Shakspeare's works. It was printed with his name in the title-page, in his life-time; but this circumstance proves nothing; because by the knavery of book-sellers other pieces were also ascribed to him in his life-time, of which he indubitably wrote not a line. Nor is it necessary to urge in support of its genuineness, that at a subsequent period it was ascribed to him by several dramatick writers. I wish not to rely on any circumstance of that kind; because in all questions of this nature, internal evidence is the best that can be produced, and to every person intimately acquainted with our poet's writings, must in the present case be decisive. The congenial sentiments, the numerous expressions bearing a striking similitude to passages in his undisputed plays, some of

the incidents, the situation of many of the persons, and in various places the colour of the style, all these combine to set the seal of Shakspeare on the lay before us, and furnish us with internal and irresistible proofs, that a considerable portion of this piece, as it now appears, was written by him. The greater part of the three last acts may, I think, on this ground be safely ascribed to him; and his hand may be traced occasionally in the other two divisions.

To alter, new-model, and improve the unsuccessful dramas of preceding writers, was, I believe, much more common in the time of Shakspeare than is generally supposed. This piece having been thus new-modelled by our poet, and enriched with many happy strokes from his pen, is unquestionably entitled to that place among his works, which it has now obtained. MALONE.

After Mr. Malone's retraction, (which is no less honourable to himself than to the present editor of *Pericles*,) it may be asked why the dissertations mentioned in the foregoing note appear a second time in print. To such a question I am not unwilling to reply. My sole motive for republishing them is to manifest that the skill displayed by my late opponent in defence of what he conceived to have been right, can only be exceeded by the liberality of his concession since he has supposed himself in the wrong. STEVENS.

In a former disquisition concerning this play, I mentioned, that the dumb shows, which are found in it, induced me to doubt whether it came from the pen of Shakspeare. The sentiments that I then expressed, were suggested by a very hasty and transient survey of the piece. I am still, however, of opinion, that this consideration (our author having

expressly ridiculed such exhibitions) might in a very doubtful question have some weight. But weaker proofs must yield to stronger. It is idle to lay any great stress upon such a slight circumstance, when the piece itself furnishes internal and irresistible evidence of its authenticity. The congenial sentiments, the numerous expressions bearing a striking similitude to passages in his undisputed plays, the incidents, the situations of the persons, the colour of the style, at least through the greater part of the play, all, in my apprehension, conspire to set the seal of Shakspeare on this performance. What then shall we say to these dumb shows? Either, that the poet's practice was not always conformable to his opinions, (of which there are abundant proofs) or, (what I rather believe to be the case) that this was one of his earliest dramas, written at a time when these exhibitions were much admired, and before he had seen the absurdity of such ridiculous pageants: probably, in the year 1590, or 1591. *)

Mr. Rowe in his first edition of Shakspeare says, "It is owned that some part of *Pericles* certainly was written by him, particularly the last act." Dr. Farmer, whose opinion in every thing that relates to our author has deservedly the greatest weight, thinks the hand of Shakspeare may be sometimes seen in the latter part of the play; and there only. The scene, in the last act, in which Pericles discovers his daughter, is indeed eminently beautiful; but the whole piece appears to me to furnish abundant proofs of the hand of Shak-

*) If this play was written in the year 1590 or 1591, with what colour of truth could it be styled (as it is the title-page to the first edition of it, 4to. 1609) "the last and much admired," &c.? *SKENE.*

peare. The inequalities in different parts of it are not greater than may be found in some of his other dramas. It should be remembered also, that Dryden, who lived near enough the time to be well informed, has pronounced this play to be our author's first performance:

"Shakspeare's own Muse his *Pericles* first bore;

"*The Prince of Tyre* was elder than the Moor."

Let me add, that the contemptuous manner in which Ben Jonson has mentioned it, is, in my apprehension, another proof of its authenticity. In his memorable Ode, written soon after his *New Inn* had been damned, when he was comparing his own unsuccessful pieces with the applauded dramas of his contemporaries, he naturally chose a point at what he esteemed a weak performance of a rival, whom he appears to have envied and hated merely because the splendor of his genius had eclipsed his own, and had rendered the reception of those tame and disgusting imitations of antiquity, which he boastingly called the only legitimate English dramas, as cold as the performances themselves.

As the subject is of some curiosity, I shall make no apology for laying before the reader a more minute investigation of it. *) It is proper, however, to inform him, that one of the following dissertations on the genuineness of this play preceles the other only for a reason assigned by Dogberry, that *where two men ride on a horse, one*

*) The Reader who may have a curiosity to examine this investigation will find these dissertations in the Thirtieth Volume of Mr. Stevens's last Edition, p. 612. and seqq. *Nichols.*

must ride behind. That we might catch hints from the strictures of each other, and collect what we could mutually advance into a point, Mr. Stevens and I set forward with an agreement to maintain the propriety of our respective suppositions relative to this piece, as far as we were able; to submit our remarks, as they gradually increased, alternately to each other, and to dispute the opposite hypothesis, till one of us should acquiesce in the opinion of his opponent, or each remain confirmed in his own. This reader is therefore requested to bear in mind, that if the last series of arguments be considered as an answer to the first, the first was equally written in reply to the last:

“ — unus sese armat utroque,

“ Unaque mens animat non dissociabilis
ambos.” MALONE.

NOTES TO ROMEO AND JULIET.

**The story on which this play is founded, is related as a true one in *Girolamo de la Corte's History of Verona*. It was originally published by an anonymous Italian novelist in 1549 at Venice; and again in 1553, at the same place. The first edition of Bandello's work appeared a year later than the last of these already mentioned. *Pierre Boisteau* copied it with alterations and additions. *Belleforest* adopted it in the first volume

collection 1596; but very probably some of it yet more ancient had found its way; as, in this improved state, it was translated into English, by Arthur Brooke, and published in an octavo volume, 1562, but without a

On this occasion it appears in the form of an entitled, *The tragicall Historie of Romeo and Juliet*: It was republished in 1587, under the same title: "*Contayning in it a rare role of true constancie: with the subttiles and Practises of an old Fryer, and Svent. Imprinted by R. Robinson.*" Among entries on the Books of the Stationers' Company find Feb. 18, 1582. "*M. Tottel] Romeo and Julietta.*" Again Aug. 5, 1596: "*Edward] a new ballad of Romeo and Juliet.*" The story is found in *The Palace of Pleasure*: here, Shakspeare was not entirely indebted to the epitome; but rather to the poem already mentioned. Stanyhurst, the translator of Virgil in his *Æneid*, enumerates Julietta among his heroines, in which he calls an epitaph, or Commune Decurum; and it appears (as Dr. Farmer has observed) from a passage in Ames's *Typographical Antiquities*, that the story had likewise been translated by another hand. Captain Breval in his *Travels* tells us, that he saw at Verona the tomb of unhappy lovers. STEEVENS.

story was well known to the English poets
the time of Shakspeare: In an old collec-
f poems, called *A gorgeous gallery of gal-*
ventions, 1678, I find it mentioned:

"Sir *Romeus*' annoy but trifle seems to
mine."

again, 'Romeo and Juliet' are celebrated

in "*A Poor Knight his Palace of privacy*, 1579." FARMER.

The first of the foregoing notes was put into two of our former editions; but as the first may be in some respects more correct, it is unjustly withheld from the publick: not the first time we have profited by the of Mr. Malone. STEEVENS.

The original relater of the story on which the play is formed, was Lnigi da Porto, a gentleman of Vicenza, who died in 1529. His novel does not appear till some years after his death; but was printed at Venice in 1555, under the title *Guilietta*. A second edition was published in 1560, and it was again reprinted at the same place (without the author's name,) with the following title: *Historia nuovamente ritrovata di due nobili Amanti, con la loro pietosa morte venuta già nella città di Verona, nel Signor Bartolomeo della Scala. Nuova stampata*. Of the author some account is found prefixed to the poem of *Romeus and Juliet*.

In 1554 Bandello published, at Lucca, a novel on the same subject; [Tom. II. Nov. 1.] which shortly afterwards Boisteau exhibited one in French, founded on the Italian narratives, but varying them in many particulars. From Boisteau the same story was, in 1562, formed into an English poem, with considerable alterations and additions, by Mr. Arthur Brooke. This poem was printed by Richard Tottel, with the following title written probably, according to the fashion of the time, by the bookseller: *The Tragicall History of Romeus and Juliet, containing a rare and true constancie: with the subtile and practises of an old Fryer, and the*

was again published by the same bookseller in 152. Painter in the second volume of his *Palace Pleasure*, 1567, published a prose translation in the French of Boisteau, which he entitled *Romeo and Julietta*. Shakspeare had probably read Painter's novel, having taken one circumstance from it or some other prose translation of Boisteau; but his play was undoubtedly formed on the poem of Arthur Brooke. This is proved decisively by the following circumstances. 1. In the poem, the Prince of Verona is called *Escalus*; also in the play. — In Painter's translation of Boisteau he is named *Signor Escala*; and sometimes *Lord Bartholomew of Escala*. 2. In Painter's novel the family of Romeo are called *Montesches*; in the poem and in the play,

Montagues. 3. The messenger employed by Friar Lawrence to carry a letter to Romeo to inform him when Juliet would awake from her trance, is in Painter's translation called *Anselme*: in the poem, and in the play, friar *John* is employed in this business. 4. The circumstance of Juliet's writing down the names of the guests whom he invites to supper, is found in the poem and in the play, but is not mentioned by Painter, nor is it found in the original Italian novel. 5. The residence of the Capulets, in the original, and in Painter, is called *Villa Franca*; in the poem and in the play *Freetown*. 6. Several passages of *Romeo and Juliet* appear to have been formed on hints furnished by the poem, of which traces are found either in Painter's novel, or Boisteau, or the original; and several expressions are borrowed from thence, which will be found in their proper places.

What has been now stated has been contro-

NOTES TO ROMEO

ted, (for what may not be controverted) should enter more largely into the subject, that the various passages of the poem we have quoted in the following notes, furnish a decisive proof of the play's having been constructed upon it, as not to leave, in my apprehension, a shadow of doubt upon the subject. The question is not, whether Shakspeare has other novels, or other poetical pieces, founded on this story, but whether the poem written by Arthur Brooke was the *basis* on which his was built.

With respect to the name of Romeo, the Shakspeare might have found in the poem in one place that name is given to him: he might have had it from Painter's novel, which or from some other prose translation of the same story he has, as I have already taken one circumstance not mentioned in the poem. In 1570 was entered on the Stationers' book Henry Bynneman, *The Pitifull History of young Italians*, which I suspect was a narrative of the story on which our author is constructed.

Breval says in his travels, that on a enquiry into the histories of Verona, he found that Shakspeare had varied very little from either in the names, characters, or other circumstances of his play. MALONE.

It is plain, from more than one circumstance, that Shakspeare had read this novel, in its prosaick and metrical form. He must have met with other poetical pieces on the same subject. We are not yet at the end of our discoveries relative to the originals of our dramatick pieces. STEEVENS.

Page 91. This prologue, after the first copy was blished in 1597, received several alterations, th in respect of correctness and versification. the folio it is omitted. — The play was originally performed by *the Right Honourable the* *rd of Hunsdon his servants.*

in the first of K. James I. was made an act of liament for some restraint or limitation of olemen in the protection of players, or of yers under their sanction. STEEVENS.

Under the word PROLOGUE, in the copy of 9 is printed *Chorus*, which I suppose meant y that the prologue was to be spoken by the ie person who personated the chorus at the l of the first act.

The original prologue, in the quarto of 1597, ds thus:

Two household frends, alike in dignitie,
In faire Verona, where we lay out
scene,

From civil broyles broke into enmitie,
Whose civill warre makes civill hands
unelcane:

From forth the fatall loynes of these two foes
A paire of starre-crost lovers tooke their
life;

Whose misadventures, piteous overthrowes,
(Through the continuing of their fathers'
strife,

And death-markt passage of their parents'
rage,)

Is now the two howres traffique of our
stage.

The which if you with patient eares attend,
What here we want, we'll studie to
amend. MALONE.

P. 93, l. 7. — *we'll not carry coals.*] Dr. Warburton very justly observes, that this was a phrase formerly in use to signify *the bearing injuries*: but, as he has given no instances in support of his declaration I thought it necessary to subjoin the following. So, Skelton:

“—— You, I say, Julian,
“Wyll you beare no coles?”

Again, Nash, in his *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1705, says: “We will bear no coles, I warrant you.” STEEVENS.

This phrase continued to be in use down to the middle of the last century. In a little satirical piece of Sir John Birkenhead, intitled, “Two centuries [of Books] of St. Paul’s Church-yard,” &c. published after the death of K. Charles I. No. 22. page 50, is inserted “*Fire, Fire!* a small manual, dedicated to Sir Arthur Haselridge; in which it is plainly proved by a whole chauldron of scripture, that *John Lilburn* will not carry coals.” By Dr. Gouge. PRAY.

Notwithstanding this accumulation of passages in which the phrase itself occurs, the original of it is still left unexplored. — “If thine enemy be hungry, give him bread to eat; and if he be thirsty, give him water to drink: for thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head.” &c. Prov. xxv. 22. — or as cited in the Epistle to the Romans, xx. 20. HENLEY.

The English version of the Bible (exclusive of its nobler use) has proved of infinite service to literary antiquaries; but on the present occasion, I fear, it will do us little good. *Collier* was a very ancient term of abuse. “Hang him, foul Collier!” says Sir Toby Belch, speaking of the Devil, in the fourth act of *Twelfth Night*.

person therefore who would *bear* to be *ed collier*, was said to *carry coals*. It afterwards became descriptive of any one who would use a gibe or flout. STEEVENS.

The phrase should seem to mean originally, "I will not submit to servile offices; and thence cowardly, we'll not endure injuries. It has been suggested, that it may mean, "we'll not re-resentment burning like a coal of fire in bosoms, without breaking out into some rage;" with allusion to the proverbial sentence, that smothered anger is a coal of fire in bosom: But the word *carry* seems adverse to such an interpretation. MALONE.

. 94, l. 14. — *poor John*,] is hake, dried, salted. MALONE.

. 94, l. 15. — *here comes two of the house the Montagues*.] It should be observed, that partizans of the Montague family wore a *fen* in their hats, in order to distinguish them from their enemies, the Capulets. Hence through this play, they are known at a distance.

MALONE.

. 94, l. 26-28. *I will bite my thumb at you; which is a disgrace to them, - if they refuse to do it.*] This mode of quarreling appears to have been common in our author's time. "What quarrel is there, (says Decker, describing the various groupes that daily frequented the walks of St. Paul's Church,) what shouldering, what jostling, what jeering, what *byting of thumbs*, *beget quarrels!*" THE DEAD TERN, 1608.

MALONE.

. 95, l. 7. *Enter BENVOLIO*.] Much of this scene is added since the first edition; but pro-

bully by Shakespeare, since we find it in the year 1500. FORD.

P. 95, l. 8, 9. — here comes *one of my father's kinsmen*.] Some mistake has been in this place: *Gregory* is a servant of the *Capulets*, and *Benvolio* was of the *Montagues*. FARMER.

Perhaps there is no mistake. *Gregory* mean *Tybalt*, who enters immediately after *Benvolio*, but on a different part of the stage; eyes of the servant may be directed the way *Tybalt* coming, and in the mean time *Benvolio* enters on the opposite side. STEEVENS.

P. 95, l. 12, 13. — *remember thy blow*.] To *swash* seems to have meant bully, to be noisily valiant. STEEVENS.

P. 95, l. 29. Clubs, *bills*, and *pole*.] When an affray arose in the streets, &c. the usual exclamation. MALONE.

P. 96, l. 3, 4. — Give me my *long*.] The *long sword* was the sword used, which was sometimes wielded with both

It appears that it was once the fashion to use two swords of different sizes at the same time. So, in Decker's *Satiromastix*, 1602:

"Peter Salamander, tie up your *great* your *little sword*."

The *little sword* was the weapon commonly worn, the dress sword. STEEVENS.

The *little sword* was probably nothing more than a *dagger*. MALONE.

P. 96, l. 25. — mis-temper'd *weapons* are *angry weapons*. STEEVENS.

P. 98, l. 25. Or dedicate his *body* to the *sun*] Old

to the same. When we come to consider, that there is some power else besides *balmy air*, that brings forth, and makes the tender buds spread themselves, I do not think it improbable that the poet wrote :

Or dedicate his beauty to the *sun*.

Or, according to the more obsolete spelling, *sunne*; which brings it nearer to the traces of the corrupted text. THEOBALD.

I cannot but suspect that some lines are lost, which connected this simile more closely with the foregoing speech: these lines, if such there were, lamented the danger that Romeo will die of his melancholy, before his virtues or abilities were known to the world. JOHNSON.

I suspect no loss of connecting lines. An expression somewhat similar occurs in *Timon*, Act IV. sc. ii: "A dedicated beggar to the air."

I have, however, adopted Theobald's emendation. Mr. M. Mason observes "that there is not a single passage in our author where so great an improvement of language is obtained, by so slight a deviation from the text." STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnson's conjecture is, I think unfounded; the simile relates solely to Romeo's *concealing* the cause of his melancholy, and is again used by Shakspeare in *Twelfth Night*. MALONE.

P. 99, l. 2. *Is the day so young?*] i. e. is it so early in the day? STEEVENS.

P. 99, l. 16. 17. Alas, that love, whose view
is muffled still,

Should, without eyes, see pathways to his
will!} Sir T. Han-
mer, and after him Dr. Warburton, read *to*
his ill. The present reading has some obscurity.

though blind, should discover pathways
will, and yet cannot avail himself of them;
perceive the road which he is forbidden to

S

This passage seems to have been misapprehended. Benvolio has lamented that the *God of love* appears so gentle, should be a tyrant. —
less to be lamented, adds Romeo, that *God* should yet be able to direct his arrows at those whom he wishes to hit, that he wound whomever he *wills*, or desires to

P. 99, l. 22. et fol. — *O brawling love!*
loving hate!

O any thing, of nothing first create!
O heavy lightness! serious vanity!
these lines neither the sense nor occasion
evident. He is not yet in love with an

Turberville makes Reason harangue against it in the same manner :

"A fierie frost, a flame that frozen is with
ise!

"A heavie burden light to beare! A vertue
fraughte with vice!" &c.

FARMER.

P. 99, l. 34. — *such is love's transgression* —]
uch is the consequence of unskilful and mistaken kindness. JOHNSON.

P. 100, l. 3. 4. *Love is a smoke rais'd with
the fume of sighs;*

*Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers'
eyes;*] The author may

mean *being purged of smoke*, but it is perhaps a meaning never given to the word in any other place. I would rather read, *Being urg'd, a fire sparkling* —. Being excited and enforced. To urge the fire is the technical term. JOHNSON.

P. 100, l. 13. Tell me *in sadness*.] That is, tell me *gravely*, tell me *in seriousness*. JOHNSON.

P. 100, l. 25-29. — *she'll not be hit*

*With Cupid's arrow, she hath Dian's wit;
And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd.
From love's weak childish bow she lives
unharm'd.*] As this play

was written in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, I cannot help regarding these speeches of Romeo as an oblique compliment to her Majesty, who was not liable to be displeased at hearing her chastity raised after she was suspected to have lost it, or her beauty commended in the 67th year of her age, though she never possessed any when she was young. Her declaration that she would continue unmarried, increases the probability of the present proposition. STEEVENS.

In chastity of *proof*, as we say in armour of *proof*. JOHNSON.

P. 100, l. 33. 34. *O, she is rich in beauty:
only poor,*

*That, when she dies, with beauty dies her
store.]* Mr. Theobald reads, "*With her dies beauty's store.*" and is followed by the two succeeding editors. I have replaced the old reading, because I think it at least as plausible as the correction. *She is rich*, says he, *in beauty*, and *only poor* in being subject to the lot of humanity, that *her store*, or riches, *can be destroyed by death*, who shall, by the same blow, put an end to beauty. JOHNSON.

Mr. Theobald's alteration may be countenanced by the following passage in our author's 11th sonnet:

"Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom
and date." STEEVENS.

Yet perhaps the present reading may be right, and Romeo means to say, in his quaint jargon, That she is poor, because she leaves no part of her store behind her, as with her all beauty will die. M. MASON.

Words are sometimes shuffled out of their places at the press; but that they should be at once transposed and corrupted, is highly improbable. I have no doubt that the old copies are right. She is *rich* in beauty; and *poor* in this circumstance alone, that with her, beauty will expire; her *store* of wealth [which the poet has already said was the fairness of her person,] will not be transmitted to posterity, inasmuch as she will "lead her graces to the grave, and leave the world no copy." MALONE.

P. 101, l. 5. 6. — *wisely too fair,*

To merit bliss by making me despair:]
here is in her too much sanctimonious wisdom
mixed with beauty, which induces her to con-
tinue chaste with the hopes of attaining heavenly
 bliss. MALONE.

P. 101, l. 13. 14. 'Tis the way

To call hers, exquisite, in question more:]
hat is, to call hers, which is exquisite, the more
to my remembrance and contemplation. It is
in this sense, and not in that of doubt, or dispu-
tation, that the word *question* is here used. HEATH.
More into talk; to make her unparalleled beauty
the subject of thought and conversation.

MALONE.

P. 101, l. 15. *These happy masks, that kiss*
fair ladies brows,] i. e.
the masks worn by female spectators of the play.

STEEVENS.

These happy masks, I believe, means no more
than *the* happy masks: Such is Mr. Tyrwhitt's
opinion. MALONE.

P. 101, l. 20. *What doth her beauty serve,]*
i. e. what end does it answer? In modern lan-
guage we say — "serve for. STEEVENS.

P. 102, l. 7. 8. *And too soon marr'd are those*
so early made,] *Make-*

ing and marring is enumerated among other
unlawful games in the Stat. 2 and 3 Phi. and Ma.

9. Great improvements have been made on this
ancient game in the present century. MALONE.

P. 102, l. 10. She is the hopeful *lady of my*
earth,] This is a Gal-

icism: Fille de terre is the French phrase for
heiress.

King Richard II. calls his land, i. e. his kingdom, *his earth*:

"Feed not thy Sovereign's foe, my gentle
earth." STEEVENS.

The explanation of Mr. Steevens may be right; but there is a passage in *The Maid's Tragedy*, which leads to another, where Amintor says,

"This *earth* of mine doth tremble, and
I feel

"A stark affrighted motion in my blood."

Here *earth* means corporal part. M. MASON.

P. 102, l. 12. *My will to her consent is but a part;*] *To*, in this instance, signifies *in comparison with, in proportion to*. STEEVENS.

P. 102, l. 21. *Earth-treading stars, that make
dark heaven light;*

This nonsense should be reformed thus:

Earth-treading stars that make dark *even*
light:

i. e. When the evening is dark, and without stars, these earthly stars, supply their place, and light it up. So again in this play:

"Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of
night,

"Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear."

WARBURTON.

But why nonsense? is any thing more commonly said, than that beauties eclipse the sun? Has not Pope the thought and the word?

"Sol through white curtains shot a tim'rous ray,

"And op'd those eyes that must eclipse
the day.

Both the old and the new reading are philoso-

phical nonsense; but they are both, and both equally, poetical sense. JOHNSON.

I will not say that this passage, as it stands, is absolute nonsense; but I think it very absurd, and am certain that it is not capable of the meaning that Johnson attributes to it, without the alteration I mean to propose, which is, to read,

Earth-treading stars that make dark,
heaven's light.

That is, *earthly stars* that outshine the stars of heaven, and make them appear dark by their own superior brightness. But according to the present reading, they are earthly stars that enlighten the gloom of heaven. M. MASON.

P. 102, l. 22-26. *Such comfort, as do lusty
young men feel*

*When well-apparell'd April on the heel
Of limpid winter treads, even such delight
Among fresh female buds shall you this
night*

Inherit at my house;] To say, and to say in pompous words, that a *young man shall feel* as much in an assembly of beauties, *as young men feel in the month of April*, is surely to waste sound upon a very poor sentiment. I read:

Such comfort as do lusty *yeomen* feel.

You shall feel from the sight and conversation of these ladies, such hopes of happiness and such pleasure, as the farmer receives from the spring, when the plenty of the year begins, and the prospect of the harvest fills him with delight.

JOHNSON.

Young men are certainly *yeomen*. See Spelman's Glossary; voce JUNIORES. It is no less singular that in a subsequent act of this very play the old copies should, in two places, read *young*

trees" and "*young tree*" instead of *new-tree*. RITSON.

A passage in Chaucer's *Roman* ver. 51. &c. will support the and show the propriety of Shakspeare. STEEVENS.

To *inherit*, in the language age, is to *possess*. MALONE.

P. 102. l. 48, 29. Such, amongst
mine,

May stand in number, though
none.]

these lines I do not understand: given no help; the passage is the more *view*. I can offer nothing but

Within your view of me
one,

May stand in number, 8

A very slight alteration will restore sense to this passage, Shakspeare written the lines thus:

Search amongst view of
being a

May stand in number the
ing not

i. e. Amongst the many you will search for one that will please out of the multitude. This agrees with what he had already said to him

"— Hear all, all see,

"And like her most, who shall be

My daughter (he proceeds) will be one of the number, but he of no reckoning (i. e. estimati

whom you will see here. Reckoning for estimation, is used before in this very scene:

'Of honourable *reckoning* are you both.'

STEEVENS.

This passage is neither intelligible as it stands, nor do I think it will be rendered so by Steevens's amendment. — "To search amongst view of many," is neither sense nor English.

The old folio, as Johnson tells us, reads

Which one more view of many —

And this leads us to the right reading, which I should suppose to have been this: —

*Whilst on more view of many, mine
being one, &c.*

With this alteration the sense is clear, and the deviation from the folio very trifling.

M. MASON.

P. 103, l. 17. *Your plantain leaf is excellent
for that.*]

Tackius tells us, that a toad, before she engages with a spider, will fortify herself with some of this plant; and that, if she comes off wounded, she cures herself afterwards with it. DR. GREY.

In *The Case is Alter'd*, by Ben Jonson, 1609, a fellow who has had his head broke, says: "Tis nothing, a fillip, a device: fellow Juniper, prithes get me a *plantain*."

The plantain leaf is a blood-stauncher, and was formerly applied to green wounds.

STEEVENS.

P. 104, l. 10. 11. Rom. *Whither?*

Ser. *To supper; to our house.*]

The words *to supper* are in the old copies annexed to the preceding speech. They undoubtedly belong to the servant, to whom they were transferred by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

P. 104, l. 18. 19. — *crush a cup of*
This cant expression seems to have been
common among low people. I have met
it often in the old plays.

We still say, in cant language — *to crack*

P. 104, last l. *Your lady's love*] is
you bear to your lady; which in our lan-
guage is commonly used for the lady herself. H.

P. 105, l. 27, — *to my teen* —] To my

This old word is introduced by Shakes-
peare for the sake of the jingle between *teen* and
fourteen. STEEVENS.

P. 106, l. 8. *'Tis since the earthquake*
eleven years;

how comes the nurse to talk of an ear-
thquake upon this occasion? There is no such
instance, I believe, mentioned in any of the
works from which Shakspeare may be supposed
to have drawn his story; and therefore it seems pro-
bable that he had in view the earthquake, which
really been felt in many parts of England
about the year 1580, viz. on the 6th of April, 1580
Stowe's Chronicle, and *Gabriel Harvey*
in the preface to *Spenser's works*, edit.
1591. If so, one may be permitted to conjecture
that *Romeo and Juliet*, or this part of it at least,
was written in 1591; after the 6th of April, 1580,
eleven years since the earthquake was
completed; and not later than the middle
of a fortnight and odd days before *Lamm*

P. 106, l. 14. — I do bear a brain: I
have a perfect remembrance or collec-

P. 106, last l. — *it stinted*,] i. e. it stopped, forbore from weeping. STEEVENS.

P. 107, l. 23. *It is an honour that I dream not of.*] The first quarto reads *honour*; the folio *hour*. I have chosen the reading of the quarto.

The word *hour* seems to have nothing in it that could draw from the Nurse that applause which is immediately bestowed. The word *honour* was likely to strike the old ignorant woman, as a very elegant and discreet word for the occasion.

STEEVENS.

P. 107, l. 34. — *he's a man of wax.*] Well said, as if he had been modelled in wax, as Mr. Steevens by a happy quotation has explained: "When you, Lydia, praise the waxen arm of Telephus," (says, Horace,) [*Waxen*, well adapted, fine turned:]

"With passion swells my fervid breast,"

"With passion hard to be suppress."

Dr. Bentley changes *cerea* into *lactea*, little understanding that the praise was given to the ape, not to the colour. S. W.

P. 108, l. 1 & fol. Nurse. *Nay, he's a flower;*
in faith a very flower. &c.]

After this speech of the Nurse, Lady Capulet has an old quarto says only:

"Well, Juliet, how like you of Paris' love?"

She answers, "I'll look to like," &c. and so concludes the scene, without the intervention of that stuff to be found in the later quartos and the folio. STEEVENS.

P. 108, l. 2. & fol. La. Cap. *What say you?*
can you love the gentleman? &c.]

This ridiculous speech is entirely added since the first edition. POPE.

P. 108, l. 10. 11. *And what obscur'd in this
fair volume lies,*

Find written in the margin of *his eyes*.] The comments on ancient books were always printed in the margin. So *Horatio* in *Hamlet* says: "— I knew you must be edify'd by the margin," &c. STEEVENS.

P. 108, l. 12. & fol. This precious book of love,
this unbound lover,

To beautify him, only lacks a cover:

The fish lives in the sea; &c.] This ridiculous speech is full of abstruse quibbles. The *unbound lover*, is a quibble on the *binding* of a book, and the *binding* in *marriage*; and the word *cover* is a quibble on the law phrase for a married woman; who is styled a *femme couverte* in law French. M. MASON.

The fish lives in the sea;] i. e. is not yet caught. Fish-skin covers to books anciently were not uncommon. Such is Dr. Farmer's explanation of this passage; and it may receive some support from what Aenobarbus says in *Antony and Cleopatra*: "The tears *live* in an onion, that should water this sorrow." STEEVENS.

The purport of the remainder of this speech, is to show the advantage of having a handsome person to cover a virtuous mind. It is evident therefore, that instead of "the fish lives in the sea," we should read, "the fish lives in the *shell*." For the *sea* cannot be said to be a beautiful cover to a fish, though a *shell* may. — I believe, that by the *golden story*, is meant no particular legend, but any valuable writing. M. MASON.

P. 108, l. 16. 17. *That book in many's eyes
doth share the glory,
That in gold clasps locks in the golden
story;]* The golden story is perhaps the golden legend, a book in the dark ages of popery much read, and doubtless often exquisitely embellished, but of which Canus, one of the popish doctors, proclaims the author to have been *homo ferrei oris, plumbei cordis*.

JOHNSON.

The poet may mean nothing more than to say, that those books are most esteemed by the world, where *valuable contents* are embellished by a *valuable binding*. STEEVENS.

P. 109, l. 3. MERCUTIO,] Shakspeare appears to have formed this character on the following slight hint in the original story: "—another gentleman, called *Mercutio*, which was a courtlike gentleman, very wel beloved of all men, and by reason of his pleasant and curteous behavior was in al companies wel intertained." *Painter's Palace of Pleasure*, tom. ii. p. 221. STEEVENS.

P. 109, l. 8. *The date is out of such prolixity:]* i. e. *Masks* are now out of fashion. That Shakspeare was an enemy to these fooleries, appears from his writing none; and that his plays discredited such entertainments, is more than probable. WARNBURTON.

The diversion going forward at present is not a *masque* but a *masquerade*. In Henry VIII. where the King introduces himself to the entertainment given by Wolsey, he appears, like Romeo and his companions, in a *mask*, and sends a messenger before, to make an apology for his intrusion. This was a custom observed by those who came uninvited, with a desire to conceal themselves for the sake

340. NOTES TO ROMEO

of introduction, to enjoy the greater freedom of conversation. Their entry on these occasions was always preceded by some speech in praise of the beauty of the ladies, or the generosity of the entertainers; and so the *prolixity* of such introductions, I believe, Romeo is made to allude.

In the accounts of many entertainments given in reigns antecedent to that of Elizabeth, I find this custom preserved. Of the same kind of masquerading, see a specimen in *Timon*, where Cupid presides a troop of ladies with a speech. STEVENSON.

Shakspeare has written a *masque* which the reader will find introduced in the 4th act of *The Tempest*. I would have been difficult for the reverend annotator to have proved they were discontinued during any period of Shakspeare's life. PRATER.

R. 109, l. 9, 10. *We'll have no Cupid hood-wink'd with a scarf,*

Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,] The Tartarian bows, as well as most of those used by the Asiatic nations, resemble in their form the old Roman or Cupid's bow, such as we see on medals and bas-reliefs. Shakspeare used the epithet to distinguish it from the English bow, whose shape is the segment of a circle. DOUCE.

R. 109, l. 11. *Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper;*] The word *crow-keeper* is explained in *King Lear*, Act IV. sc. vi. JOHNSON.

R. 109, l. 15. *With measure them a measure,*] i. e. a dance. MALONE.

R. 109, l. 16, 17. *From. Give me a torch, — I'll light for this wedding;*
Being thus heavy, I will bear the torch The character which Romeo declares his resolution to assume, will be best explained by a young man

Westward Ho, by Decker and Webster, 1607: "He is just like a *torch-bearer* to maskers; he wears good cloaths, and is ranked in good company, but he doth nothing." A *torch-bearer* seems to have been a constant appendage on every troop of masks.

Before the invention of chandeliers, all rooms of state were illuminated by flambeaux which attendants held upright in their hands. This custom is mentioned by Froissart, and other writers who had the merit of describing every thing they saw.

To *hold a torch*, however, was anciently no degrading office. Queen Elizabeth's Gentlemen-Pensioners attended her to Cambridge, and *held torches* while a play was acted before her in the Chapel of King's College, on a Sunday evening.

At an entertainment also, given by Louis XIV. in 1664, no less than 200 valets-de-pied were thus employed. STREVEENS.

King Henry VIII. when he went masked to Wolsey's palace (now Whitehall,) had sixteen torch-bearers. MALONE.

P. 109, l. 31. 32. Mer. *And, to sink in it, should you burden love*] i. e. by sinking in it, *you should, or would, burden love*. Mr. Heath, on whose suggestion a note of interrogation has been placed at the end of this line in the late editions, entirely misunderstood the passage. Had he attended to the first two lines of Mercutio's next speech, he would have seen what kind of burdens he was thinking of. MALONE.

P. 119, l. 9. *What curious eye doth quote deformities* To quote is to observe. So, in *Hamlet*:

"I am sorry, that with better heed and judgement

"I had not quoted him." STEEVENS.

P. 110, l. 13-15. — *let wantons, light of heart,*

Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels:]

It has been already observed, that it was anciently the custom to strew rooms with *rushes*, before carpets were in use. So Hentzner in his Itinerary, speaking of Queen Elizabeth's presence-chamber at Greenwich, says: "The floor, after the English fashion, was strewed with *hay*," meaning *rushes*.

STEEVENS.

Shakspeare, it has been observed, gives the manners and customs of his own time to all countries and all ages. It is certainly true; but let it always be remembered that his contemporaries offended against propriety in the same manner. MALONE.

P. 110, l. 16-23. *For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase,—*

I'll be a candle-holder, and look on,—

The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

Mer. Tut! dun's the mouse, the constable's own word:

If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire

Of this (save reverence) love wherein thou stick'st

Up to the ears.] The proverb which Romeo means, is contained in the second line: *To hold the candle*, is a very common proverbial expression for being an idle spectator. Among Ray's proverbial sentences, is this, — "A good candle-holder proves a good gamester." STEEVENS.

The proverb to which Romeo refers, is rather that alluded to in the third line.

It appears from a passage in one of the small collections of Poetry, entitled *Drolleries*, of which I have lost the title, that "Our sport is at the best," or at the fairest, meant, *we have had enough of it*. Hence it is that Romeo says, "I am done."

Dun is the mouse, I know not why, seems to have meant, *Peace; be still!* and hence it is said to be "the constable's own word;" who may be supposed to be employed in apprehending an offender, and afraid of alarming him by any noise.

MALONE.

The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.] An allusion to an old proverbial saying, which advises to give over when the game is at the fairest.

RITSON.

This is equivalent to phrases in common use — *I am done for, it is over with me*. *Done* is often used in a kindred sense by our author.

STEEVENS.

Mer. *Tut! dun's the mouse, the constable's own word.*] This poor obscure stuff should have an explanation in mere charity. It is an answer to these two lines of Romeo:

"For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase; — and —

"The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done."

Mercutio, in his reply, answers the last line first. The thought of which, and of the preceding, is taken from gaming. *I'll be a candle-holder* (says Romeo) *and look on*. It is true, If I could play myself, I could never expect a fairer chance than in the company we are going to: but, alas: *I am done*. *I have nothing to play with: I have lost my cart already*. Mercutio catches at the word *done*.

and gambles with it, as if Romeo had told ladies indeed are fair, but I am dun, a dark complexion. And so replies, *Tut the mouse*; a proverbial expression of contempt with the French, *La nuit tous les chats sont gris* as much as to say, You need night will make all your complexions all because Romeo had introduced his chat with,

I am proverb'd with a grandsire Mercutio adds to his reply, *the constable's word*: as much as to say, If you are for verbs, I'll fit you with one; 'tis *the own word*; whose custom was, when he moved his watch, and assigned them their stations, to give them what the soldiers call *word*. But this night-guard being distinguished for their pacifick character, the constable's emblem of their harmless disposition, a domestic animal for his word, which might become proverbial. WARBURTON.

If thou art dun, we'll draw thee out of the mire &c.] A

proverbial saying, used by Mr. Thomas Heywood in his play, intitled *The Dutchess of Suffolk*, A

Dr *Dun* (a common name, as Mr. D. serves, for a cart-horse) *out of the mire* to have been a game. In an old collection of types, Epigrams, &c. I find it enumerated among other pastimes.

Dun's the mouse is a proverbial phrase I have likewise met with frequently in comedies; but of this cant expression I cannot give the precise meaning. STURGEON.

Dun out of the mire was the simple

and to this sense Mercutio may allude when Romeo declines dancing. *Taylor in a Navy of Land ships* says, "Nimble-heel'd mariners (like so many dancers) capring in the pumpos and vanities of this sinfull world, sometimes a Morisca or Trenchmore of forty miles long, to the tune of duste my deare, dirty come thou to me, *Dun out of the mire*, or I wayle in woe and plunge in paine; all these dances have no other musicke." HOLT WHITE.

These passages serve to prove that Dr. Warburton's explanation is ill founded; without tending to explain the real sense of the phrase; or showing why it should be *the constable's own word*.

M. MASON.

"The cat is grey, a cant phrase, somewhat similar to "Dun's the mouse," occurs in *King Lear*. But the present application of Mercutio's words will, I fear, remain in hopeless obscurity.

STEEVENS.

Of this (save reverence) love &c.] The folio — *Or save your reverence &c.* The word *or* obscures the sentence; we should read — *O! for or love*. Mercutio having called the affection with which Romeo was entangled by so disrespectful a word as *mire*, cries out,

O! save your reverence, love. JOHNSON.

This passage is not worth a contest; and yet if the conjunction *or* were retained, the meaning appears to be: — "We'll draw thee from the mire (says he) *or rather* from this love wherein thou stickst."

Dr. Johnson has imputed a greater share of politeness to Mercutio than he is found to be possessed of in the quarto, 1597. Mercutio, as he passes through different editions,

depending on that word. I have corrected it from the original. MALONE.

P. 112, first l. *Of healths five fathoms deep;*] So, in *Westward Ho*, by Decker and Webster, 1607: "— troth, Sir, my master and sir Goslin are guzzling; they are dabbling together *five fathoms deep*. The knight has drunk so much health to the gentleman yonder, on his knees, that he hath almost lost the use of his legs." MALONE.

P. 112, l. 6. *And bakes the elf-locks &c.*] This was a common superstition; and seems to have had its rise from the horrid disease called the Plica Polonica. WARBURTON.

So, in Heywood's *Iron age*, 1632:

"And when I shook these locks, now knotted all,

"As bak'd in blood," — MALONE.

P. 112, last but one l. *Direct my suit!*] I have restored this reading from the elder quarto, as being more congruous to the metaphor in the preceding line. *Suit* is the reading of the folio.

STEELE.

Suit is the corrupt reading of the quarto 1699, from which it got into all the subsequent copies.

MALONE.

Direct my suit!] Guide the sequel of the adventure. JOHNSON.

P. 112, last l. *Strike, drum.*] Here the poet adds: *They march about the stage, and serving men come forth with their napkins.* STEELE.

P. 113, l. 5. — *he shift a trencher!*] *Trenchers* were still used by persons of good fashion in our author's time. In the household book of the Earls of Northumberland, compiled at the beginning of the same century, it appears that they were common to the tables of the first nobility. PUGH.

substituting a new birth in the bed or cradle. It would clear the appellation to read the *fairy midwife*. — The poet avails himself of Mab's appropriate province, by giving her this nocturnal agency. T. WARTON.

P. 111, l. 6. 7. In shape no bigger than an
agate-stone

On the fore-finger of an *alderman*,] The quarto, 1597, reads, *of a burgo-master*, The alteration was probably made by the poet himself, as we find it in the succeeding copy, 1599; but in order to familiarize the idea, he has diminished its propriety. In the pictures of *burgo-masters*, the ring is generally placed on the fore-finger; and from a passage in *The First Part of Henry IV.* we may suppose the citizens in Shakspeare's time to have worn this ornament on the thumb. So again, Glapthorne, in his comedy of *Wit in a Constable*, 1639: "—and an *alderman*, as I may say to you, he has no more wit than the rest of the bench; and that lies in his *thumb ring*."

STEVENS.

P. 111, l. 8. Drawn with a team of little
atomies] *Atomy* is no more than an obsolete substitute for *atom*.

STEVENS.

P. 111, l. 28. Because their breaths with
sweet-meats tainted are,]
i. e. kissing-comfits. These artificial aids to perfume the breath, are mentioned by Falstaff in the last act of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. MALBON.

P. 111, l. 29. Sometime she gallops o'er a
courier's nose, and on

And then dreams he of smelling out in
suit:] Mr. Pope reads

— *lawyer's nose*. STEVENS.

the use, which table, it was afterwards
brought, and intended to be used to the
Pope:

"The high buffet well adorn'd
with grace,

"Gladly hoping Triton's spurs to wear
his face."

The side-board was, I apprehend, introduced
in the present century. MALONE.

A court-cupboard was a moveable, a
sort of furniture. The surface was open, and of
plain oak; the lower had folding doors, as
both painted and gilded on the inside. ST
P. 118, 119. — A piece of marchpane; a
pane was a confection made of starch, su-
phonds, and sugar, &c. and in high cost
Shakespeare's time, as appears from the
of Queen Elizabeth's entertainment in Cam-
bridge, is said that the university presented Sir
Cecil, their chancellor, with two pair of
a marchpane, and two sugar-loaves.

Peck's Desiderata Curiosa, Vol. I

Marchpane was a kind of sweet bread, or
called by some almond cake. *Hermonius*
barus terms it *mazapanus*, vulgarly *Martini*
nus. *G. marzapain* and *massapain*. It means
it *mozapan*. B. *marzapain*. But, as few understood the meaning of this
it began to be generally though corruptly
massepain, *marcepain*, *massepain*, and
sequence of this mistake of theirs, it soon
name of *marzipan*, an appellation now
afterwards into other languages. See *Hermonius*

Marchpane was a constant article in the

explained the passage with his usual learning; but I do not think he is so happy in his endeavour to justify Shakspeare from the charge of a *vicious repetition* in introducing the *courtier* twice. The second folio, I observe, reads:

On *countries* knees —

which has led me to conjecture, that the line ought to be read thus:

On *counties* knees, that dream on *count-*
sies straight:

Counties I understand to signify *noblemen* in general. Paris, who, in one place, I think, is called *Barl*, is most commonly styled the *Count* in this play.

The *Countie Egmond* is so called more than once in Holinshed, p. 1150, and in the Burleigh papers, Vol. I. p. 201. See also p. 7. The *Coun- tie* Palatine Lowys. However, perhaps, it is as probable that the repetition of the *courtier*, which offends us in this passage, may be owing (not to any error of the press, but) to the printers having jumbled together the varieties of several editions, as they certainly have done in other parts of the play. T. W. H.

P. 111, last l. — *Spanish blades,*] A sword is called a *toledo*, from the excellence of the Toletan steel. So Grotius:

Gladius Toletanus

"Unde Tagi non est uno celebranda me-
tallo;

"Utilis in cives est ibi lamina suoa."

JOHANNES

In the passage quoted from Grotius, *alia* has been inserted instead of *una*, which

the word *cousin* to denote any one of whatever degree, and sometime those of lineal descent.

Richard III. during a whole scene York, *cousin*; who in his answer him *uncle*. And the old Duchess same play calls her grandson, *cousin*.

"Why, my young *cousin* grow.

"York, Grandam, one sit at a

P. 116, l. 11. — *to scath you* an injury. STEEVENS.

P. 116, l. 13. *You must* continue of this verb is common to our

P. 116, l. 14. A *prince* is a coarced person. STEEVENS.

The etymology of the word *p* found in Florio's Italian Dict. is *chino*. It is rather a cockered than a *coxcomb*. MALONE.

P. 116, l. 17. *Patience* perforce *choler*

expression is in part proverbial: the

"*Patience* perforce is a mad d

P. 116, l. 25. — *the gentle* fit The old copies read *sin*. MALONE

All profanations are supposed either by some meritorious action, nance undergone, and punishment So Romeo would here say, If I be in the rude touch of my hand, my

of our snooters. So, in *Acolastus*, a comedy, 1540:
"— seeing that the issue of the table, fruits and
cheese, or wafers, hypocras, and *marchpanes*, or
conifitures, be brought in." See Dugdale's *Orig.*
Jurid. p. 133.

In the year 1560, I find the following entry on
the books of the Stationers' Company: "Item,
payd for ix *marshes paynes*, xvi s. vii d. 11." —
Marchpanes were composed of filberts, almonds,
pistachoes, pine-kernels, and sugar of roses, with
a small proportion of flour. Our *macaroons* are
only debased and diminutive *marchpanes*. STEEVENS.

P. 1147, l. 9. *A hall! a hall!*] Such is the
old spelling, and the true one, though the modern
editors read, *A ball! a ball!* The former ex-
pression occurs frequently in the old comedies, and
tragedies, *make room*. STEEVENS.

P. 114, l. 11. — *turn the tables up*,] Before
this phrase is generally intelligible; it should be
observed that ancient tables were flat leaves, joined
by hinges, and placed on tressels. When they were
to be removed, they were therefore *turned up*.

STEEVENS.

P. 114, l. 15. — *good cousin Capulet*,] This
cousin Capulet is *uncle* in the paper of invitation,
but as Capulet is described as old, *cousin* is prob-
ably the right word in both places. I know not
how Capulet and his lady might agree, their ages
were very disproportionate; he has been past mask-
ing for thirty years, and her age, as she tells Juliet,
is but eight-and-twenty. JOHNSON.

Cousin was a common expression from older
kinsman to another, out of the degree of youth
and child, brother and sister. Olivia, in *Twelfth*
Night, constantly calls her uncle Toby *cousin*.

Shakspeare and other contemporary writers use the word *cousin* to denote any collateral relation, of whatever degree, and sometimes even to denote those of lineal descent.

Richard III. during a whole scene calls his nephew York, *cousin*; who in his answer constantly calls him *uncle*. And the old Duchess of York in the same play calls her grandson, *cousin*:

"Why, my young *cousin*, it is good to grow.

"York, Grandam, one night, as we did sit at supper," &c.

M. MASON.

P. 116, l. 11. — *to scath you*;] i. e. to do you an injury. STEEVENS.

P. 116, l. 13. *You must contrary me*!] The use of this verb is common to our old writers.

STEEVENS.

P. 116, l. 14. A *prince* is a coxcomb, a conceited person. STEEVENS.

The etymology of the word *prince* may be found in Florio's Italian Dict. 1598, in v. *Pinchino*. It is rather a cockered or spoil't child, than a coxcomb. MALONE.

P. 116, l. 17. *Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting*,] This

expression is in part proverbial: the old adage is,

"*Patience perforce* is a medicine for a mad dog." STEEVENS.

P. 116, l. 25. — *the gentle fine is this*, —] The old copies read *sin*. MALONE.

All profanations are supposed to be expiated either by some meritorious action, or by some penance undergone, and punishment submitted to. So Romeo would here say, If I have been profane in the rude touch of my hand, my lips stand ready,

AND JULIET.

two blushing pilgrims, to take off the
atone for it by a sweet penance. (Before must have wrote:

——— the gentle *fine* is this. WAR
1. 117, l. 3-6. Rom. *O then, dear sa
lips do what han*

*They pray, grant thou, lest faith t
despair.*] Juliet ha
ore "that palm to palm was holy palmer's"
afterwards says that "palmer's have lip
must use in prayer." Romeo replies,
*prayer of his lips was, that they migh
st hands do;* that is, that they might kiss

M. MAS

1. 117, l. 12. [*Kissing her.*] Our poet ha
out doubt, copied from the mode of his o
: and kissing a lady in a publick assembl
may conclude, was not thought indecorou
K. Henry VIII. he in like manner make

Sanda kiss Anne Boleyn, next to whom h
the supper given by Cardinal Wolsey. MALONE

117, l. 18. Jul. *You kiss by the book.*] In

ou *Like It*, we find it was usual to quarre

book, and we are told in the note, tha

were books extant for good manners. Julie

pears to refer to a third kind, containing

of courtship, an example from which i

ble that Rosalind hath adduced. HENLEY

at Juliet means to say is—you kiss me-

y; you offer as many reasons for kissing

have been found in a treatise professedly

the subject. AMNER.

l. 34. *We have a trifling foolish bo*

quet towards.—\

ady, at hand. STEEVENS.

from the former part of this

"Young *Adam Cupid*, he that shot so
trim,

"When," &c.

This word *trim*, the first editors, consulting the general sense of the passage, and not perceiving the allusion, would naturally alter to *true*; yet the former seems the more humorous expression, and, on account of its quaintness, more likely to have been used by Mercutio. PERCY.

So *trim* is the reading of the oldest copy, and this ingenious conjecture is confirmed by it.

STEEVENS.

The ballad here alluded to, is *King Cophetua and the Beggar-maid*, or, at it is called in some old copies, *The song of a beggar and a King*.

MALONE.

P. 120, l. 10. *The ape is dead*,] This phrase appears to have been frequently applied to young men, in our author's time, without any reference to the mimicry of that animal. It was an expression of tenderness, like *poor fool*. Nashe, in one of his pamphlets, mentions his having read Lyly's *Euphues*, when he was a little *ape* at Cambridge. MALONE.

P. 120 l. 12. — her *high forehead*,] It has already been observed that a high forehead was in Shakspeare's time thought eminently beautiful.

MALONE.

P. 120, l. 29. — *the humorous night*:] I suppose *Shakspeare* means humid, the moist dewy night. STEEVENS.

P. 121, l. 9. He *jests at scars, that never felt a wound*. —] That is,

Mercutio jests, whom he overheard. JOHNSON.

"He (that person) jests, is merely an allusion to his having conceived himself so armed with the love

AND JULIET.

Rosalind, that no other beauty could
pression on him. This is clear from
sation he has with Mercutio, just be
to Capulet's. RITSON.

P. 121, l. 18. *Be not her maid,*] .
sary to the moon, to Diana. JOHNSON.

P. 121, l. 21. *It is my lady; &c.*] T
half I have replaced. JOHNSON.

P. 122, l. 6. *O, that I were a glove up
hand,*] This
ears to have been ridiculed by Shirley i
Book of Compliments, a comedy, 1637:

"O that I were a flea upon that lip,

STEEN

P. 122, l. 10. 11. O, speak again, bright as
for thou art

As glorious to this *night*,] Though all
ted copies concur in this reading, yet the la
of the simile seems to require,

As glorious to this *sight*; —

therefore I have ventured to alter the text:

THEOBALD

I have restored the old reading, for surely th
e was unnecessary. The plain sense is, th
appeared as splendid an object in the vacu
ven obscured by darkness, as an angel cou
o the eyes of mortals, who were falling bac
upon him.

lorious to this night, means *as glorious
varance in this dark night*, &c. It shoul
ved, however, that the simile agrees pr
th Theobald's alteration, and not so we
old reading. STEEVENS.

l. 15. *Neither, fair saint, if ei
thee dislike.*] D

s displease. M. MASON.

so thou do but love me, I care not what may
fall me. Let me be found here. Such appi
me to be the meaning.

Mr. M. Mason thinks that "*but thou love*
means, *unless thou love me*; grounding it
I suppose, on the two subsequent lines. But
contain, in my apprehension, a distinct pr
tion. He first says, that he is content to be
vered, if he be but secure of her affection
then adds, that death from the hands
kinemen would be preferable to life witho
love. But, however, it must be acknowl
has often in old English the meaning whic
M. Mason would here affix to it. MALONE.

Mr. M. Mason is certainly in the right, *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"*But being charg'd, we will be s*
land." STEEVEN

P. 124, l. 2, 3. *My life were better an*
their hate;

Than death prorogued, wanting of thy
The common interpretation of *prorogued* is to be

P. 124, l. 32. — *that have more cunning to
to be strange,]* *To be
strange*, is to put on affected coldness, to appear
shy. STEEVENS.

P. 127, l. 7. *To lure this tassel-gentle back
again!]* The *tassel* or
tiercel (for so it should be spelt) is the male of
the *goshawk*; so called; because it is a *tierce* or
third less than the female. This is equally true
of all birds of prey. In *The Booke of Falcon-
rye*, by George Turberville, gent. printed in 1575,
I find a whole chapter on the *falcon-gentle*, &c.
This species of hawk had the epithet of *gentle* an-
nexed to it, from the ease with which it was
tamed, and its attachment to man. STEEVENS.

It appears from the old books on this subject
that certain hawks were considered as appropriated
to certain ranks. The *tiercel-gentle* was appro-
priated to the Prince; and thence, we may suppo-
se, was chosen by Juliet as an appellation for her
beloved Romeo. In an ancient treatise entitled
*Hawking, Hunting and Fishing, with the true
measures of blowing*, is the following passage:

The names of all manner of hawks, and to
whom they belong.

For a PRINCE.

There is a *falcon gentle*, and a *tiercel gentle*;
and these are for a Prince. MALONE.

P. 127, l. 16. *My sweet!]* Mr. Malone reads —
Madam, and justifies his choice by the following
note. STEEVENS.

Thus the original copy of 1597. In the two
subsequent copies and the folio we have—*My niece*.
What word was intended it is difficult so say. The
editor of the second folio substituted — *My sweet*. I
have already shown, that all the alterations in that

copy were made at random; and have therefore preserved the original word, though less tender than that which was arbitrarily substituted in its place. MALONE.

As I shall always suppose the second folio to have been corrected in many places, by the aid of better copies than fell into the hands of the editors of the preceding volume, I have in the present instance, as well as many others, followed the authority rejected by Mr. Malone.

I must add, that the cold, distant, and formal appellation — *Madam*, which has been already put into the mouth of the *Nurse*, would but ill accord with the more familiar feelings of the ardent Romeo, to whom Juliet has just promised every gratification that youth and beauty could bestow.

STEEVENS.

P. 128; l. 19-25. Fri. *The grey ey'd morn
smiles on the frowning night,
Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks
of light;*

*And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's pathway, made by Titan's
wheels: }* These four

lines are here replaced, conformable to the first edition, where such a description is much more proper than in the mouth of Romeo just before, when he was full of nothing but the thoughts of his mistress. POPE.

In the folio these lines are printed twice over, and given once to Romeo, and once to the friar. JOHNSON.

The same mistake has likewise happened in the quartos, 1599, 1609, and 1637. STEEVENS.

Flecked is spotted, dappled, streaked, or variegated. In this sense it is used by Churchyard & by Lord Surrey. STEEVENS.

the word is still used in Scotland, where "a *ked cow*" is a common expression. MALONE.

. 128, l. 28. and fol. *I must up-fill this osier cage of ours,*

With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers &c.] Shak-

re, on his introduction of Friar Lawrence, has artificially prepared us for the part he is afterwards to sustain. Having thus early discovered

to be a chemist, we are not surprised when find him furnishing the draught which produces the catastrophe of the piece. I owe this remark Dr. Farmer. STEEVENS.

. 129, l. 7. *But to the earth—*] i. e. to the inhabitants of the earth. MALONE.

. 129, l. 14. — *with that part—*] i. e. with part which smells; with the olfactory nerves.

MALONE.

. 130, l. 10. 11. — *both our remedies*

Within thy help and holy physick lies:]

is one of the passages in which our author sacrificed grammar to rhyme. M. MASON.

. 131, l. 22. — *I stand on sudden haste.]*

it is of the utmost consequence for me to be y. STEEVENS.

. 132, l. 14. 15. — *the very pin of his heart*

with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft;] A

-shaft was the kind of arrow used in shooting utts. STEEVENS.

the allusion is to archery. The clout or white mark at which the arrows are directed, was fast-

by a black *pin* placed in the center of it.

hit this was the highest ambition of every *ksman*. MALONE.

. 132, l. 17-19. Why, what is Tybalt?

r. *More than Prince of cats, I can tell you.*

NOTES TO ROMEO

O, he in the *courageous captain of compliments*,
Prince of cats, i. e. Tybert, the name given to
 the cat, in the story-book of *Reynard the Fox*.

It appears to me that these speeches are improp-
 riety divided, and that they ought to run thus:
 Ben. What is Tybert more than Prince
 of cats?

Mer. O, he's the *courageous captain of com-
 compliments*, &c.

M. MASON,
The courageous captain of compliments: i. e.
 A complete master of all the laws of ceremony,
 the principal man in the doctrine of punctilio:
 "A man of compliments, whom right and
 wrong

"(Have those as umpire;"
 says our author of *Don Arnado*, the Spaniard, in
Love's Labour's Lost. STEEVENS.

P. 132, l. 24. A minim is a note of slow time;
 in musick, equal to two crotchets. MALONE.

P. 132, l. 24. A gentleman of the very
 first house. — Of the first and second cause;
 i. e. one who pretends to be at the head of his fa-
 mily, and quarrels by the book. WARBURTON.

Tybal cannot pretend to be the head of his fa-
 mily, as both Capulet and Romeo barred his claim
 to that elevation. "A gentleman of the first house
 — of the first and second cause," is a gentle-
 man of the first rank, of the first eminence among
 these duellists; and one who understands the whol-
 science of quarrelling, and will tell you of
 first cause, and the second cause, for which
 man is to fight. — The Clown, in *As you like
 it*, talks of the seventh cause in the same sense.

P. 132, l. 25. 26. *Ah, the immortal passado! the punto reverso! the hay! —* All the terms of the modern fencing-school were originally Italian; the rapier, or small thrusting sword, being first used in Italy. The *hay* is the word *ha!*, you have it, used when a thrust reaches the antagonist, from which our fencers, on the same occasion, without knowing, I suppose, any reason for it, cry out, *ha!* JOHNSON.

P. 132, l. 31. 32. "*Why is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire, &c.*" Humorously apostrophising his ancestors, whose sober times were unacquainted with the fopperies here complained of. WARBURTON.

P. 132, l. 34. — these *pardonnez-moy's*, *Pardonnez-moi* became the language of doubt or hesitation among men of the sword, when the point of honour was grown so delicate, that no other mode of contradiction would be endured. JOHNSON.

The old copies have — these *pardon-mees*, not these *pardon nezmois*. Theobald first substituted the French word, without any necessity. MALONE.

If the French phrase be not substituted for the English one, where lies the ridicule designed by Mercutio? "Their *bons*, their *bons*," immediately following, shows that Gallic phraseology was in our poet's view. So, in *King Richard II.*

"Speak it in French, King; say, *pardonnez-moy*." STEVENS.

P. 132, l. 34. 35. — *who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench?* This conceit is lost, if the double meaning of the word *form* be not attended to.

FARMER.

A quibble on the two meanings of the word *form* occurs in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act I. sc. 1.

— "sitting with her on the form, and taken following her into the park; which, put together, is in manner and form following." STEEVENS.

P. 132, last l. O, their *bons*, their *bons*!] Mercutio is here ridiculing those frenchified fantastical coxcombs whom he calls *pardonnez moi's*: and therefore, I suspect here he meant to write French too:

O, their *bon's*! their *bon's*!

i. e. how ridiculous they make themselves in crying out, *good*, and being in ecstasies with every trifle; as he had just described them before:

"—— a very good blade!" &c.

THEOBALD.

P. 133, l. 9. *Thisbe*, a *grey eye* or so,] He means to allow that *Thisbe* had a very fine eye; for from various passages it appears that a *grey eye* was in our author's time thought eminently beautiful. This may seem strange to those who are not conversant with ancient phraseology: but a *grey eye* undoubtedly meant what we now denominate a *blue eye*.

Julia, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, speaking of her rival's eyes, as eminently beautiful, says,

"Her eyes are *grey* as glass, and so are mine."

And Chaucer has the same comparison:

"— hire eyes *gray* as *glas*."

This comparison proves decisively what I have asserted; for clear and transparent glass is not what we now call *grey*, but *blue*, or *azure*.

MALONE.

If *grey eyes* signified *blue eyes*, how happened it that our author, in *The Tempest*, should have

yled Sycorax a — blue eyed hag, instead of a grey-eyed one? STEEVENS.

P. 133, l. 11. *Slops* are large loose breeches or *cowlers*, worn at present only by sailors.

STEEVENS.

P. 133, l. 15. *The slip, Sir, the slip;*] To understand this play upon the words *counterfeit* and *slip*, it should be observed that in our author's time there was a counterfeit piece of money distinguished by the name of a *slip*. This will appear in the following instances: "And therefore he went and got him certain *slips*, which are *counterfeit* pieces of money, being brasse, and covered over with silver, which the common people call *slips*." *Thieves falling out, True men come by their goods*; by Robert Greene.

Other instances may be seen in Dodsley's *Old lays*, Vol. V. p. 396. edit. 1780. REED.

It appears from a passage in Gascoigne's *Adventures of Master F. I.* no date, that a *slip* was a piece of money which was then fallen to three halfpence, and they called them *slippes*." p. 281.

STEEVENS.

P. 133, l. 28. *Why, then is my pump well power'd.*] Here is a vein of wit too thin to be easily found. The fundamental idea is, that Romeo wore *pinked* pumps, that is, pumps punched with holes in figures. JOHNSON.

It was the custom to wear ribbons in the shoes turned into the shape of roses, or of any other flowers. STEEVENS.

See in Mr. Steevens's edition the shoes of the Morris-dancers in the plate at the conclusion of the first part of *King Henry IV.* with Mr. Tolson's remarks annexed to it. NICHOLS.

P. 135, l. 53. *Single-soled jest*,] is unsolid, feeble. STEEVENS.

This epithet is here used equivocally, merely signified mean or contemptible; is one of the senses in which it is used

P. 134, l. 3. 4. *Nay, if thy wits run goose chase, I have done;*] One kind race, which resembled the flight of *wits* was formerly known by this name. They were started together, and which ever first get the lead, the other was obliged to follow over whatever ground the foremost jockey to go. That horse which could distance won the race. See more concerning this in *Chambers's Dictionary* last edition in article CHACE.

This barbarous sport is enumerated by him in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*. At a time much in vogue in his time among, &c. "Riding of great horses, running at rings, tournaments, horse races, *wild-goose chase*, the disports of great men." p. 266, edit.

This account explains the pleasantry between Romeo and his gay companion wits sail, says Mercutio. — Romeo exclaims — "Switch and spurs, switch and spurs, which Mercutio rejoins, "Nay, if thy the *wild-goose chase*," &c. *How War*

P. 134, l. 10. *Nay, good goose, file* proverbial expression, to be found in collection, and is used in *The Two Angry of Abington*, 1509. STEEVENS.

P. 134, l. 11. *Thy wit is a very bitter* A bitter sweeping, is an apple name. STEEVENS.

P. 134, l. 15. 16: *O, here's a wit of cheverel, that stretches from an inch narrow to an old broad!]* Cheverel is soft leather for gloves.

JOHNSON.

Cheveril is from *chevreuil*, roebuck. MUSGRAVE.

P. 134, l. 23-25. — *for this driveling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.*] It has been observed by Sir J. Hawkins, in a note on *All's Well*, &c. that a *bauble* was one of the accoutrements of a licensed fool or jester. So again, in Sir W. D' Avenant's *Albion*, 1629: "For such rich widows there love court fools; and use to play with their baubles." STEEVENS.

P. 134, l. 27. *Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.*] *A contrepoil*: Fr. An expression equivalent to one which we now use—"against the grain." STEEVENS.

P. 134, l. 32-34. — *for I was come to the whole depth of my tale: and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.*] Here we have another wanton allusion. MALONE.

P. 135, l. 6. *My fan Peter.*] The business of *Peter* carrying the *Nurse's fan*, seems ridiculous according to modern manners; but I find such was formerly the practice. In an old pamphlet called "*The Serving-man's Comfort*," 1568, we are informed; "The mistress must have one to carry her cloake and hood, another her *fanne*." FARMER.

Again, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

"To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan."

Again in *Every Man out of his Humour*: "If any lady, &c. wants an upright gentleman in the nature of a gentleman-usher, &c. who can hide his face with her fan," &c. STEEVENS.

P. 135, l. 10. *Ged ye good den.*] God give you a good even. The first of these contractions is common among the ancient comick writers.

STEEVENS.

P. 135, l. 12. 13. — *for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.*] In *The Puritan Widow*, 1607, which has been attributed to our authors is a similar expression: "—the feskewe of the diall is upon the chrisse-crosse of noon." STEEVENS.

P. 135, last l. Mer. *No hare, Sir; unless a hare, Sir, in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent.*] Mercutio, having roared out, *So, ho!* the cry of the sportsmen when they start a hare, Romeo asks *what he has found.* And Mercutio answers, *No hare, &c.* The rest is a series of quibbles unworthy of explanation, which he who does not understand, needs not lament his ignorance. JOHNSON.

So ho! is the term made use of in the field when the hare is found in her seat, and not when she is started. A. C.

P. 136, l. 1-6. *An old hare hoar, &c.*] *Hoar* or *hoary*, is often used for mouldy, as things grow white from moulding. STEEVENS.

These lines appear to have been part of an old song. In the quarto, 1597, we have here this stage direction: "*He walks between them, i. e. the nurse and Peter, and sings.*" MALONE.

P. 136, l. 10. 11. *Farewell, ancient lady, farewell, lady, lady, lady.*] The burthen of an old song. STEEVENS.

P. 136, l. 13. 14. — *what saucy merchants was this, that was so full of his ropery?*] The term *merchant* which was, and even now is, frequently applied to the lowest sort of dealers, seems in

ciently to have been used on these familiar occasions in contradistinction to *gentleman*; signifying that the person showed by his behaviour he was a low fellow.

The term *chap*, i. e. *chapman*, a word of the same import with merchant in its less respectable sense, is still in common use among the vulgar, as a general denomination for any person of whom they mean to speak with freedom or disrespect.

STEEVENS.

Ropery was anciently used in the same sense as *roguery* is now. *Rope-tricks* are mentioned in another place. STEEVENS.

P. 136, l. 22. *I am none of his skains-mates*.] *None of his skains-mates* means, I apprehend, none of his cut-throat companions.

MALONE.

A *skein* or *skain* was either a knife or a short dagger. By *skains-mates* the nurse means none of his loose companions who frequent the fencing-school with him, where we may suppose the exercise of this weapon was taught.

Mr. M. Mason supposes the Nurse uses *skains-mates* for *kins-mates*, and *ropery* for *roguery*.

STEEVENS.

P. 137, l. 12. — that you do *protest*;] Whether the repetition of this word conveyed any idea peculiarly comick to Shakspeare's audience, is not at present to be determined. The use of it, however, is ridiculed in the old comedy of *Sir Giles Goosecap*, 1606:

"There is not the best Duke's son in France dares say, *I protest*, till he be one and thirty years old at least; for the inheritance of that word not to be possessed before." STEEVENS.

P. 137, l. 25. And bring thee cords made like
a tacked stair :] Like
 stairs of rope in the tackle of a ship. JOHNSON.

A stair, for a flight of stairs, is still the language of Scotland, and was probably once common to both kingdoms. MALONE.

P. 137, l. 26. The *top-gallant* is the highest extremity of the mast of a ship.

The expression is common to many writers.

STEEVENS.

P. 137, last but one l. *Two may keep counsel,
 putting one away?*]

This proverb, with a slight variation, has been already introduced in *Titus Andronicus*. STEEVENS.

P. 138, l. 9. 10. *Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter?*] By this question the nurse means to insinuate that Romeo's image was ever in the mind of Juliet, and that they would be married. Rosemary being conceived to have the power of strengthening the memory, was an emblem of remembrance, and of the affection of lovers, and (for this reason probably,) was worn at weddings.

That rosemary was much used at weddings, appears from many passages in the old plays.

MALONE.

On a former occasion, the author of the preceding note has suspected me of too much refinement. Let the reader judge whether he himself is not equally culpable in the present instance. The Nurse, I believe, is guiltless of so much meaning as is here imputed to her question. STEEVENS.

P. 138, l. 12-14. Nurse. *Al! mocker! that's the dog's name.* R is for the dog. No; I know it begins with some other letter. It is a little mortifying, that the sense of this odd stuff, when

ound, should not be worth the pains of retrieving it:

“ — spissis indigna theatris

“ Scripta pudet recitare, et nugis addere pondus.

The *Nurse* is represented as a prating silly creature; she says, she will tell Romeo a good joke about his mistress, and asks him, whether *Rosemary* and *Romeo* do not begin both with a letter: he says, Yes, an *R*. She, who, we must suppose, could not read, thought he had mock'd her, and says, No, sure, I know better: our dog's name *R*. yours begins with another letter. This is natural enough, and in character. *R* put her in mind of that sound which is made by dogs when they snarl; and therefore, I presume, she says, that is the dog's name, *R* in schools, being called *the dog's letter*. Ben Jonson, in his *English Grammar*, says *R is the dog's letter*, and *hith* in the sound.

“ Irritata canis quod R. R. quam plurima dicat.” *Lucil.* WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton reads: — *R*. is for *Thee*?

STEVENS.

I believe we should read — *R* is for the *dog*. No; I know it begins with some other letter.

TYRWHITT.

I have adopted this emendation, though Dr. Farmer has since recommended another which should seem equally to deserve attention. He would either omit *name* or insert *letter*. The dog's letter, as the same gentleman observes, is pleasantly exemplified in Parclay's *Ship of Fools*, 578:

“ This man malicious which troubled is with wrath,

"Nought els soundeth but the hoorse letter R.
 "Though all be well, yet he none answer
 hath

"Save the dogges letter glowing with ear,
 nar." STEEVENS.

Erasmus in explaining the adage "*canina fa-
 cundia*," says, "*R. litera quae in rixando prima
 est, canina vocatur.*" I think it is used in this
 sense more than once in *Rabelais*: and in *The
 Alchemist* Subtle says, in making out Abel Druggers
 name, "And right anenst him a dog snarling *er*."

DOUCE.

Mr. Tyrwhitt's alteration is certainly superior to
 either Dr. Warburton's (*Thee? no;*) or one for-
 merly proposed by Dr. Johnson (*the nonce*) not
 but the old reading is as good, if not better, when
 properly regulated; *c. g.*

Ah mocker! that's the dog's name. R is for
 the—no; I know it begins with some other letter.

RICHARD.

This passage is not in the original copy of 1597.
 The quarto 1599, and folio read—Ah, mocker,
 that's the dog's name. MALONE.

P. 142, l. 3. *Too swift arrives as tardy as
 too slow.*] He that
 travels too fast is as long before he comes to the
 end of his journey, as he that travels slow. Pre-
 cipitation produces mishap. JOHNSON.

P. 142, l. 5. 6. *Here comes the lady:—O, so
 light a foot—*

Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint:]

However the poet might think the alteration of this
 scene on the whole to be necessary, I am afraid,
 in respect of the passage before us, he has not been
 very successful. The violent hyperbole of *never
 wearing out the everlasting flint* appears to me

not only more reprehensible, but even less beautiful than the lines as they were originally written, where the lightness of Juliet's motion is accounted for from the cheerful effects the passion of love produced in her mind. STEEVENS.

P. 142, l. 7. A lover may bestride the gossom-
mers] The Gossomer is
the long white filament which flies in the air in
summer.

P. 142, l. 21. Conceit, more rich in matter
than in words,] Con-
ceit here means imagination. MALONE.

P. 143, l. 5. 6. The day is hot, the Capulets
abroad,

And, if we meet, we shall not 'scape
a brawl;] It is ob-
served, that in Italy almost all assassinations are
committed during the heat of summer. JOHNSON.

In Sir Thomas Smith's *Commonwealth of Eng-
land*, 1583, B. II. c. xix. p. 70, it is said, "And
commonly every yeere or each second yeere in the
beginning of sommer or afterwards (for in the
warne time the people for the most part be
more unruly) even in the calm time of peace, the
Prince with his counsell chooseth out," &c. REED.

P. 144, l. 1. 2. — thou wilt tutor me from
quarrelling!] Thou wilt endeavour to restrain me;
by prudential advice, from quarrelling. MALONE.

P. 144, l. 10. Tyb. Follow me close, for I
will speak to them.—] In the original copy this
line is not found, Tybalt entering alone. In that
of 1599 we find this stage-direction: "Enter Ty-
balt, Petruchio, and others;" and the above line
is inserted; but I strongly suspect it to be an in-
terpolation; for would Tybalt's partizans suffer
him to be killed without taking any part in the

say? That they do not join in it, appears from the account given by Benvolio. In the original copy Benvolio says on the entrance of Tybalt, "By my head, here comes a Capulet." Instead of the two latter words, we have in the quarto, 1599, *is Capulets*. MALONE.

Mr. Malone forgets that even in his own edition of this play, Tybalt is not killed while his partisans are on the stage. They go out with him after he has wounded Mercutio; and he himself re-enters, attended, when he fights with Romeo. STEEVENS.

P. 145, l. 17. *A la stoccato* carries it away.] *stoccato* is the Italian term for a thrust or stab with a rapier. STEEVENS.

P. 145, l. 26. *Good King of cuts*,] Alluding to his name. See Note to p. 132, l. 17 — 19.

MALONE.

P. 145, l. 23. 24. *Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the ears?*] We should read *ilche*, which signifies a cloke or coat of skins, meaning the scabbard. WARBURTON.

The old quarto reads *scabbard*. Dr. Warburton's explanation is, I believe, just. Nash, in *Pierce Pennylesse his Supplication*, 1595, speaks of a *arman* in a leather *pilche*. STEEVENS.

P. 146, l. 12. 13. — ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a *grave man*.] This jest was better in old language, than it is at present; Adgate says, in his elegy upon Chaucer:

"My master Chaucer now is *grave*." FARMER.

Again in Sir Thomas Overbury's Description of a Sexton, CHARACTERS, 1616: "At every church-tyle commonly there's an ale-house; where let him bee found never so idle-pated, hee is still a *rave drunkard*." MALONE.

P. 147, l. 2. 3. *This day's black fate on more
days doth depend;*]

This day's unhappy destiny hangs over the days
yet to come. There will yet be more mischief.

JOHNSON.

P. 147, l. 8. Away to heaven *respective lenity*.]
Cool, considerate gentleness. *Respect* formerly
signified consideration; prudential caution. MALONE.

P. 147, l. 22. Stand not *amaz'd*;] i. e. con-
founded, in a state of confusion. So in *Cymbeline*:
"I am *amaz'd* with matter." STEEVENS.

P. 147, l. 25. O! I am *fortune's fool*!] I am
always running in the way of evil fortune, like the
fool in the play. *Thou art death's fool*, in *Mea-*
sure for Measure. See Dr. Warburton's note.

JOHNSON.

P. 148, l. 11. — as thou art *true*,] As thou art
just and upright. JOHNSON.

P. 148, l. 18. *How nice the quarrel was*,] How
slight, how unimportant, how petty. So, in the
last act,

"The letter was not *nice*, but full of charge,

"Of dear import." JOHNSON.

See also Vol. xv. Note to p. 175, l. 25. 26.

MALONE]

P. 149, l. 7. 8. *He is a kinsman to the Mon-*
tague,

Affection makes him false, he speaks not
true.] The charge of

falsehood on Benvolio, though produced at hazard,
is very just. The author, who seems to intend the
character of Benvolio as good, meant perhaps to
show, how the best minds, in a state of faction
and discord, are detorted to criminal partiality.

JOHNSON.

P. 149, l. 26. *Nor tears, nor prayers, shall*
purchase out abuses.]

This was probably designed as a covert stroke at the church of Rome, by which the different prices of murder, incest, and all other crimes, were minutely settled, and as shamelessly received.

STEVENS.

P. 150, l. 9. 10. *That run-away's eyes may*
wink; and Romeo

Leap to these arms, untalk'd of, and
unseen!—] What run-

aways are these, whose eyes Juliet is wishing to have stopt? Macbeth, we may remember, makes an invocation to night much in the same strain:

"—Come, seeling night,

"Scarfp up the tender eye of pitifl day," &c.

So Juliet would have night's darkness obscure the great eye of the day, the *sun*; whom considering in a poetical light as *Phoebus*, drawn in his car with *flery-footed steeds*, and *posting* through the heavens, she very properly calls him, with regard to the swiftness of his course, the *runaway*. In the like manner our poet speaks of the night in *The Merchant of Venice*:

"For the close night doth play the *run-away*."

WARBURTON.

Mr. Heath justly observes on this emendation, that the sun is necessarily absent as soon as night begins, and that it is very unlikely that Juliet, who has just complained of his tediousness, should call him a *runaway*." MALONE.

The construction of this passage, however elliptical or perverse, I believe to be as follows:

May that run-away's eyes wink!

Or

That run-away's eyes, may (they) w

These ellipses are frequent in Spenser; and *that* or *oh! that*, is not uncommon, as Dr. Farmer observes in a note on the first scene of *The Winter's Tale*. STEVENS.

That seems not to be the optative adverb *utinam*, but the pronoun *ista*. The lines contain no wish, but a reason for Juliet's preceding wish for the approach of *cloudy* night; for in such a night there may be no starlight to discover our stolen pleasures:

"That run-away's eyes *may* wink, and Romeo
"Leap to these arms, untalk'd of and unseen."

BLACKSTONE.

P. 150, l. 13. — Come, *civil* night,] *Civil* is *rave*, *decently solemn*. JOHNSON.

P. 150, l. 17. 18. *Hood my unmann'd blood
bating in my cheeks,*

With thy black mantle;] *unmann'd blood*—
blood yet unacquainted with man. JOHNSON.

These are terms of falconry. An *unmanned* hawk is one that is not brought to endure company. *Bating* (not *baiting*, as it has hitherto been printed) is fluttering with the wings as striving to fly away.

To *hood* a hawk, that is, to cover its head with a hood, was an usual practice, before the bird was suffered to fly at its quarry. MALONE.

If the hawk flew with its *hood* on, how could it possibly see the object of its pursuit? The *hood* was always taken off before the bird was dismissed.

STEVENS.

P. 150, l. 18. — *till strange love, grown bold,*] This is Mr. Rowe's emendation. The old copies *or grown* have *grow*. MALONE.

P. 150, l. 24. *Whiter than new snow on a
raven's back,*] *The*

quarto 1599, and the folio—*upon*. The line is not in the first quarto. The editor of the second folio, for the sake of the metre, reads—*on a raven's back*; and so, many of the modern editors.

MALONE.

I profess myself to be still one of this peccant fraternity. STEEVENS.

P. 150; l. 31. — the *garish* sun.] *Garish* is gaudy, showy. STEEVENS.

P. 151, l. 26 — 32. *Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but I,*

*And that bare vowel I shall poison more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice:
I am not I, if there be such an I;
Or those eyes shut, that make thee answer, I.
If he be slain, say—I; or if not, no:
Brief sounds determine of my weal, or woe.]*

The strange lines that follow here in the common books, are not in the old edition. POPE.

The strange lines are these:

*I am not I, if there be such an I;
Or those eyes shot, that make thee answer I.
If he be slain, say—I; or if not, no:
Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.*

These lines hardly deserve emendation; yet it may be proper to observe, that their meanness has not placed them below the malice of fortune, the first two of them being evidently transposed; we should read:

— that bare vowel *I* shall poison more,
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice,
Or those eyes *shot*, that make thee answer, *I*.
I am not *I*, &c. JOHNSON.

I think the transposition recommended may be spared. The second line is corrupted. Read *that*

instead of *shot*, and then the meaning will be sufficiently intelligible.

Shot, however, may be the same as *shut*.

STEEVENS.

P. 151, last l. *God save the mark!*] This proverbial exclamation occurs again, with equal obscurity, in *Othello*, Act I, sc. i. STEEVENS.

P. 152, l. 22. *O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!*] The same images occur in *Macbeth*:

— look like the innocent flower,

"But be the *serpent* under it." HENLEY.

P. 152, l. 25. *Dove-feather'd raven! wylvish-ravening lamb!*] The quarto 1599, and folio, read:

Ravenous dove-leather'd raven, wolvish-ravening lamb.

The word *ravenous*, which was written probably in the manuscript by mistake in the latter part of the line, for *ravening*, and then struck out, crept from thence to the place where it appears. It was properly rejected by Mr. Theobald.

MALONE.

This passage Mr. Pope has thrown out of the text, because these two noble *hemistichs* are inharmonious: but is there no such thing as a crutch for a labouring, halting verse? I'll venture to restore to the poet a line that is in his own mode of thinking, and truly worthy of him. *Ravenous* was blunderingly coined out of *raven* and *ravening*; and if we only throw it out, we gain at once an harmonious verse, and a proper contrast of epithets.

Dove-feather'd draven! wolvish-rav'ning lamb!

THEOBALD.

P. 153, l. 25. — *what tongue shall smooth thy name,*] To smooth

in ancient language, is to stroke, to caress, to fondle. STEEVENS.

P. 153, l. 31-33. *Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—
banished;*

That—*banished*, that one word—*banished*,
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts.] Hath put
Tybalt out of my mind, as if out of being.

JOHNSON.

The true meaning is, — I am more affected by
Romeo's banishment than I should be by the death
of ten thousand such relations as Tybalt. RITSON.

That is, is worse than the loss of ten thousand
Tybalts. Dr. Johnson's explanation cannot be right;
for the passage itself shows that Tybalt was not
out of her mind. M. MASON.

P. 154, l. 3. *Which modern lamentation might
have mov'd?*] This line

is left out of the later edition, I suppose because
the editors did not remember that Shakspeare uses
modern for *common*, or *slight*: I believe it was
in his time confounded in colloquial language with
moderate. JOHNSON.

It means only *trite*, *common*. STEEVENS.

P. 156, l. 3. *This is dear mercy,*] The earliest
copy reads—This is *mere* mercy. MALONE.

Mere mercy, in ancient language, signifies *ab-
solute* mercy. STEEVENS.

P. 156, l. 9-11. — *More validity,*

More honourable state, more *courtship* lives.

In carrion flies, than Romeo:] *Validity* seems
here to mean *worth* or *dignity*: and *courtship*,
the state of a *courtier* permitted to approach the
highest presence. JOHNSON.

Validity is employed to signify *worth* or *value*,
in the first scene of *King Lear*.—STEEVENS.

By *courtship*, the author seems rather to have

neant; the state of a lover; that dalliance, in which he who *courts* or woos a lady is sometimes indulged. MALONE.

P. 158, l. 8. 9. Fri. *O woeful sympathy!*

Piteous predicament!] The old copies give these words to the Nurse. One may wonder the editors did not see that such language must necessarily belong to the *Friar*. FARMER.

Dr. Farmer's emendation may justly claim that place in the text to which I have now advanced it,

STEEVENS.

P. 158, l. 22. 23. — *and what says*

My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?]

The folio reads — *conceal'd love*. JOHNSON.

The quarto, *cancell'd love*. STEEVENS.

The epithet *concealed* is to be understood, not of the person, but of the condition of the lady. So that the sense is, my lady whose being so, together with our marriage which made her so, is concealed from the world. HEATH.

P. 159, l. 5. 6. *Unseemly woman, in a seeming man!*

Or ill-beseeming beast, in seeming both!]

Thou art a beast of ill qualities, under the appearance both of a woman and a man. JOHNSON.

A person who seemed both man and woman, would be a monster; and of course an ill-beseeming beast. This is all the friar meant to express.

M. MASON.

P. 159, l. 25 — 28. *Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,*

Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,

Like powder in a skill-less soldier's flask,

Is set on fire by thine own ignorance,] To

understand the force of this allusion, it should be remembered that the ancient English soldiers, using

match-locks; instead of locks with present, were obliged to carry a lig hanging at their belts; very near the w in which they kept their powder. STE

P. 159, l. 29. *And thou dismember'd*
own defen
 thou torn to pieces with thy own w

P. 159, l. 33. — there art thou happy the first quarto. In the subsequent quarto *folio too* is omitted. MALONE.

It should not be concealed, that the *second folio* corresponds with that *quarto*:

— there art thou happy *too* —.

The word is omitted in all the editions; a sufficient proof that the em that folio are not always the result of or caprice. RITSON.

P. 160, l. 27. 28. Go hence: Good
here stands all y
 The whole of your fortune depends

P. 161, l. 4. Some few unnecessary omitted in this scene according to the tions. POPE.

Mr. Pope means, as appears from that he has followed the oldest copy, a some unnecessary verses which are not i but inserted in the enlarged copy of this he has expressed himself so loosely; been misunderstood by Mr. Steevens. these unnecessary verses, as Mr. Pope are preserved, conformably to the of 1599. MALONE.

161, l. 18. *To-night she's mew'd up to her heaviness.*] This is a use from falconry. A mew was a place of confinement for hawks. STEEVENS.

161, l. 19. 20. I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love:] Desperate means only
adventurous, as if he had said in the vulgar
sense, *I will speak a bold word*, and venture
to promise you my daughter. JOHNSON.

162, l. 17. 18. The stage direction in the first
sons is — "*Enter Romeo and Juliet, at a
tower.*" In the second quarto, "*Enter Romeo
and Juliet, aloft.*" They appeared probably in
balcony which was erected on the old English
stage. See the *Account of the Ancient Theatres*.

MALONE.

162, l. 22. *Nightly she sings on yon pome-
granate tree.*] This is
merely a poetical supposition. It is observed
of the nightingale, that, if undisturbed, she sits
singing upon the same tree for many weeks to-
gether. STEEVENS.

163, l. 6. *'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's
brow.*] The appearance
cloud opposed to the moon. JOHNSON.

163, l. 9. *I have more care to stay, than
will to go.*] Would it
be better thus, *I have more will to stay,
than care to go?* JOHNSON.

inclination. MALONE.

163, l. 15. — *the lark makes sweet division.*] This
division seems to have been the technical phrase
he pauses or parts of a musical composition.
runs a division, is also a musical term. STEEVENS.

P. 163; l. 17. 20. — *the lark and loathed to
change eyes;
O, now I would they had chang'd voi
too!*

*Since arm from arm that voice doth
affray,*

*Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to
day.] I wish the l*

and toad had changed voices; for then the
which I hear would be that of the toad, not
the lark; it would consequently be evening,
which time the toad croaks; not morning, w
the lark sings; and we should not be under
necessity of separation. A. C.

If the toad and lark had chang'd voices,
unnatural croak of the latter would have been
indication of the appearance of day, and con
quently no signal for her lover's departure. It
is apparently the aim and purpose of Juliet's w
H

The ~~toad~~ having very fine eyes, and the
very ugly ones, was the occasion of a com
saying amongst the people, that *the toad
lark had changed eyes*. To this the speaker allu

WARBURTON

This tradition of the toad and lark I have
expressed in a rustick rhyme:

"— To heav'n I'd fly,
"But that the toad beguil'd me of
eye." JOHNSON.

Read chang'd eyes. M. MASON.

Since arm &c. — These two lines are om
in the modern editions, and do not deserve
replaced, but as they may show the danger of
tical temerity. Dr. Warburton's change of I
to *I wot* was specious enough, yet it is ev

erroneous. The sense is this: *The lark, they say, has lost her eyes to the toad, and now I would the toad had her voice too, since she uses it to the disturbance of lovers.* JOHNSON.

The *hunts up* was the name of the tune anciently played to wake the hunters, and collect them together. STEEVENS.

Puttenham, in his *Art of English Poesy*, 1589, speaking of one Gray, says, "what good estimation did he grow into with King Henry [the Eighth] and afterwards with the Duke of Somerset protectour, for making certaine merry ballads, whereof one chiefly was *The hunte is up, the hunte is up.*"

RITSON.

A *huntsup* also signified a morning song to a new-married woman, the day after her marriage, and is certainly used here in that sense. See Cotgrave's Dictionary, in v. *Resveil*. MALONE.

P. 164, l. 12. O God! I have an *ill-divining soul*.] This miserable prescience of futurity I have always regarded as a circumstance particularly beautiful. The same kind of warning from the mind, Romeo seems to have been conscious of, on his going to the entertainment at the house of Capulet:

"— my mind misgives,

"Some consequence yet hanging in the stars,

"Shall bitterly begin his fearful date

"From this night's revels." STEEVENS.

P. 164, l. 13. 14. *Methinks, I see thee, now thou art below,*

As one dead in the bottom of a tomb.

So in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

"The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed;

"And fear doth teach it *distill*

"*I prophecy thy death.*"

P. 164, l. 17. *Dry sorrow drinks*
This is an allusion to the proverb —
dry." STEEVENS.

He is accounting for their *paleness*
ancient notion that sorrow consumes
and shortens life. Hence in the
King Henry VI. we have — "*bi*
signa." MALONE.

P. 164, l. 21. *That is renown'd*
This *Romeo*, so *renown'd* for *faith*,
day before dying for love of another;
this is natural. *Romeo* was the darling
Juliet's love, and *Romeo* was, of course,
every excellence. M. MASON.

P. 164, l. 26. *Is she not down so*
so early?
laid down in her bed at so late an hour
or rather is she risen from bed at so
of the morn? MALONE.

P. 164, l. 27. What unaccustom'd
oures her
cures for *brings*. WARBURTON.

P. 165, l. 22. *Juliet's* equivocation
too artful for a mind disturbed by
new lover. JOHNSON.

P. 165, l. 29. *That shall besrown*
side's and
of the old copies read:

Shall give him such an unaccustom'd

In vulgar language, Shall give
which he is not used to. Though
mistake not, observed, that in old

eustomed signifies *wonderful, powerful, efficacious*. JOHNSON.

I believe Dr. Johnson's first explanation, is the true one. Barnaby, Googe, in his *Cupido Conquered*, 1553, uses *unacquainted* in the same sense. STEEVENS.

P. 166, l. 16. — *in happy time,*] *A la bonne heure*. This phrase was interjected, when the hearer was not quite so well pleased as the speaker.

JOHNSON.

P. 166, l. 20. *The County Paris,*] It is remarked, that "Paris, though in one place called *Earl*, is most commonly stiled the *Countie* in this play. Shakspeare seems to have preferred, for some reason or other, the *Italian Comte* to our *Count*: perhaps he took it from the old English novel, from which he is said to have taken his plot," — He certainly did so: Paris is there first stiled a *young Earle*, and afterwards *Counte*, *Countee*, and *County*; according to the unsettled orthography of the time. The word however is frequently met with in other writers; particularly in Fairfax. FARMER.

P. 166, last but one l. *When the sun sets,*
the air doth drizzle dew] Thus the undated quarto. The quarto 1599, and the folio, read — the *earth* doth drizzle dew. The line is not in the original copy.

The reading of the quarto 1599 and the folio is philosophically true; and perhaps ought to be preferred. Dew undoubtedly rises from the earth in consequence of the action of the heat of the sun on its moist surface. Those vapours which rise from the earth in the course of the day, are evaporated by the warmth of the air as soon as they rise; but those which rise after sun-set, form

themselves into drops, or rather into that fog or mist which is termed dew.

Though, with the modern editors, I have followed the undated quarto, and printed — the *air* doth drizzle dew, I suspected when this note was written, that *earth* was the poet's word, and a line in *The Rape of Lucrece* strongly supports that reading:

"But as the *earth* doth *weep*, the *sun* being set —" MALONE.

That Shakspeare thought it was the *air* and not the *earth* that drizzled dew, is evident from other passages. So in *King John*:

"Before the *dew* of evening *fall*." RITSON.

P. 167, l. 2. *Conduits* in the form of human figures, it has been already observed, were common in Shakspeare's time. MALONE.

P. 167, l. 26. *Chop-logick*! This term, which hitherto has been divided into two words, I have given as one, it being, as I learn from *The xiiii orders of Knaves*, bl. l. no date, a nick-name.

"*Choplogyk* is he that whan his mayster rebuketh his servaunt for his defawtes, he will gyve hym xx wordes for one. STEEVENS.

P. 167, last l. *Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you baggage!*

You tallow face!] Such was the indelicacy of the age of Shakspeare, that authors were not contented only to employ these terms of abuse in their own original performances, but even felt no reluctance to introduce them in their versions of the most chaste and elegant of the Greek or Roman Poets. Stanyhurst, the translator of Virgil in 1582, makes Dido call Aeneas — hedgebrat, cullian, and tar-breech, in the course of one speech.

STEEVENS

P. 170, l. 3. *I think it best you married with the County,*] The character of the nurse exhibits a just picture of, those whose actions have no principles for their foundation. She has been unfaithful to the trust reposed in her by Capulet, and is ready to embrace any expedient that offers, to avert the consequences of her first infidelity. STEEVENS.

This picture, however, is not an original. In *the Tragical History of Romeus and Juliet* 1562, the nurse exhibits the same readiness to accommodate herself to the present conjuncture. MALONE.

Sir John Vanbrugh, in the *Relapse*, has copied this respect the character of his nurse from Shakspeare. BLACKSTONE.

P. 170, l. 10. 11. — *or 'twere as good he were, As living here and you no use of him.*] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, *as living* hence, that is, a distance, in banishment; but *here* may signify, *this world*.

P. 170, l. 16. Nurse. *To what?*] The syllable — *To*, which is wanting towards the measure, have ventured to supply. When Juliet says — *men!* the Nurse might naturally ask her to which the foregoing sentiments so solemn a formulary was subjoined. STEEVENS.

P. 171, l. 7. *And I am nothing slow, to slack his haste*] *His haste all not be abated by my slowness.* It might read:

And I am nothing slow to *back* his haste: at is, I am, diligent to abet and enforce his haste. JOHNSON.

Slack was sometimes used for *back*, as in the word *slack*, for, in

And I am nothing *slack* to slow him
 But could not have stood there.

Is this kind of phraseology be justifiable
 be justified only by supposing the meaning
 there is nothing of slowness in me, to
 me to slacken or abate his haste. The
 of Paris is very clear; he does not wish to
 Capulet, or to delay his own marriage;
 words which the poet has given him, in
 reverse of this; and seem rather to mean
 not backward in restraining his haste;
 even to retard him as much as I can. Dr.
 saw the impropriety of this expression, and
 interpretation extorted a meaning from it
 which they do not at first present; and I
 proposed alteration; but our author runs
 for his own peculiarities. MALONE.

P. 172, l. 22. Or shall I come to you at
mass? Juliet
despers. There is no such thing as *evening*
 which our author must necessarily have known
 as there is some reason to believe, he had
 bred a Papist. RITSON.

P. 173, l. 11. 12. And ere this hand,
 to Romeo seal
 Shall be the label to another deed
 seals of deeds in our author's time were
 impressed on the parchment itself on which
 deed was written, but were appended on
 slips or labels affixed to the deed. Hence
 Richard II: the Duke of York discovers
 pant which his son the Duke of Anmerle
 forced into by the depending seal:

"What seal is that, which hangs
 thy bosom?"

, l. 17. 18. "*Twixt my extremes and
me this bloody knife
shall play the umpire;*] That is, this
shall decide the struggle between me and my
JOHNSON.

, l. 19. *Commission* is for *authority* or
JOHNSON.

, last l. & P. 174. l. 1. & fol. *Or walk
in thievish ways; or bid me lurk
where serpents are; chain me with
roaring bears;*

but me nightly in a charnel-house, &c.]
Or walk in thievish ways, or bid me lurk
where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears,
or bid me nightly, &c.

the editions vary. POPE.

dition has the words which Mr. Pope has
but the old copy seems, in this place pre-
only perhaps we might better read,
where *savage* bears and *roaring* lions roam.

JOHNSON.

inserted the lines which Mr. Pope omitted;
I must offer this short apology: in the
acted by him we meet with three distinct
each as may be supposed to excite terror in
, for one that is to be found in the others,
now omitted are these:

chain me to some steepy mountain's top,
where roaring bears and savage lions roam;
but me —. STEEVENS.

ness last quoted, which Mr. Pope and
son preferred, are found in the copy of
the text the quarto of 1549 is followed,
that it has — Or *hide me nightly, &c.*
MALORY

BS TO ROMEO

And hide me with a dead man in
his shroud,] In the

ed 1609; this line stands thus:

with a dead man in his

the folio supplied the defect by

grave, without adverting to the

on of that word.

py leads me to believe that Shak-

n his tomb; for there the line

r a tomb with one dead.

er, with the other modern editors,

ated quarto, in which the printer

with the word *shroud*. MALONE.

iral for the reader to ask by what

ave assertion relative to the prin-

r a *shroud*, and to be placed in

h a corpse, is surely a more ter-

hat of being merely laid in a tomb

panion. STEEVENS.

& P. 175, l. 1. 2. *Then (as the*

manner of our country is,

robes uncover'd on the bier,

be borne to that same ancient

vault,] The Italian custom

of carrying the dead body to the

ce *uncovered*, (which is not men-

r) our author found particularly

e *Tragicall History of Romeus*

to there is that whosoever dies

Thus also Ophelia's song in *Hamlet*:

"They bore him bare-fac'd on the hier,—."

STEEVENS.

Between this line and the next, the quartos 1599, 1609, and the first folio, introduce the following verse, which the poet very probably had struck out on his revision, because it is quite unnecessary, as the sense of it is repeated, and as it will not connect with either:

Be borne to burial in thy kindred's grave.

Had Virgil lived to have revised his *Aeneid*, he would hardly have permitted both of the following lines to remain in his text:

"At *Venus* obscuro gradientes aere sepsit;

"Et multo nebulae circum dea fudit amictu."

The awkward repetition of the nominative case in the second of them, seems to decide very strongly against it. STEEVENS.

P. 175, l. 10. 11. *If no unconstant toy, nor womanish fear,*

Abate thy valour in the aoting it! If ~~no~~ *fickle freak*, no light caprice, no change of fancy, hinder the performance. JOHNSON.

P. 175, l. 27. *Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.*]^a *Twenty cooks for half a dozen guests!* Either Capulet has altered his mind strangely, or our author forgot what he had just made him tell us. See p. 161.

RITSON.

P. 176, l. 11. — from *shrift* —] i. e. from confession. STEEVENS.

P. 176, l. 14. — — where have you been gad-ding?] The primitive sense of this word was, to straggle from house to house, and collect money, under pretence of singing.

ing carols to the Blessed Virgin. . .
 Warton's note on Milton's *Lycidas*,

P. 176, l. 26. *And gave him wh
 love I m
 comed for becoming.* one participle for
 a frequent practise with our author. §

P. 177, l. 10. *We shall be short in our*
 That is, we shall be defective. JOHN

P. 177, l. 12. *'Tis now near night.*
 in a foregoing scene, that Romeo part
 bride at day-break on *Tuesday* morn
diately afterwards she went to Friar
 and he particularly mentions the day
 [*"Wednesday is to-morrow."*] Sh
 well have remained more than an h
 with the friar, and she is just now re
 shrift;—yet lady Capulet says, "'tis 1
 and this same night is ascertained to 1
 This is one out of the many instances
 thor's inaccuracy in the computation

P. 177, last l. *For I have need of ma*
 Juliet plays most of her pranks under
 ance of religion: Perhaps Shakspeare
 punish her hypocrisy. JOHNSON.

P. 178, l. 28. [*Laying down a dag*
 stage-direction has been supplied by
 editors. The quarto, 1597, reads:
 lie thou there." It appears, from seve
 in our old plays, *knives* were form
 the accoutrements of a bride; and eve
hoveful for Juliet's state had just be
 her. So in Decker's *Match me in Lo*
 "See at my girdle hang my wea

In order to account for Juliet's having a dagger, or, as it is called in old language, a knife, it is not necessary to have recourse to the ancient accoutrements of brides, how prevalent soever the custom mentioned by Mr. Stevens may have been; for Juliet appears to have furnished herself with this instrument immediately after her father and mother had threatened to force her to marry Paris:

"If all fail else, myself have power to die."

Accordingly in the very next scene, when she is at the friar's cell, and before she could have been furnished with any of the apparatus of a bride, (not having then consented to marry the Count,) she says:

"Give me some present counsel, or behold,
"Twixt my extremes and me *this bloody*
knife

"Shall play the umpire." MALONE.

P. 179, first l. *I will not entertain so bad a thought.*—] This line I have restored. STEEVENS.

P. 179, l. 12-14. *As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,*

Where, for these many hundred years, the bones

Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;] This idea was probably suggested to our poet by his native place. The charnel at Stratford upon Avon is a very large one, and perhaps contains a greater number of bones than are to be found in any other repository of the same kind in England.—I was furnished with this observation by Mr. Murphy, whose very elegant and spirited defence of Shakespeare is a translation of Voltaire's

one of the least considerable out of many favours which he has conferred on the literary world.

STEEVENS.

P. 179, l. 15. Where bloody Tybalt, yet but
green in earth.] i. e.
 fresh in earth, newly buried. STEEVENS.

P. 179, l. 16. *Lies fest'ring in his shroud;*] To
fester is to corrupt. So, in *K. Edward III.* 1509.
 "Lillies that *fester* smell far worse than weeds."

STEEVENS.

P. 179, l. 18 & fol. — *Is it not like, that I,
 So early waking, &c.*] This speech is confused, and inconsequential, according to the disorder of Juliet's mind. JOHNSON.

P. 179, l. 23. *Distraught* is distracted.

STEEVENS.

P. 180, l. 6. 7. They call for dates and quinces
in the pastry.] i. e.
 in the room where paste was made. So *laundry,*
spicery, &c. MALONE.

On the books of the Stationers' Company in the year 1560, are the following entries:

"Item payed for liii pound of *dates* liii s.

"Item payed for xxiiii pounde of prunys liii
 s. viii d." STEEVENS.

P. 180, l. 11. *The curfew bell hath rung; 'tis
 three o'clock:—*] I

know not that the morning-bell is called the *curfew* in any other place. JOHNSON.

The *curfew* bell was rung at nine in the evening as appears from a passage in *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, 1608:

"—well 'tis nine o'clock, tis time to ring
curfew." STEEVENS.

The *curfew* bell is universally rung at eight or nine o'clock at night; generally according to the

season. The term is here used with peculiar impropriety, as it is not believed that any bell was ever rung so early as *three* in the morning. The derivation of *curfew* is well known, but it is a mere vulgar error, that the institution was a badge of slavery imposed by the Norman Conqueror. To put out the fire became necessary, only because it was time to go to bed. And if the *curfew* commanded all fires to be extinguished, the morning bell ordered them to be lighted again. In short, the ringing of those two bells was a manifest and essential service to people who had scarcely any other means of measuring their time. RITSON.

P. 180, l. 12. *Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica.* Shakspeare has here imputed to an Italian nobleman and his lady all the petty solicitudes of a private house concerning a provincial entertainment. To such a bustle our author might have been witness at home; but the like anxieties could not well have occurred in the family of Capulet, whose wife, if *Angelica* be her name, is here directed to perform the office of a housekeeper. STEEVENS.

P. 180, l. 20. — *you have been a mouse-hunt in your time;* It appears from a passage in *Hamlet*, that *mouse* was once a term of endearment applied to a woman:

"Pinch wanton on your cheek, call you his mouse." STEEVENS.

So, in a letter from Alleyn, the celebrated player, to his wife, written in 1595 (now in Dulwich College):

"EMANUEL,

"My good sweet *mouse*, I commend me hartely to you, and to my father, my mother, and to my sister Bess, hoping in God, though the sickness

be round about you, yett by his mercy itt may escape your house." &c. MALONE.

The animal called the *mouse-hunt* is the *martin*.

HENLEY.

Cat after kinde, good mouse-hunt, is a proverb. HOLT WHITE.

P. 182, l. 9. The Countty Paris hath *set up his rest*.] This expression, which is frequently employed by the old dramatick writers, is taken from the manner of firing the harquebuss. This was so heavy a gun, that the soldiers were obliged to carry a supporter called a *rest*, which they fixed in the ground before they levelled to take aim. STERVENS.

The origin of this phrase has certainly been rightly explained, but the good nurse was here thinking of other matters. T. C.

The above expression may probably be sometimes used in the sense already explained, it is however oftener employed with a reference to the *game at primero*, in which it was one of the terms then in use. To avoid loading the page with examples, I shall refer to *Dodsley's Collection of Old Plays*. Vol. X. p. 364, edit. 1780, where several are brought together. REED.

P. 183, l. 14-16. Cap. *Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,*

Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.] Our author has here

followed the poem closely, without recollecting that he had made Capulet, in this scene, clamorous in his grief. MALONE.

P. 183, l. 24. 22. O son, *the night before thy wedding day*

Hath death tain with thy bride:] Euripides has sported with this thought in the same manner. *Iphig. in Aul.* ver 460.

"Tib"

“Τὴνδ’ αὖ ταλαιναν παρθενον (τί παρθενον;
 “Ἀδὴς νιν, ὡς ἔοικε, νυμφευσεὶ τάχα.)”

SIR W. RAWLINSON.

P. 183, l. 24. *Flower as she was, deflowered
 by him.*] This juggle
 was common to other writers; and among the
 rest, to Greene, in his *Greene in Conceit*,
 1598: “—a garden-house having round about it
 many flowers, and within it much deflowering.”

COLLINS.

P. 183, l. 25. *Death is my son-in-law,*] The
 remaining part of this speech, “death is my heir,”
 &c. was omitted by Mr. Pope in his edition; and
 some of the subsequent editors, following his ex-
 ample, took the same unwarrantable licence. The
 lines were very properly restored by Mr. Steevens.

MALONE.

P. 185, l. 31. *Enter PETER.*] From the quarto
 of 1599, it appears that the part of *Peter* was ori-
 ginally performed by *William Kempe*. MALONE.

P. 186, l. 3. *My heart is full of woe:*] This
 is the burthen of the first stanza of *A pleasant
 new Ballad of Two Lovers*:

“Hey hoe! my heart is full of woe.”

STEEVENS.

P. 186, l. 3. 4. *O play me some merry dump,*
 A dump anciently signified *some kind of dance*,
 as well as *sorrow*. But on this occasion it means
 a mournful song. STEEVENS.

Dumps were heavy mournful tunes; possibly
 indeed any sort of movements were once so called,
 as we sometimes meet with a *merry dump*. Hence
doleful dumps, deep sorrow, or grievous affliction,
 as in the next page, and in the less ancient ballad,
of Cherry Chase. It is still said of a person un-
 commonly sad, that he is in the dumps.

In a Ms. of Henry the eighth's time, now in the King's Collection in the Museum, is for the cittern, or guitar, intitled, "My lady reys *domp*;" there is also "The Duke of S *vettes domp*;" as we now say, "Lady Cove *Minuet*," &c. "If thou wert not some bl and senseless dolt, thou wouldst never when I sung a heavy mixt-Lybian tune, or to a *dumpe* or dolefull dittie." Bluntch's *M* by Holland, 1602. p. 61. RITSON.

At the end of *The Secretaries Studi* Thomas Gainsford, esq. 4to. 1616, is a long of forty-seven stanzas, and called *A Dun Passion*. REED.

P. 186. l. 11. 12. No money, on my said the *gleek*: I will give you the *minstrel*.] To is to scoff. The term is taken from an game called *gleek*. STEEVENS.

The use of this cant term is nowhere expl and in all probability cannot, at this dista time, be recovered. To *gleek* however si to put a joke or trick upon a person, perl jest according to the coarse humour of that

R

Shakspeare's pun has here remained unn A *Gleekman* or *Gligman*, as Dr. Percy has signified a *minstrel*. See his Essay on the English Minstrels, p. 55. The word *glee* signifies *scorn*, as Mr. Steevens has already served; and is as he says, borrowed from t game so called, the method of playing which be seen in Skinner's Etymologicon, in voc also in the Compleat Gamester, 2d edit. p. 90. DOUCE.

From the following entry on the books Stationers' Company, in the year 1560, it a

that the hire of a parson was cheaper than that of a minstrel or a cook:

"Item, payd to the preacher vi s. iiii.

"Item, payd to the minstrell xii s.

"Item, payd to the coke xv s."

STEEVENS.

P. 186, l. 24. *When griping grief the heart doth wound,*] The

epithet *griping* was by no means likely to excite laughter at the time it was written. Lord Surrey, in his translation of the second book of Virgil's *Aeneid*, makes the hero say:

"New gripes, of dread then pearse our trembling brestes."

Dr Percy thinks that the questions of Peter are designed as a ridicule on the forced and unnatural explanations too often given by us painful editors of ancient authors. STEEVENS.

P. 186, l. 29. What say you, Simon *Catling*?]
A *catling* was a small lute-string made of *catgut*.

STEEVENS.

In an historical account of taxes under all denominations in the time of William and Mary, p. 336, is the following article: "For every gross of *catlings* and lutestring," &c. A. C.

P. 186, l. 32. What say you, Hugh *Rebeck*?]
The fidler is so called from an instrument with three strings, which is mentioned by several of the old writers. *Rebec*, *rebecquin*. See Menage, in v. *Rebec*. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*: "'Tis present death for these fidders to tune their *rebecks* before the great Turk's grace." STEEVENS.

P. 187, l. 16. The acts are here properly and divided; nor did any better distribution the editors have already made; occur to me in it

usal of this play: yet it may not be improper to remark, that in the first folio, and I suppose in the foregoing editions, it is in the same state; no division of the acts, and therefore some editor may try, whether any improvement made, by reducing them to a length more or interrupting the action at more proper

P. 187, l. 19. *If I may trust the fl*
eye of sleep,
 the earliest copy, meaning, perhaps, I trust to what I saw in my sleep. The fol

If I may trust the flattering truth, which is explained, as follows, by Dr. J.

The sense is, *If I may trust the* *h*
sleep, which I know however not to be a not often to practise *flattery*. JOHNSON.

The sense seems rather to be — “If I pose any confidence in the flattering vision night.”

Whether the former word ought to super more modest one, let the reader determine appears to me; however, the most easily gible of the two. SKEGGS.

i. e. If I may confide in those delightful which I have seen while asleep. The meaning of the word *flattering* here is gained by a former passage in Act II:

“— all things but a dream.”

“Too *flattering* sweet to be subst

By the *eye of sleep* Shakespeare meant the visual power which a man enabled by the aid of imagination to exercise the eye of the god of sleep.

Olway, to obtain whatever you want

ished by the words which Dr. Johnson has interpreted, reads, less poetically than the original copy, which he had probably never seen; but with early the same meaning:

If I may trust the *flattery* of sleep;

My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:
and Mr. Pope has followed him.

In this note I have said, that I thought Shakspeare by the *eye of sleep* meant the visual power which a man asleep is enabled by the aid of imagination to exercise, rather than the eye of the *god of sleep*: but a line in *King Richard III.* which at the same time strongly supports the reading of the old copy which has been adopted in the text, now inclines me to believe that the eye of the god of sleep was meant:

"My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks;

"O, if thy eye be not a *flatterer*,

"Come thou on my side, and entreat for me." MALONE.

F. 187, l. 19—21. Rom. *If I may trust the
flattering eye of sleep,*

*My dreams presage some joyful news at
hand:*

My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne;
These three lines are very gay and pleasing. But why does Shakspeare give Romeo this involuntary cheerfulness just before the extremity of unhappiness? Perhaps to show the vanity of trusting to those uncertain and casual exaltations or depressions, which many consider as certain foretokens of good and evil. JOHNSON.

The poet has explained this passage himself a little further on:

"How oft, when men are at the point of

"Have they been merry? which they call

"A lightning before death." STEEV

P. 189, l. 7. 8. And in his needy sh
toise hung,

An alligator stuff'd.] It appears from *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, a stuff'd alligator, in Shakspeare's time, of the furniture of an apothecary's shop made (says Nashe,) an anatomic of a rat, hanged her over his head, instead of a cary's crocodile, or dried alligator."]

I was many years ago assured, that when an apothecary first engaged with him he was gratuitously furnished by him

articles of show, which were then im that use only. I have met with the alligator, &c. hanging up in the shop of an apothecary at Limehouse, as well as more remote from our metropolis. See *Marriage à la mode*, Plate III. — It is marked, however, that the apothecaries their alligators, &c. some time before cians were willing to part with their am canes and solemn periwigs. STEEVENS.

P. 189, l. 10. *A beggarly account*
boxes,] Dr.

would read, a *braggartly* account; but is probably right, if the *boxes* were a *account* was more *beggarly*, as it was r pous. JOHNSON.

P. 189, l. 15. *An if a man* —] The logy which means simply — *If*, was not in Shakspeare's time and before. Thus, *Illustrations*, Vol. 1. p. 85: "— m

said unto me to see *an yf* I wold appoynt &c."

REED.

P. 190, l. 7. *Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,*] The passage might, perhaps, be better regulated thus:

Need and oppression *stareth* in thy eyes.

For they cannot, properly, be said to *starve* in his eyes; though *starved* *famine* may be allowed to dwell in his cheeks. *Thy*, not *thine*, is the reading of the folio, and those who are conversant in our author, and especially in the old copies, will scarcely notice the grammatical impropriety of the proposed emendation. RITSON.

The modern reading was introduced by Mr. Pope, and was founded on that of Otway, in whose *Caius Marius* the line is thus exhibited:

"Need and oppression *stareth* in thy eyes."

The word *starved* in the first copy shows that *stareth* in the text is right. MALONE.

P. 191, l. 3-8. John. *Going to find a bare-foot brother out,*

One of our order, to associate me,

Here in this city visiting the sick,

And finding him, the searchers of the town,

Suspecting, that we both were in a house

Where the infectious pestilence did reign, &c.].

Each friar has always a companion assigned him by the superior when he asks leave to go out; and thus, says Baretti, they are a check upon each other. STEEVENS.

In *The Visitatio Notabilis de Seleburne*, a curious record printed in *The Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne*, Wykeham enjoins the monks not to go abroad without leave from the

the brother & companion, *ne suspicio sinistra vel scandalum oriatur*. Append. p. 448. HOLT WHITE.

Our author having occasion for friar John, has here departed from the poem, and supposed the pestilence to rage at Verona, instead of Mantua.

Friar John sought for a brother merely for the sake of form, to accompany him in his walk, and had no intention of visiting the sick; the words therefore, *to associate me*, must be considered as parenthetical, and *Here in this city*, &c. must refer to the bare-foot brother.

I formerly conjectured that the passage ought to be regulated thus:

Going to find a bare-foot brother, out

One of our order, to associate me,

And finding him, the searcher of the town

Here in this city visiting the sick, &c.

But the text is certainly right. The searchers would have had no ground of suspicion, if neither of the friars had been in an infected house.

P. 192, l. 16. The letter was not *nice*, i. e. was not written on a trivial or idle subject.

Nice signifies *foolish* in many parts of Gower and Chaucer.

The learned editor of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, 1775, observes, that H. Stephens informs us, that *nice* was the old French word for *missive*, one of the synonymes of *set*. Apol. Herod. 4. l. c. 4. STEEVENS.

P. 192, l. 19. 23. Sweet flower, with flowers

I strew thy bridal bed:

Sweet tomb, that in thy circuit dost contain

The perfect model of eternity,

Fair Juliet, that with angels dost remain,

These four lines from the old edition. RARE.

The folio has these lines:

"Sweet flow'r, with flow'rs thy bridal bed I
strew;

"O woe! thy canopy is dust and stones,
"Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,
"Or, wanting that, with tears distill'd by
moans.

"The obsequies that I for thee will keep,
"Nightly shall be, to strew thy grave, and
weep." JOHNSON.

P. 192, last l. — *muffle* me, night, a while.]
Muffle was not become a low word even in the
time of Milton, as the Elder Brother in *Comus*
uses it:

"Unmuffle, ye faint stars," &c.

A *muffler*, as I have already observed, was a
part of female dress. STEEVENS.

P. 193, l. 15. 14. — a ring, that I must use
in dear employment:] That is, *action of*
importance. Gems were supposed to have great
powers and virtues. JOHNSON.

Ben Jonson uses the word *dear* in the same
sense:

"Put your known talents on so dear a business."

Catiline, Act. 1. STEEVENS.

P. 194, l. 20. Par. I do defy thy conjurations,]
Paris conceived Romeo to have burst open the mo-
nument for no other purpose than to do some
villainous shame on the dead bodies, such as
witches are reported to have practised; and there-
fore tells him he defies him, and the magick arts
which he suspects he is preparing to use. The folio
reads:

I do defy thy commiseration.

One of the ancient senses of the verb — to defy
was to refuse or deny.

Paris may, however, mean — I refuse to do as thou *conjurest* me to do, i. e. to depart. STEEVENS.

P. 195, l. 3 — 7. I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave, —

A grave? O, no; a *lantern*, slaughter'd youth,
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting *presence* full of light.

Death, lie thou there, *by a dead man*
interr'd.] A *lantern*

may not, in this instance, signify an enclosure for a lighted candle, but a *louvre*, or what in ancient records is styled *lanternium*, i. e. a spacious round or octagonal turret full of windows, by means of which cathedrals and sometimes halls, are illuminated. See the beautiful *lantern* at Ely Minster. STEEVENS.

A *presence* is a *public room*. JOHNSON.

A *presence* means a public room, which is at times the *presence-chamber* of the sovereign. So, in *The Noble Gentleman*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, Jacques says, his master is a Duke,

"His chamber hung with nobles like a *presence*." M. MASON.

By a dead man interr'd.] Romeo being now determined to put an end to his life, considers himself as already dead. MALONE.

Till I read the preceding note, I supposed Romeo meant, that he placed Paris by the side of *Tybalt* who was already dead, and buried in the same monument. The idea, however, of a man's receiving burial from a dead undertaker, is but too like some of those miserable conceits with which our author too frequently counteracts his own pathos. STEEVENS.

P. 195, l. 11. 12. — O, how may I

Call this a lightning? —] I think we should read,

— — O, now may I

Call this a lightning? — JOHNSON.

How is certainly right and proper. Romeo had, just before, been in high spirits, a symptom, which he observes, was sometimes called a *lightning* before death: but how says he (for no situation can exempt Shakspeare's characters from the vice of punning) can I term this *sad* and *gloomy* prospect a *lightning*? RITSON.

The reading of the text is that of the quarto, 1599. The first copy reads: *But how* &c. which shows that Dr. Johnson's emendation cannot be right. MALONE.

P. 195, l. 15 — 17. — — *beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced
there. —]* An ingenious friend some time ago pointed out to me a passage of *Marini*, which bears a very strong resemblance to this:

*Morte la'nsegna sua pallida e bianca
Vincitrice spiegò sul volto mio.*

Rime lugubri, p. 149, edit. Venet.
1605. TYRWHITT.

P. 195, last l. & P. 196, l. 1. — — *and lips,
O you*

*The doors of breath, seal with a righteous
kiss*

A dateless bargain to engrossing death!]
Engrossing seems to be used here in its clerical sense. MALONE.

P. 196, l. 9. 10. — — *how oft to night*

Have my old feet stumbled at graves?
S. 1. 1. 1.

P. 197, l. 4—6. *As I did sleep under this
yew-tree here,*

*I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him.]* This

is one of the touches of nature that would have escaped the hand of any painter less attentive to it than Shakspeare. What happens to a person while he is under the manifest influence of fear, will seem to him when he is recovered from it, like a dream. Homer, Book 8th, represents Rhesus dying fast asleep, and as it were beholding his enemy in a dream plunging a sword into his bosom. Eustathius and Dacier both applaud this image as very natural; for a man in such a condition, says Mr. Pope, awakes no further than to see confusedly what environs him, and to think it not a reality, but a vision. STEEVENS.

P. 197, l. 16. *The lady stirs.]* In the alteration of this play now exhibited on the stage, Mr. Garrick appears to have been indebted to Otway, who, perhaps without any knowledge of the story as told by Da Porto and Bandello, does not permit his hero to die before his wife awakes. MALONE.

P. 197, l. 21—23. — *Lady, come from that
nest*

*Of death, contagion, and unnatural
sleep;]* Shakspeare al-

ludes to the sleep of Juliet, which was *unnatural*, being brought on by drugs. STEEVENS.

P. 197, l. 26. *Thy husband in thy bosom there
lies dead;]* Shakspeare

has been arraigned for departing from the Italian novel, in making Romeo die before Juliet awakes from her trance; and thus losing a happy opportunity of introducing an affecting scene between these unfortunate lovers. But he undoubtedly has

never read the Italian novel or any *literal* translation of it, and was misled by the poem of *Romeus and Juliet*, the author of which departed from the Italian story, making the poison take effect on Romeo before Juliet awakes. MALONE.

P. 197, l. 29. — *the watch is coming*;] It has been objected that there is no such establishment in any of the cities of Italy. Shakspeare seldom scrupled to give the manners and usages of his own country to others. In this particular instance the old poem was his guide;

“The weary *watch* discharg’d did hie them
home to sleep.”

In *Much ado about Nothing*, where the scene lies at Messina, our author has also introduced *Watchmen*; though without suggestion from any dull poem like that referred to on the present occasion.

See, however, *Othello*, Act. I. Scene II; in which Mr. Malone appears to contradict, on the strongest evidence, the present assertion relative to there being *no watch in Italy*. STEEVENS.

P. 198, l. 7. [*Snatching* ROMEO's dagger.] So, in Painter's translation of *Pierre Boistean*, tom. ii. p. 244: “Drawing out the dagger which Romeo ware by his side, she pricked herself with many blowes against the heart.” STEEVENS.

It is clear that in this and most other places Shakspeare followed the poem, and not Painter, for Painter describes Romeo's dagger as hanging at *his side*; whereas the poem is silent as to the place where it hung, and our author, governed by the fashion of his own time, supposes it to have hung at Romeo's back. MALONE.

P. 198, l. 22. 24-26. *Raise up the Montagues*, —

*We see the ground where
do lie;*

*But the true ground of all
woes,*

We cannot without circums
Here seems to be a rhyme intended
be easily restored:

"Raise up the Montagnes. So

"We see the ground where
do lie,

"But the true ground of all th

"We cannot without circumst

It was often thought sufficient, i
Shakspeare, for the second and for
stanza, to rhyme with each other.

It were to be wished that an apo
cient could be offered for this watch
between 'ground, the earth, and
fundamental cause. STEEVENS.

P. 199, l. 17. 18. *What fear is
startles*

The old copies read — in *your* ears.
dation was made by Dr. Johnson.

P. 199, last l. & P. 200, l. 1. 2.

*hath mista'en, — for,
Is empty on the back of Mo
And it mis-sheathed in my d
som.] Th*

tors (contrary to the authority of al
copies, and without attention to th
assonance of *sheath* and *sheathed*, v
introduced by Mr. Pope) read:

"This dagger hath mista'en
sheat

"*Lies empty on the back of Montague,
The point mis-sheathed in my daughters
bosom.*"

quarto, 1597, erroneously

"— this dagger hath mistooke,

"For (loe) the backe is empty of yong
Mountague,

"And it is sheathed in our daughter's breast."

quarto, 1599, seems to afford the true read-

"This dagger hath mistane, for, loe! his
house

"Is emptie on the back of Montague,

"And it mis-sheathd in my daughter's bo-
some."

If we do not read — *it* instead of *is*, Capulet
I be mad" to say — *The scabbard is at once
on the back of Montague, and sheathed
Juliet's bosom.*

Shakespeare quaintly represents the dagger as
being mistaken its place, and "*it* mis-sheathed,"

"mis-sheathed *itself*" in the bosom of Juliet.

The quarto, 1609, and the folio, 1623, offer
same reading, except that they concur in giv-
is instead of *it*.

It appears that the *dagger* was anciently worn
in the back

in *Humor's Ordinarie*, &c. an ancient collec-
tion of satires, no date:

"See you the huge bum dagger at his
backe?"

The epithet applied to the dagger, shows at
that part of the back it was worn. STEEVENS.

The words, "for, lo! his house is empty on
back of Montague," are to be considered

P. 200, l. 6. 7. — *for thou art early up;
To see thy son and heir more early down.*

This speech (as appears from the following passage in *The Second Part of the Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601) has something proverbial in it:

"In you i'faith, the proverb's verified,
"You are early up, and yet are ne'er th
near." STEEVENS.

P. 200, l. 8. *Alas, my Liege, my wife is
dead to-night;]* After

this line the quarto, 1597, adds,

"And young Benvolio is deceased too."

But this, I suppose; the poet rejected, on his revision of the play, as unnecessary slaughter.

STEEVENS.

The line, which gives an account of Benvolio's death, was probably thrown in to account for his absence from this interesting scene. RITSON.

P. 200, l. 28 & fol. Fri. *I will be brief, &c.*

It is much to be lamented, that the poet did not conclude the dialogue with the action, and avoid a narrative of events which the audience already knew. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare was led into this uninteresting narrative by following too closely *The Tragicall History of Romeus and Juliet*. MALONE.

In this poem the bodies of the dead are removed to a publick scaffold, and from that elevation is the Friar's narrative delivered. The same circumstance, as I have already observed, is introduced in *Hamlet*. STEEVENS.

P. 200, l. 28. 29. *for my short date of breath*

Is not so long as is a tedious tale.] &
in the [91st Psalm: "— when thou art ang

all our days are gone; we bring our years to an end, as it were a tale that is told." MALONE.

P. 202, l. 28. — *a brace of kinsmen*:] Mercutio and Paris: Mercutio is expressly called the Prince's kinsman in Act III. sc. iv. and that Paris also was the Prince's kinsman may be inferred from the following passages. Capulet, speaking of the Count in the fourth act, describes him as "a gentleman of princely parentage," and, after he is killed, Romeo says,

"— Let me peruse this face;

"*Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris.*" MALONE.

P. 203, l. 3. *A glooming peace this morning with it brings*;] To *gloom* is an ancient verb used by Spenser; and I meet with it likewise in the play of *Tom Tyler and his Wife*, 1661:

"If either he gaspeth or *gloometh*."

STEEVENS.

Gloomy is the reading of the old copy in 1597; for which *glooming* was substituted in that of 1599. MALONE.

P. 203, l. 7. *Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished*;] This seems to be not a resolution in the *Prince*, but a reflection on the various dispensations of Providence; for who was there that could justly be punished by any human law? EDWARDS'S MSS.

This line has reference to the novel from which the fable is taken. Here we read that Juliet's female attendant was banished for concealing the marriage; Romeo's servant set at liberty because he had only acted in obedience to his master's orders; the apothecary taken, tortured, condemned, and hanged; while Friar Laurence was permitted

to retire to a hermitage in the neighbourhood of Verona, where he ended his life in penitence and peace. STEEVENS.

P. 203, last lines. *For never was a story of
more woe,*

Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.]

These lines seem to have been formed on the concluding couplet of the poem of *Romeus and Juliet*:

“— among the monuments that in Verona been,

“There is no monument more worthy of the sight,

“Than is the tomb of Juliet, and Romeus her knight.” MALONE.

Shakspeare has not effected the alteration of this play by introducing any new incidents, but merely by adding to the length of the scenes.

The piece appears to have been always a very popular one. Marston, in his satires, 1598, says:

“Luscus, what's play'd to-day? — faith,
now I know

“I set thy lips abroad, from whence doth flow

“Nought but pure Juliet and Romeo.”

STEEVENS.

This play is one of the most pleasing of our author's performances. The scenes are busy and various, the incidents numerous and important, the catastrophe irresistibly affecting, and the process of the action carried on with such probability, at least with such congruity to popular opinions, as tragedy requires.

Here is one of the few attempts of Shakspeare to exhibit the conversation of gentlemen, to

present the airy sprightliness of juvenile elegance. Mr. Dryden mentions a tradition, which might easily reach his time, of a declaration made by Shakspeare, that *he was obliged to kill Mercutio in the third act, lest he should have been killed by him.* Yet he thinks him *no such formidable person, but that he might have lived through the play, and died in his bed,* without danger to the poet. Dryden well knew, had he been in quest of truth, in a pointed sentence, that more regard is commonly had to the words than the thought, and that it is very seldom to be rigorously understood. Mercutio's wit, gaiety, and courage, will always procure him friends that wish him a longer life; but his death is not precipitated, he has lived out the time allotted him in the construction of the play; nor do I doubt the ability of Shakspeare to have continued his existence, though some of his sallies are perhaps out of the reach of Dryden; whose genius was not very fertile of merriment, nor ductile to humour, but acute, argumentative, comprehensive, and sublime.

The nurse is one of the characters in which the author delighted; he has with a great subtilty of distinction, drawn her at once loquacious and secret, obsequious and insolent, trusty and dishonest.

His comick scenes are happily wrought, but his pathetick strains are always polluted with some unexpected depravations. His persons, however distressed, *have a conceit left them in their misery, a miserable conceit.* JOHNSON.





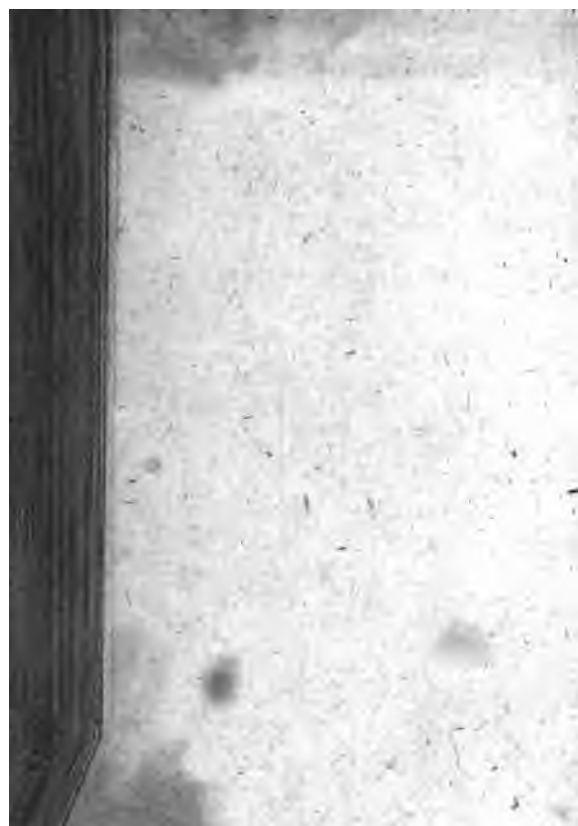


Figure 1. The texture of the paper used for the book cover.







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